

# The Oregon Statesman

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May 30, 1925  
BEGIN RIGHT IN YOUTH:—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. Ecclesiastes 12: 1, 13.

## MEMORIAL DAY

By Isabel Gray Clifford

A day is this for reverent thought;  
When poignant memory  
Recalls the legions once acclaimed,  
The heroes known, and those unnamed,  
Who died for Liberty.

A day is this when man meets man  
With understanding heart,  
Across the tribute of the flowers  
Which he has brought to make these hours  
A fragrant day, apart.

A day is this of flag unfurled  
To catch the winds of May.  
The starry flag our soldiers bore  
And loved and prayed and battled for,  
Is dearer still, today.

A day is this for martial airs,  
And requiems for our dead;  
Quick music for the laggard feet,  
And camp-fire songs, so sadly sweet  
They make us sweetly sad.

A day is this so near our hearts,  
It seems a sentient thing.  
We vow anew that wars shall cease,  
We breathe new prayers for lasting Peace,  
With this rebirth of Spring.

## THEY SHALL NOT DIE IN VAIN

On the battlefield of Gettysburg, in the clear sunshine of a crisp November morning, thousands of Americans listened in hushed reverence to words that for majesty of thought and simplicity in expression no living man will ever hear again—

For it was the dedication to God of a whole nation on ground hallowed by the life blood of its champions—

And above all that has been said or can be said, to burn the thought of Memorial Day into the heart of the nation tower the mighty words of Abraham Lincoln, "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

What would happen to the whole human race if, in the first flush of dawn on this Memorial Day, 110,000 American voices, in a passion of resolve, were voluminous in their perfect unison, to utter the syllables of this immortal declaration, putting the spirit of Lincoln into every word!

It would bring about the greatest revolution for righteousness and world peace the earth has ever known.

But in the past nations and governments have not kept faith with their warrior dead. Too often the civil leaders have set up ideals before the shining eyes of the young soldiers to attain which they went blithely to death; and the ideal perished with them. After the soldier comes the statesman, but only once after a Gettysburg has come a Lincoln—

And behind the statesman stand the people; but today the statesman falters in finding a path of peace.

America, in her present unity, understands her past; she knows her sons who died at Shiloh, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga, in the Wilderness, on Lookout Mountain did not die in vain. After the surrender at Appomattox, when two great generals met as man to man, America was nearer to finding the path to peace than she had ever been before—

But America has, in these later years, traveled far from Lincoln; far from Wilson. America doubts, hesitates. Did her bravest and best shed their blood in vain on the battlefields of France? Do "we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain?"

The spirit of Lincoln speaks to America today:  
"Your soldiers have done their part. In the world conflict you sent them out on a definite object—to win for democracy a victory in a war that should end war. They won that victory. It is to you, the people of America, to perform your part of the solemn contract with your soldiers, dead and living, by honoring the spirit that is immortal no less than the dust that returns to its earth."

From the four years of civil strife, the spirit of America gave their nation under God a new birth of freedom.

Equally resolved that the American soldiers who fell in the World war "shall not have died in vain," what peace miracle for the whole earth could not the American people bring to pass, and ought not they bring to pass, in this the maturity of their strength and glory.

## ISN'T PORTLAND INTERESTED?

(Portland Journal.)

Portlanders are not asked to "give" money to the Salem linen mill. What they are asked to do is to "invest" Oregon money in a proposed new Oregon industry.

There has been a lot of talk in Portland about industries

for Oregon. But you can't build industries with talk. It takes money. Somebody has to pay.

The Salem linen mill is a proposal to start towards having Western Oregon supply America with flax products. Men who ought to know assert that Western Oregon can do it, that Western Oregon is the one spot in the United States with soil, climate and other requirements to become the scene of a great linen industry.

America imports \$100,000,000 worth of flax products from outside countries every year. We buy from other countries \$25,000,000,000 worth of the kind of flax products that the Salem linen mill will turn out.

Thomas B. Kay is a textile manufacturer. His father was a textile manufacturer before him. The younger Kay grew up in the business. In addition he is a canny Scotchman with all a Scotchman's conservatism. His word is worth while in the textile business.

"Investment in the linen mill will, I am positive, pay returns on every dollar," said Mr. Kay in The Journal yesterday. He added:

"There is no longer any guesswork about flax-growing or the linen industry. We know that the best flax in the world can be grown here. We have investigated thoroughly the people who are to manage the linen mill and we are sure of their reliability and their skill. I believe thoroughly in the possibilities of the industry."

Though the linen mill will compete with his woolen mill, Mr. Kay has taken \$5000 of the linen mill stock.

Portland's quota for the Salem mill is \$175,000. It isn't to be a "gift," but an "investment" that Mr. Kay says will pay returns on every dollar of the stock.

## MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day is a holy day. For more than half a century it has been observed under the authority of the nation. Its origin was the expression of love for those who had given their lives in their country's service.

While the country was torn asunder by sectional hates and envy, still bleeding from the stripes and wounds of war and while the graves of both Union and Confederate dead were still unsoiled, mothers, wives, children and other loyal friends both North and South went about, strewing flowers o'er the soldiers last resting place. Out of a common sorrow, then came this beautiful custom to every section of the nation and participated in by the people generally.

Memorial Day, May 30, is recognized legally by the nation of 48 states, while 40 of these same states recognize it as the "National Sabbath of Patriotism"—a day when men, women and children pause from their accustomed work, gather in the social centers to reflect upon the sacrifices and heroism exerted in behalf of the country, home and loved ones by those who have gone on before and what heroism and sacrifice means to them who live today.

Primarily the establishment of Memorial Day as a holiday is due to the efforts of the Grand Army of the Republic, fifty-five years ago. Their purpose was to commemorate the ideals of the dead of the Union Army. And this purpose has been expanded until it includes all the nation's men and women who have sacrificed for their country, home and loved ones.

"States are not great except as men make them. Men are not great except they do and dare."

But for those who have fought the battles of the Union for freedom and for justice to humanity this country would be less influential than now. But for the sacrifices they made during that awful struggle which began April 19, 1861, when Fort Sumter was fired upon to the dramatic scene at Appomattox court house four years later this nation might even now be half-slaved, half-free. But from that terrible holocaust of death, fire and ruin, there emerged a nation purged of the curse of human slavery—as written in the 13th and 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution of the United States.

Honor to the G. A. R., W. R. C. and to the memories of the heroes of '76, '98 and to those who fought in the Argonne and St. Mihiel. Honor to those who lie in their narrow tents under the sod and dew, whether in the sunny Southland, among the northern pines or in Flanders field beyond the seas. They fought and died in the faith of freedom and justice to their country and humanity. To strew the graves of the departed with the garden's and the woodland's choicest emblems of love and beauty is a privilege on this Memorial Day.

It is a part of this day's privilege and duty also to specially remember by acts of appropriate recognition the living soldier's service not only to his country in its hours of peril but as a living example of patriotism and accomplishment.

Acknowledgment of the sacrifice made for us by parents whether living or passed over on the other side should not be neglected on this memorial occasion. Friendships broken by death or contributing to the joy of the living may be bound a little closer through the recognition of the true memorial spirit.

Altogether it is a glorious holy day. To properly observe it, in loyal remembrance of those whose lives claim this observance is to ennoble the observers.

## FOR SUCH THEY WERE

On this Memorial Day when we think in terms of honoring the known dead, here are the words which an Indian boy wrote to his parents when he entered the service:

"I promised that I will do well in this, that I will face all things unafraid."

And to his father before his death:  
"You have been a good father to me dad. You'll never know how much I have loved and respected you. Even as I write I think of a hundred little ways in which you guided my faltering steps and molded my character. I regret that I could not have lived to lighten your old age and give you a son."

And this to his mother:

"This isn't to be mailed until I have gone where all the good aviators go, honey. You are so wise and brave and cheerful that I know you can be as proud as you are sad at my death."—From The American Legion Weekly

## THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN



## MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adele Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

Copyright by Newspaper Feature Service

### CHAPTER 472.

THE DISCLOSURE LINDA UNWITTINGLY MADE TO MADGE.

"Whass eatin' you?" Linda demanded thickly. "Sight of your own face frighten you? You'll be scared worse than that before Gracie gets through with you." "My lips are so swollen," I said slowly. "Indeed, I was speaking but the truth, for the gag Grace Draper had put upon my mouth was no child's toy. But I was glad, indeed, that I had the excuse pat for Linda's ears, thankful also that she had not been in a position to see in the mirror what I had beheld.

For if I had not been the victim of an hallucination, I had seen in the mirror the reflection of some one passing outside the transomed door, some one near and dear to me. Under pretense of examining my swollen lips I looked intently into the mirror, noting the position and details of the door opposite the mirror, whose partly-opened transom above had given me the glimpse of the flitting figure outside.

It was clearly a door into another room. I could see the outlines of a fire place like that in the room assigned to me, and through a similar door with a transom above I had just entered. The room to which I had been brought and this other, no doubt, once had been designed as a suite with bath between.

I dared not prolong my scrutiny, and turning as if in search of a towel, I sent my eyes quickly around the room. A window was the only other opening, a window which led to the outdoors, but which I saw was securely barred.

### Madge's Courage Is Fired.

"Say, how long 're you going to be?" Linda demanded, not ill-naturedly, however. "Think I've got nothing to do but wait around for you? I've got important business on hand, I have."

She had the touch of arrogance which the first stage of intoxication often gives. I hastened to appease her, but I did not know how I could make use of her weakness, but I meant to play upon it if possible.

"Coming this minute," I said meekly. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

"Oh, thass all right," she replied with an evident attempt at magnanimity, and I followed her back into the room I had left with the fragments of a dozen mad plans revolving in my brain.

The glimpse I had received of the figure in the mirror had fired my courage, and I meant to let no slightest chance of getting out of the room slip past me because of my own weakness or indecision.

With every nerve tense, every sense alert, I drank the hot tea Linda had brought, and ate the food which accompanied it. While I did so I minutely surveyed every square foot of walls, ceiling and floor of the room which was my prison.

### A Charming Prison.

It was a most charming and comfortable prison. I had to admit that—a cozy, low-ceilinged room with wide easement windows curtained in hand-blocked chintz, with the same costly and exquisite fabric reproduced in draperies and

## Bits For Breakfast

Memorial day—

Our national Sabbath of patriotism—

When we say it with flowers; when there is no north, south, east or west—looking to the time when there shall be no bitterness between nations or races.

Looks like good prices for cherries; or rather good prices for good cherries. You will have to spray for brown rot, and also for worms, if you want to be in the shipping pools getting the fancy prices for fancy fruit.

We are to have a good crop of peaches. Even the family tree in Oregon produces peaches.

They had their traffic troubles even in ancient Rome. The streets were so narrow that wagons were not permitted on them when people were walking abroad.

A misplaced comma in a law of 1870 concerning land grants to the railroads, is now the subject of judicial inquiry. Great heavens, think of what might of happened with a misplaced period!

The United States has something near 18,000,000 automobiles in use, about 15,000,000 telephones and approximately 20,000,000 radio sets. The radio, newest invention of them all, leads the list.

A tree tapped at a spot about two-thirds its height from the ground was used by Gen. George O. Squier, radio expert, and found to greatly diminish static. General Squier has for years experimented with tree roots and plant life in connection with radio reception, and he believes that nature holds the secrets of static elimination.

Angered because her partner stepped on her foot during a turkey trot a Paris woman pulled out a knife and stabbed the brute. If the gentle, yet effective, system employed by the young woman is encouraged we may, in time, do away with that alleged dance.

Unwittingly betrayed a secret, and looked at me in wild-eyed ludicrous dismay. As I gave no sign of interest, however, she breathed more freely, and hastily pulled the rug to its former place again.

"I'm not going talk to you any more," she said crossly, with a sudden ridiculous air of authority. "You're too fresh. Give me that tray and sit down there quiet till I tell you you can get up."

I was barely seated in the chair to which she pointed when a key grated in the lock, and Grace Draper came in.

(To be continued)

## Editorials of the People

Desecration of the Sabbath

Editor Statesman:  
In your editorial of May 28 you sound a strong protest against desecration of Memorial day by the program of sports, stunts and burlesque to be put on by OAC at Corvallis, and only 10 minutes of the whole day given to Memorial exercises.

You refer to May 30 as the "National Sabbath of Patriotism." But how much more could, and should, be said against the desecration of the National Sabbath of Patriotism by the very amusements which you condemn as emphatically as "an offense against the spirit of the day."

Every patriot will be ready to cheer you in your efforts to preserve our national Memorial day, and not commercialize it. But it is also true that all the best citizens of Salem and the state will uphold you in your efforts to put down and out the "amusements" and "industries" which, under our state law (or lack of law), are allowed to commercialize the Sabbath until the average youngster can hardly find time for 10 minutes' devotional exercises on the Sabbath, any more than they can on Memorial day.

If parachute jumps, tugs of war, girls' dragon rides, barrel fights, and serpentine dances, are protested as out of harmony with the spirit of Memorial day—and we agree with you in this—how much more can be said of the questionable Sunday dances, picture shows, vaudeville, baseball games, business houses open for trade, and factories and the like busy at work?

When one pauses and reflects on the desecration of the 30th of May, serious as it is, the conviction is compelling that the desecration of the first day of the week is far more serious. Most of the states of the Union protect this day by state laws for our good, but our Oregon legislature has allowed it to go to the discard. Disregard of the Sabbath day spells disregard for all religious institutions, and finally, defiance of the laws of the land.

Let us remember the Sabbath day. H. C. BATEHAM.  
Salem, Or., May 29, 1925.

## Protecting your money

A MANUFACTURER in an obscure little town builds a new product.

Within a year or two, thousands of women in every corner of America buy that product—and benefit by its merits.

What gives you this confidence in the value of goods made by a man perhaps thousands of miles away?

Advertising. Advertising brings you news of the new article. It tells you of its merits. It convinces you of its value. It protects your investment.

Products that are widely advertised are worthy of your faith. You buy from honest, neighborly folk when you buy from their dealers.

It pays you to read the advertisements and to know advertised products. Buying them protects your money.



Every advertisement is a lesson in careful buying—read them all