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AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

At the banquet of the Alumni Association of Willamette University, on Wednesday evening last, there were responses to toasts by members of the class of 1868—the class that graduated fifty years ago.

A friend of The Statesman has secured two of those responses, by Miss Ellen J. Chamberlin, now of Berkeley, Cal., and Mrs. Ida Babcock of Salem.

Miss Chamberlin was known to all old Salemites. After her graduation, she was for years a teacher. Following is the response of Miss Chamberlin:

Mr. Toastmaster, Faculty of the University, Class of 1918, Friends of the Alumni, and Classmates: Someone has told me that the up-to-date way of responding to a toast is, WASTE no words on apologies, SAVE TIME by adhering to your subject, and CONSERVE your wit and wisdom.

I could not, if I would, be either witty or wise, and I shall certainly have to offer apologies for deviating at time from my subject. Half a century!

Fifty golden years!
Fifty short, busy years, placing four of us tonight in the class you choose to honor.

It was a beautiful October morning in 1867 that the teachers and students of the old Institute assembled on the front steps, formed in line and marched across the campus to take possession of the new building now known as "Waller Hall."

At the head of the procession, and in all of the arrangements, we followed the guidance of our beloved preceptor, Lucy Lee Grubbs.

How fitting it was that the daughter of Jason Lee should be the one to lead us from that weather-worn building with its memories, even of dusky faces—consecrated as it had been by the fervent prayers and heroic efforts of those early missionaries—to the new brick structure ready for dedication.

Awaiting us on the platform were the trustees, ministers from near-by and distant fields of labor, and friends of the University. After an impressive service of prayer and thanksgiving, the rights and privileges of that beautiful building were bestowed upon Acting President L. T. Woodward and his small but stout-hearted faculty.

As in a mirror, the faces of that group upon the platform I can again see. Among the most prominent were Father Waller, joyously happy that his years of unceasing toil as financial agent should be thus crowned with success.

Revs. David Leslie, J. L. Parrish, Gustavus and Harvey Hines, Joseph Holman, Fabritus Smith, J. H. Moores and a number of others without whose co-operation this work of completion could not have been possible. In the midst of that group, his silver-crowned head leaning upon his cane, sat one of Old Willamette's staunchest friends. In fact, a friend to everybody he seemed, for everybody called him—"uncle"—Uncle Joe Waldo. A welcome guest into every home, bringing good cheer by his sunny presence, he trod the highways and by-ways of life performing many a deed of kindness, speaking words of encouragement to those of troubled hearts. To one especially was his wise counsel of untold value, and now, after fifty long years, to the beautiful memory of Joe Waldo, without whose assistance this class, in all probability, would have numbered fourteen instead of fifteen, do I, his grateful beneficiary, bring this tribute of loving appreciation and true affection.

All too quickly passed our last school year, and then the boys and girls of the class of 1868, proud and happy with graduating honors, ready to storm any doubting castle that might stand in their pathway, sang their parting song—"Along the River of Time We Glide"—and became real voyagers of life.

One by one seven of that number have answered the "one clear call," and reverently do we speak their names while the bells of memory chime on:

John Arnold, with mind keenly alert as his large and successful business affairs of later years testified.

Benjamin F. Bond, endowed with high ideals, devoted to historical studies.

James K. Buff, eccentric and fun-loving.

James Chambers, excelling in Mathematics, fond of controversy and debate.

James Dennison, broad-browed, meditative, scholarly.

Gifted George Strong with his golden tenor voice.

Edmond J. Waller, delighting in the classics.

Of the eight who still remain, some have not clasped hands for many years, but we know that whether here or elsewhere "the hearts of old are still the hearts of gold."

Deeply to be regretted is the enforced absence from this reunion of three of our classmates: Most lovable Angie Grubbe, now Mrs. Engle of Ashland; with decided literary taste was Dora Lamson, now Mrs. Everett of Tacoma, Wash., and studious, sweet-faced Emma Freeland Dashiell of Berkeley, Cal.; Josie DeVore Johnson, inclined to metaphysics.

Asking pardon of those members of the class present, I will try to glimpse them as I used to know them: Quiet, queenly Ida (Mrs. Babcock) with low, sweet alto voice; great, true-hearted Joseph, worthy of the name (Mr. Carter); William (Judge Galloway), who oft was heard to exclaim: "Some day you will see my name written high on the arch of fame."

To the honored President of this University, called now to the noble service of cheering the hearts of our brave boys on distant battle fields, to President Doney and his worthy co-laborers, I would say: Yours is a precious heritage, rich in historic traditions, and we of the class of '68, who have come back again, are rejoiced to know that you still sustain and cherish the trust bequeathed to you by those sturdy, Christian pioneers.

How the heart thrills with emotion whenever that University campus is visited; there stands the maple tree we planted on our class day! Those baby trees along the outside walk that Father Waller used to dig and hedge about have now assumed mammoth proportions. Down by the race the wild forget-me-nots and spotted violets used to grow; nowhere else, in all my wanderings, have I found such sweet ones. Then, too, what memories—beautiful mem-

ories, come trooping in; and the many "angel faces smile that I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Dear classmates: In the words of the poet,
"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for
Which the first was made;
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned.
Youth shows but half; trust
God; see all, nor be afraid."

Mrs. Ida Pratt Babcock responded to the toast, "Reminiscences" as follows:

Mr. Toastmaster, Alumni, and Friends: The years are far behind us, those years so fraught with pain, yet blest with hope; the years we so proudly remember by the days and deeds that bind us to the times of long ago, when we forged the links of the golden chain that holds us in friendship's holy ties. Those days when we built our fairy castles asking blindly what of the future. The youth and prime of those glad some years are bent with life's burdens, and the fairest maids we used to know are matrons, grave and gray, and now their grandchildren are making the halls of Old Willamette ring with their merry young voices.

We, however, do not mourn the speed of life's decline, for we are realizing the fruits of our labor in the various walks we have chosen. Some of us left these classic halls to continue the work of education in the city or country schools.

We have watched with interest the growth of those merry, mischievous urchins and noted with pride the fruition of those ambitions we awakened in the slumbering genius of youth, and it is with joy and pride your respondent calls to mind two little tow-headed boys whom she reprimanded and ordered about with all the authority of a "school m'am" who in later years turned the tables and she has since been under their mandate, for one of them is in congress helping form the laws that not only govern our grand old state, but the nation as well, while the other received the highest gift the state could give, that of governor, and she is wondering if she planted the seed in that fertile mind that budded and blossomed into a full fledged Democrat.

The years are passing and dear old class of '68 still numbers its majority among the living. Some have reached the pinnacle of fame; the dreams and visions of those fairy castles have been realized, while others are treading the humble paths, not in the least envious of their old comrades who are traveling with eager pace the broad highway of life. To those who have crossed the mystic river we drop the tear of tender, loving memory.

The class of '68 has the honor of being the first to graduate from this institution, even before the building was finished, and special efforts were made to prepare the chapel for the graduating exercises. That we were first has been our pride and boast and in epic verse or classic prose the legend will be told of the class of '68 as the "Pioneer of Old Willamette."

The tow-headed boys referred to by Mrs. Babcock are now United States Senator Chas. L. McNary and ex-Governor Oswald West.—Ed.)

MILESTONES ALONG THE PATH OF OLD GLORY

- 1777—First displayed over a military post at Fort Schuyler, on the site of the present city of Rome, N. Y.
- 1777—First displayed on a vessel of war by the famous John Paul Jones, of the "Ranger."
- 1777—First carried into battle, on the banks of the Brandywine.
- 1777—First hoisted over a foreign stronghold, when Captain Rathbone of the sloop of war Providence captured Fort Nassau, in the Bahamas.
- 1783—First displayed in an English port by the schooner Bedford of Massachusetts.
- 1790—First carried around the world by the American ship Columbia.
- 1824—First carried through the Straits of Magellan by the merchant ship Endeavor, of Salem, Mass.
- 1829—First raised in California by Captain James P. Arther, a seafarer from Plymouth, Mass.
- 1839—First carried far beyond the Antarctic Circle by the pilot boat Flying Fish, of the Wilkes expedition.
- 1844—First carried around the world by an American steamship.
- 1848—First displayed upon the Sea of Galilee, by the expedition of Leut. Lynch.
- 1853—First displayed in Japan at the landing of Perry's party in the bay of Jeddo.
- 1861—First raised and kept flying on a public school by the high school of New Bedford, Mass.
- 1867—First raised in Alaska, on the transfer of that territory from Russian to the United States.
- 1868—Raised over the Midway Islands, in the Pacific ocean, the first acquisition ever made by our government in this manner.
- 1864—Planted on the summit of Mt. Baker, 10,613 feet above sea level, on the occasion of the first ascent of the peak by man.
- 1871—Carried into the interior of Africa by the Henry L. Stanley expedition.
- 1873—First raised on the summit of the Andes, by a party of American engineers engaged in railway surveying.
- 1877—Unfurled for the first time in the far interior of China.
- 1917—Displayed on a European battle field for the first time by the American expeditionary force in France.

Of course it is all right for President Wilson to say that we will stand by Russia—but where in the deuce is Russia standing?—Exchange.

What has become of the old-fashioned congressman who kicked on any bill that provided for the erection of more than one battleship? He would be sadly out of place, now.

Italy has now been in the war three years fighting valiantly by the side of the allies. The German propaganda, so successful in Russia, was tried there, but it was a failure. The Italians have made great sacrifices for liberty. They have spurned repeated offers of a separate peace, and they are improving in strength and spirits. They are in the war until victory for civilization shall crown their sacrifices. In the day of the great reckoning they will be gratefully remembered.

The Germans will lose the command of the air. The allies, with the arrival of sufficient material, ought to bomb Essen and the Krupp's, Cologne, Coblenz, Dusseldorf, the cities on the Rhine, Hanover, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Munich, Hamburg, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Dresden and

FUTURE DATES

- June 20, Thursday.—Reunion of Oregon Pioneer association, Portland.
- June 21, Friday.—Annual meeting of Salem Commercial club.
- June 22, Saturday.—Waldo Hill's Pioneer picnic.
- June 23, Sunday.—War stamp rally at armory.
- July 4 to 14.—Annual convention of Christian church at Turner.
- August 26, 27 and 28.—Western Walnut Growers' Association to tour nut groves of Willamette valley.

Berlin. May the skies of God be made a firmament of wrath for the murderous Hun!—Los Angeles Times.

SAVING THE PIECES.

When the war is really and truly over, we will see quite a rush to get into the salvage corps. The energy and ingenuity of man will then be directed toward raking and scraping Neptune's bed and combing the deep for the store of missing ships. Even now salvage efforts follow every loss, but where time and opportunity can not aid the retriever there is a mighty work left for the future. It is astonishing what science and invention can accomplish when they combine in a program of salvage and conservation.

A FIGHTING PARSON.

The Rev. E. C. Palmer, a Methodist Episcopal preacher of Norwood Park, Chicago, has resigned his pastorate, waived all exemptions, and is on his way to a training camp to serve in the army as a private soldier.

"The best way I can serve the Lord," he said, "is to help beat the Hun."

Which is the declaration of a religious principle worthy the prayerful consideration of the "church militant" everywhere. It's a good time to sing the old Methodist hymn: Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, While others fight to win the prize, And sail through bloody seas? —Kansas City Times.

Tremendous Bargains at the BIG CLOSING OUT SALE

Grand Closing Out Sale of Ribbons 50c plain ribbons 39c 45c and 50c plain ribbons 29c 35c and 30c plain ribbons 25c 23c plain ribbons 17c 15c plain ribbons 11 1-2c	Embroideries \$6.00 Emb'd's \$2.00 \$5.00 " \$1.77 \$4.00 " \$1.66 \$3.50 " \$1.00 \$1.00 " .50 One large assortment now 10c yd.	A Large Assortment of Last Year Quality Silk Gloves 50c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50 a pair	Granite Ware Aluminum Porcelain Dishes in our 5c, 10c, 15c Basement
One Assortment of Waists Values to \$3.00, now 50 cents Another Assortment Values to \$6.00 Now 98 cents	Black Petticoats of Sateen or Heatherbloom \$3.50 values .. \$2.89 \$3.00 values .. \$2.39 \$1.75 values .. \$1.49 \$1.25 values .. \$.98	Tablets Much larger and better than sold elsewhere at these prices 5c and 10c	White Laundry Soap 5c per Cake Large Boxes of Hummer Matches 5c per Box

One Assortment of Purses \$2.75 values, now ... \$.75 \$4.00 values, now ... \$1.25 \$6.00 values, now ... \$1.50 \$8.00 values, now ... \$2.00 \$9.50 values, now ... \$2.50
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CORNER COURT AND COM'L STREET, SALEM.

Revelations of a Wife

The Story of a Honeymoon
A Wonderful Romance of Married Life Wonderfully Told by ADELE GARRISON

A FRIGHTENING EXPERIENCE.
The chiming of the clock warned me that Jack's dinner was due in half an hour. Hastily laying Jack's letter on the table, I hurried into the kitchen, lighted the gas stove and put the tea kettle on. I had prepared the dessert early in the afternoon, so I had not much to do. While waiting for the water to boil I laid the table. When the water was boiling I put the potatoes on the stove and prepared a simple salad of sliced pineapple, creamed cheese and chopped stuffed olives, with a French dressing.
My electric coffee machine, the pride of my heart, stood on its stand near my chair with coffee already for the addition of boiling water and the switching on of the current. As I lighted the gas broiler for the steak I was pleasantly conscious that I had prepared a most attractive meal for my lord and master.
The door bell again startled me. As I opened the door I was confronted by a tall, middle-aged woman in rather nondescript clothing, and a most unpleasant face, upon which as she saw me, there appeared a twisted leer which she evidently thought to be most ingratiating.
"You're the lady that telephoned to the agency for a cook, ma'am?" she asked, and at my murmured assent, marched past me into the room and seated herself.
I am not familiar with intoxicants or the people who use them, but I do know the odor of whiskey. Our physician used it to bring back my little mother from the terrible fainting spells she had during her last illness, and this woman's breath reeked of it.
"This looks like a nice little place," she said patronizingly. "The woman at the agency said there were only two in the family, no children. I won't go where there are children, noisy little brats, always under foot, and I won't do no washing, you understand that of course, I have a terrible weak place in my side, so I can't do real heavy work, but of course you have a laundress and a day for heavy cleaning, most ladies do."
"Will you tell me just what you expect to do for your wages?" I asked her. I had no intention of keeping her, but her assurance positively fascinated me. Was this the average specimen of maid?
"Why, cook, of course. I'm a first-class fancy cook and keep my kitchen and dining room nice. I do the ironing, too, if there ain't too many fancy pieces, and dust and straighten up the flat each day, but I don't make no beds."
"What wages do you expect?"
"Thirty dollars a month, and every other Sunday and every other Thursday out."
She rose and before I could prevent her had walked through the dining room into the kitchen.
"I always like to see the place where I've got to do the cooking," she said. "This ain't half bad. You're broiling steak, I see. Well I'm fine at that, might just as well stay right now and get dinner for you."
"She started to remove her hat but stopped abruptly as I spoke.
"I'm sorry, but I could not possi-

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"Freezone" is Magic! Lift any Corn or Callus right off with fingers—No pain!

Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it right out. It doesn't hurt one bit. Yes, magic!
Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness or irritation. Freezone is the much talked of ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.