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OLD ABSALOM

Absalom was ninety years old. For years he had been a familiar figure around the railroad station, picking up odd pennies, carrying luggage and doing errands.

One day, after a heavy snow, the westbound express stopped at the station and the passengers warned of a long wait, left the chairs to stretch their legs. One of them spoke to Absalom.

"What community is this, Uncle?" he asked.

Old Absalom scratched his woolly head.

"What's a community, mister?"

"A community is a city or a town or a village where folks are sociable; where everybody knows everybody else; where the stranger is made welcome; where every man, woman and child gets together for common enjoyment and recreation," replied the questioner.

Uncle Absalom opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"I'm pretty sure this year ain't no community," he said "This is just a place."

Uncle Absalom described the town accurately. It had its cliques, its social barriers. The folks on Piety Hill didn't talk to anyone living beyond Sleepy Hollow. You "belonged" in the best circles, or you didn't. Nobody ever thought of some civic organization by which all classes would get together, forget the social barriers and work for the common good.

Community Service is making communities out of places. Through it, selfishness and social prejudice give way to common enjoyment.

Considering the delegates from the south, the dark horse business at Chicago looms up a little darker every minute.

Chairman Hays of the Republican national committee sees harmony at Chicago. He is the prize optimist of the age—and optimism is a good thing, too, for a man in his position.

Too much Johnson is the only mental conclusion the noisy bunch at Chicago will force upon all the

delegates excepting a few of the millionaires in the California delegation.

President Wilson blames congress for not reducing the high cost of living and failing to conclude peace with Germany. He is like the man on the jury that failed to agree—the man who said he never saw eleven such obstinate men as the other jurors who would not agree with him.

There is some profiteer in all of us. Why not 'fess up?

OUR BREAD MAN

is one of the most skillful in the business. What he doesn't know about bread making isn't worth knowing. Just to prove to yourself how foolish it is to swelter over a hot oven, try a loaf of our BAKE-RITE Bread. Once tried it is always a favorite.

BAKE-RITE BAKERY

457 State St. Phone 268



Don't waste the Money you work so hard for. Put it in OUR BANK save it and have it SAFE



Those older men you see taking it easy and enjoying the comforts of life, didn't get their money by gambling or "get-rich-quick" schemes.

While they were working hard for their money, they were regularly putting some of it in the bank.

Then they knew where they could always get it and have the advice of the banker.

Come into our bank. You are welcome.

Salem Bank of Commerce

404 State Street

SALEM, OREGON

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married GARRISON

CHAPTER 612

WHAT THE PEDDLER DID WHEN MADGE GAVE HIM THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE ALONE.

A feeling of dumb terror clutched me as I caught sight of the incongruous glove upon the hand of the unkempt, disreputable peddler who stood at my kitchen door holding out his wares for my inspection. There was no reason that could be explained for my fear. But at the sight of the glove a suspicion so wild, so fantastic that my reason rejected it scornfully, seized upon me.

Instinct, my subconscious self-call it what you will—told me that I was in danger, warned me to flee. Reason, common sense, sanity laughed at my silly fear of a professional mendicant who had clumsily disguised himself with a gray wig and cosmetics to make him appear old and suffering. Besides, in his basket the pencil cases which had caught my eye lay still unopened. My need of one of them in which to hide the precious paper committed to my care by my father was urgent. I steeled myself to an affection of carelessness.

"Ten cents is too much for the thimbles," I said. "How much are the pencils?"

"Pencils, two for a five. Thimbles verra nice, not a toe much ten cents."

"I don't want the thimbles," I said decidedly. "I will take six of the pencils, and how much are these little pencil cases?"

"Twenty-five a cent."

The price was exorbitant, but I didn't care to argue the matter with him.

"I'll take three pencil cases," I said. "They're just what I want to give some children I know. Wait here until I get the money."

"All-a rights." Again the hauntingly familiar accent. I turned away with my wild, fantastic suspicion growing upon me, justifying to myself the thing I was about to do.

For both the remark about the children and the request for the man to wait for the money were ruses. I instinctively wished to give him some plausible excuse for my purchase of the three pencil cases so he would have no ground for speculation as to my need of them. And I wished to keep him standing at my door until I had a chance to try a certain experiment I had in mind.

Beckoning Katie into the dining room I whispered to her to slip out the back way and summon William Trumbull, who had already taken up his domicile in the barn.

"Tell him to come to the kitchen door with a load of kindling wood in his arms," I said, "and just as he reaches the man he is to stumble against him. Remember, I particularly want him to knock against that gloved hand of this peddler."

Madge Hides Herself.

Katie is nothing if not quick-witted.

"You tink he vun had man?" she queried, and then hurriedly at my involuntary frown of disapproval. "All right, I bring heem here in vun jiffy. But," she hesitated, "I do not like to leave you in house alone." "Nonsense!" I retorted, for the feeling of terror which the sight of the man's gloved hand had brought me had fled ashamed, as I realized that there might be work for me to do in discovering the truth about him. "Besides, you won't be gone a minute."

"I'll jost fly," she whispered back, and a moment later she crossed the kitchen floor sedately and disappeared into the small laundry leading from it from which a door led into the "back yard."

Between the dining room and the kitchen of the house we have recently purchased there is an old-fashioned "butler's pantry" with swinging doors leading from it to a small breakfast room, also with a swinging door. Behind this last door I waited quietly during Katie's absence in order to test a theory I had concerning this strangely acting peddler.

A Noiseless Entrance.

I hadn't long to wait. I heard no sound of footsteps, but soon the swinging door from the kitchen door to the pantry was pushed cautiously open, and the man who had posed as a peddler stood in the pantry an instant and cast a swift searching glance around it. I held my breath that he might not hear the sound of it on the other side of the breakfast room door, a door which was fortunately so shrouded in shadows as to be practically invisible to his eyes even though there was a crevice large enough for me to see the interior of the pantry.

It was the window that he wished to inspect, however. The high window above the sink. Walking on the balls of his feet like a cat he took the few stealthy, quick steps necessary to bring him directly beneath it, then with a clever acrobatic spring, betraying the strong youth of him, he was standing upon the sink, fumbling with the catch, and peering through the window.

A moment later apparently satisfied, he sprang lightly to the ground again, thrust open the dining room door, and I knew, though his back was turned to me, that he was giving the room a minute inspection.

(To be continued)

MURDERER CONVICTED.

MT. CLEMENS, Mich., June 4.—Lloyd Previst was found guilty of the murder of J. Stanley Brown by a jury in circuit court here tonight. The jury was out approximately three hours. The verdict returned was "guilty of murder in the first degree."

High Quality Shoes At Moderate Prices

When you've looked the whole field over and compared shoe with shoe, price with price, our greater value-giving stands out like black and white.

Styles for particular women—styles for all occasions
New Colonial Pumps in black and brown kid, trim Louis kid covered heels light weight soles, very drossy, priced



\$8.50



\$10.00

Smart, attractive bench made Pumps in black kid, light weight soles, a splendid assortment to choose from, moderately priced

Bring the children to us for their shoes

Buster Brown Shoe Store
125 North Commercial Street

Graduation Presents

At no other time in the life of a Boy or young Woman is a substantial gift so appropriate, and no occasion merits a token of approval and encouragement more.

The proud day of graduation for a Boy offers a suitable time for the gift of a Watch or a Fob or Chain or Ring.

For a young Woman, a Diamond is most appreciated, but whatever the amount you can afford to invest, some selection from our jewelry stock will please best and carry the most enduring remembrance.

GARDNER & KEENE
Salem's Most Reliable Jewelers and Opticians

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NATIONAL PRICE-CUTTING SALE

FREE SUGAR
To the one making the largest amount of purchases during June, one sack of sugar

INTERESTING THE RESIDENTS OF MARION AND POLK COUNTIES, LEADING THE WAY FOR HUNDREDS OF EAGER SHOPPERS TO ELIMINATE HIGH PRICES WORTHY OF YOUR ATTENTION. NEVER BEFORE HAVE WE CUT PRICES, AS WE HAVE FOR THIS EVENT. COME AND GET YOUR SHARE OF THIS SAVING FROM TWENTY TO FIFTY PERCENT REDUCTION

GROCERIES At Exceptionally Low Prices

CANNED GOODS

- MILK, all kinds, 8 cans.....\$1.00
- TOMATOES, 8 cans.....\$1.00
- PEAS, 7 cans.....\$1.00
- CLAMS, 7 cans.....\$1.00
- TALL SALMON, 5 cans.....\$1.00
- STRING BEANS, 7 cans.....\$1.00
- PEACHES, 4 cans.....\$1.00
- PINEAPPLE, No. 2.....30c
- SOLID PACK TOMATOES, 6 cans \$1
- DEL MONTE PORK AND BEANS, can.....8c
- DEL MONTE CATSUP, pint size, 5 cans.....\$1.00
- VAN CAMP'S ASSORTED SOUPS, 2 cans.....23c
- OVAL SARDINES.....18c
- NO. 2 1/2 SAUER KRAUT.....10c
- NO. 2 1/2 PUMPKINS.....15c

COFFEE

- EXTRA FANCY BULK COFFEE, 45c for.....30c
- 57c RELIANCE COFFEE.....45c
- 2 pound can, per pound.....54c
- HILL BROS. RED CAN, 1 lb can 55c
- 5 pound can, per pound.....53c
- HILLS BROS. BLUE CAN, 1 pound can.....44c
- 3 pound can.....\$1.29
- M. J. B. COFFEE, pound.....53c

FLOUR SPECIALS

- HARDWHEAT FLOUR, VERY BEST.....\$2.90
- VALLEY FLOUR, Cut Price.....\$2.79
- YELLOW CORN MEAL, Special the Sack.....60c

SHOES At Cut Prices

- \$12.00 ONE EYELET PUMPS, the newest style, high and low heels.....\$5.95
- \$14.00 GREY SHOES, high and military heels.....\$5.95
- \$10.00 BROWN OXFORDS, Military heels.....\$6.65
- \$8.50 BLACK SHOES, low heels.....\$4.95
- \$10.00 TWO TONE SHOES, high heels.....\$3.65
- MISSES', GROWING GIRLS' AND INFANTS' SHOES AT CUT PRICES
- \$14.00 MEN'S BROWN ENGLISH SHOES.....\$7.65
- \$5.00 MEN'S LIGHT WEIGHT WORK SHOES.....\$3.45
- \$9.50 MEN'S GUNMETAL BLOUSERS.....\$6.85
- \$6.50 BOYS' BLACK ENGLISH SHOES.....\$4.45
- \$5.00 BOYS' BUTTON and LACE SHOES.....\$2.45
- YOUTHS' and LITTLE GENTS' SHOES BELOW WHOLESALE COST

KOVERALLS

- And Overalls At Cut Prices
- \$3.00 WOMEN'S KOVERALLS \$1.60
- Boys' Heavy Overalls.....98c
- CHILDREN'S BLUE and KHAKI KOVERALLS.....79c
- Men's Overalls \$2.25-\$1.98 \$1.65

VISIT THE ECONOMY BASEMENT

| | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| OIL CLOTH | HAIR RIBBONS | SWEATERS | Hosiery, Underwear, |
| Yard 48c | 29c | \$1.25 | Suits, etc., 20 to 50 |
| HATS 7c | PAIS 12 and 14 quarts 39c | CANVAS GLOVES 2 pairs 25c | per cent off |

DRESS GOODS
National Price Cutting On Dress Goods

Crepe De Chine Silk and Georgette \$1.98
Ginghams.....33c

THOUSANDS OF BARGAINS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

FREE One Sack of SUGAR



FREE SUGAR

Save your slips—get a sack of sugar FREE

Bought! The Entire Remaining Stock of Barnes' Cash Store Selling At Less Than Half Price