

The Oregon Statesman

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W. H. Henderson, Circulation Manager
Frank J. J. Jones, Advertising Manager
W. E. Groves, Manager Job Dept.
W. C. Connor, Poultry Editor

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KINGDOM IS WITHIN.—Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold the kingdom of God is within you. Luke 17: 21.

FADED FLOWERS

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn any more."

Flowers are withering this morning on a million graves. The bloom of the rose is tarnished and the white petal of the lily is streaked with yellow—

Their radiance was but for a day. And in too many hearts the patriotic, grateful, ennobling sentiments awakened by the anniversary are also fading—

For it is not what we think and say and do for one day, but during 365 days, that counts.

On some of those graves the marble is incrusting with moss and darkened by a century of wind and sun; on others the wooden crosses are beginning to decay; and on some the blades of green grass are just appearing through the yellow earth; for nearly a century and a half of history is written on the monuments of our glorious dead.

Some gave their lives when the bud of youth was just bursting into bloom and they sleep on the slopes of the fields where they fell. To them honor and country meant more than that flickering, uncertain flame we call life. They were firm in the faith that he who dies for a noble cause will live again, and live more gloriously.

Others returned from the camp and the battlefield to serve their country in peace as faithfully as they had served it in war.

Some sleep in the silent depths of the seven seas, undisturbed by the storms and tides that stir the face of the waters. Perhaps the fragrance of the roses floating on the surface penetrates that stillness.

For a day the country paused in a noble gesture to salute those who fertilized the earth with their blood that the tree of Liberty might yield its fruit in greater abundance. Now we are passing on to the fuller enjoyment of the things these heroes made possible for us to attain.

Our tribute has carried our message to the dead. But can we be certain that we have received and treasured in our hearts the message that they wafted back to us? By too many the old strifes and discontents have been taken up anew. In fact, they grasped them with one hand while they saluted with the other.

Gratitude is not expressed in words but in service. More important than what we said yesterday is what we do today. The tribute that those who died for us have a right to expect is that we unite to so conduct our foreign relations and internal affairs that similar sacrifices will not in the future be necessary.

What a travesty on progress, on humanity itself, that the best blood of every generation shall be sacrificed in its youth on the altar of hate and prejudice! In the nearly fifteen decades that have passed since the Stars and Stripes were first unfurled not a single generation has escaped; yet we have sought to fight only wars for defense and for freedom. Each one who listens to his own conscience knows there is a better way to secure peace than fighting for it.

There are those who marched in yesterday's processions throughout this country, and who spoke of peace in eloquent periods who set themselves against every gesture that would unite the nations in a bond which would banish wars with other forms of barbarism.

Congressman Hawley, in his splendid Memorial day address in Salem yesterday afternoon, spoke of the outstanding accomplishment of the war for the Union, as settling once and for all time the question of the states and sections of our common country living together in peace—

But it is not enough that the American states no longer fight or shall fight each other. Wars for defense and for freedom will continue to be thrust upon us so long as the rest of the world continues to seek military solutions for international problems—

And yet a clamor is going up continually from the "irreconcilables," the provincials, the "little Americans," against our accepting membership in an international court of justice. They would have us face other peoples in shining armor and have them ever preparing, to be used against us, the fearful instruments and poisons and life destroying agencies of modern warfare; made more hellish with the progress of science.

Cowards do not sleep in those million graves on which wreaths of flowers were laid yesterday. The craven are those among the living who fear the risk of the great adventure, the risk that must be taken with resolution and courage, if we are to keep the faith with those who gave their lives in return for that pledge that the living would join with other peoples in an international association to banish war and the horrors of war from the earth.

It is not by stopping the wheels of industry for a day and paying tributes of flowers that we keep the faith. It is by doing the things that we pledged ourselves to do in the hour of our extremity.

SERVICE AND COURTESY PAY

Service and courtesy are two leading agencies for success. Merchantile and public service organizations recognize their value in business. The following eight rules are emphasized by the P. E. P. company and others of the state. They are vital to progress which is dependent on good will everywhere. Having the goods and delivering them in a pleasing manner will win public approval.

"When the customer comes in with a complaint, don't send him or her from pillar to post; that irritates.

Classify all complaints. Study the cause of complaints; eradicate them at their source.

Completeness of your reply is only one-half courtesy; the manner of your reply is the other half.

Be polite and pleasant, thus making the party glad he or she called on you.

Show individuality to each customer; make him feel he is "Mr. Simpson" and not just one of the throng.

Get the other fellow's point of view. Don't argue, inform.

THE MOONSHINE MENACE

The fact that many persons go insane or die as a result of drinking moonshine should not be charged to prohibition. Thousands of persons were attacked with insanity every year as a result of drinking booze in the old days of the open saloon.

The foundation for thousands of the cases which help to fill our insane asylums now were laid then by the effects of intoxicating liquor bought at the corner grocery and other places where multitudes of men and even women and children were brought into forced contact with it when about the regular routine of business or duty. For the boys and parents who created at the bar, at the jug or bottle in the days when booze could be gotten in the open, an uncontrollable appetite for intoxicants, the use of moonshine completes the mental wreckage. The will weakened by alcohol of former days gives way to alcoholic craving of a weakened system and moonshine of the vilest kind is drunk, at any price.

Moonshine is generally made under conditions which are not favorable to purity of the finished product. But not all booze was pure under the conditions of commercial brewing employed before prohibition days. Impurities in alcohol were then not unknown and frequent cases of "delirium tremens" almost unheard of now, were the result of excess in poison booze.

Greater publicity of the effects of intoxicating liquors places the inebriate whether sane or insane in a more conspicuous position than during anti-prohibition days.

Booze is a destroyer of mind and body. No persons can withstand its deteriorating effect. Present methods and surrounding of its clandestine manufacture are productive of verdigris and other poisons with which booze becomes charged. Only minds and appetites abnormal take the chance and such are the first to give way under poison-narcotic influence. Insanity, wrecked bodies, crime all sound the gravest warning—LEAVE IT ALONE.

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adole Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 473

WHAT GRACE DRAPER'S SURPRISE CONFIRMED TO MADGE

Grace Draper crossed the room with the swift, little step so hatefully familiar to me, and stood over me with eyes gleaming venomously above her yashmak veil. I dropped my own from her gaze for I had no desire either to anger her or to endure her stare, and I saw her long, slender fingers twitching as might the claws of a cat watching a mouse. Involuntarily I shivered slightly, and my tormentor gave a satisfied little laugh.

"Just wait till this time tomorrow, Sweetie," she said maliciously, then she turned to Linda.

"How has she been behaving?" she asked.

Linda considered gravely. "All right, I guess," she said at last. "She's a little bit fresh, but I can manage her."

Grace Draper looked at her steadily, and when she spoke her voice metallic.

"Where did you get it?" "Get hooch? Tell me this minute or you'll be sorry."

"I only had a little snifter. The chef had a bottle in the kitchen when I went down for her tea, and I snatched a thimbleful when his back was turned."

"Yes, your breath smells like a thimbleful, and you talk like one," the younger woman mocked. "Now, you know what it means, don't you, if I catch you at it again until this job is over?"

Linda's Eyes Quail.

Whatever threat Grace Draper's words held, Linda understood it perfectly. Her quailing look, her hurried, frightened asseveration that she would not offend again told me. That it satisfied Grace also I knew, when, after a long, steady stare, she released Linda's eyes and spoke more casually.

"What's new since I've been

ones," Linda answered in a subdued tone.

Grace Draper whirled on her. The action brought her within range of my eyes, and I saw that her own were bright with astonishment.

"New ones!" she reiterated.

"Yesterday, just after you left."

"Who brought them?"

"The Big Tangerine."

She uttered an imprecation, and her eyes narrowed.

"I suppose he's pulled off another of his favor-carrying stunts," she said with such resentment in her voice that I deduced an unfriendly rivalry between herself and the Big Tangerine. I guessed also that the astute head of this evil organization plied his subordinates one against the other in their tasks, and that he followed the scriptural injunction concerning a common stock of information in the possession of his right and left hands.

"You've Been Seeing Things."

With her eyes fixed on the floor and one foot for a long minute. Then she threw her head up with decision.

SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG



"Is the Big Tangerine here now?" she asked.
 "No, he beat it as soon as he brought them in."
 "Did you see the newcomers?"
 "Yes. They're in the next rooms here. I was up on a chair in—"
 "Never mind that," Grace commanded curtly. "Who are they?"
 "One of 'em's a man that can hardly stand up he's so sick. He looks as if he'd been chewed up by a hyena."
 "Manhandled, probably," Grace Draper commented, "when he put up a scrap. Who's the other one?"
 "A trained nurse."
 "What? Quit your kidding, Linda! You've been seeing things again. Bringing a nurse along for a man they've brought here?"
 "I tell you she's a nurse," Linda said sullenly. And I could have borne witness to the truth of her assertion. For my heart was beating wildly at this confirmation of what I had seen in the bathroom mirror. Katherine Bickett was in the next room to mine in this great prison house.

NEW BOOKS AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

- Conrad, Joseph—Tales of hearsay.
- Grey, Zone—Desert of wheat.
- Grey, Zane—Riders of the purple.
- Harker, Mrs. L. A.—The broken boy.
- London, Jack—Smoke Bellow.
- Sabatini, Rafael—The sea-hawk.
- Sinclair Lewis—Arrowsmith.
- Dickson, V. E.—Mental tests and the classroom teacher.
- Bisphan, D. S.—David Bisphan song book.
- For The Children
- Alcott, L. M.—Under the lilacs.
- Althaler—The guns of Bull Run.
- Bayliss—Old Man Coyote.
- Branch, Mrs. M. L. B.—Guld, the cavern king.
- Earl, J. P.—The school team in camp.
- Fitzhugh, P. K.—Tom Slade, boy scout of the moving pictures.
- Pollock, F. L.—Northern diamonds
- Schultz, J. W.—In the great Apache forest.
- Thurston—Scout master of Troop 5.
- Du Puy, W. A.—Uncle Sam, detective.
- Babbitt, E. C.—More Jataka tales.
- Lorenzini—Pinochio.
- Osaki, Y. T., comp.—Japanese fairy tales.
- Bayliss, Mrs. C. K.—Lolami, the little cliff dweller.
- St. Nicholas—Elephant stories.
- Grover, E. O.—The overall boys.
- Grover, E. O.—The overall boys in Switzerland.
- Seri & Evans—Work-a-day dolings.
- Trager, Mrs. H. B.—Pioneers in Palestine.
- Bannerman, Helen—The story of Little Black Mingo Merrimee.
- Dickens, Charles—The magic fishbone.
- Dix, B. M.—Merryllips.
- Ewald, Carl—The old willow-tree.
- Fairstar, Mrs., pseud.—Memoirs of a London Doll.
- Grahame, Kenneth—The wind in the willows.
- Hill & Maxwell—Charlie and his puppy Bingo.
- Lamprey, Louise—In the days of the guild.
- Lefevre, Felicite—The cock, the mouse and the little red hen.
- Lindsay, Maud—Little Missy.
- Malot, Hector—Nobody's boy.
- Paine, A. B.—The Arkansas bear.—Susanna's auction.
- Muir, John—Stickeen.
- Bertelli, Luigi—The prince and his ants.
- Grover, E. O.—The overall boys.
- Grover, E. O.—The sunbonnet babies in Holland.
- Pyle, Katharine—Careless Jane and other tales.
- Vimar, A.—The curly-haired hen.
- Haskell, H. E.—Katrinka: the story of a Russian child.
- Perkins, L. F.—The Filipino twins.

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BOOSTER CLUBS MEET IN SALEM ON JUNE 18

CHERRIANS TO BE HOST TO STATE ORGANIZATION

Caravan to Rose Festival Planned; Many Delegates Expected to Attend

Salem will be host to the booster clubs of the state on June 18 and the Cherrians are busy in lining up transportation for the huge caravan which will visit the Rose Festival in a body. Officers of the state club are anxious that as many clubs as possible be represented at the state convention here as well as for the Rose Festival.

The Oregon Hospitality club was organized at Roseburg last year and includes the Cherrians, Pirates, of Coos Bay; Gobblers, Berrians, Newberg; Rosarians, Portland; Umpqua Chiefs, Roseburg; Lithians, Ashland; Craters, Medford; Cave Men, Grants Pass; Prunarians, Vancouver, Wash.; Lava Clubs, Bend, and the Beachmen.

Many worth while topics of state wide interest are to be discussed at the meeting at Salem, and it is to the advantage of every Booster club in the state that they

have adequate representation at this convention. Each organization is allowed five delegates at the general assembly, although all members of the Booster clubs of the state are urgently invited to be present.

If present plans are carried out, according to M. S. Taylor of North Bend, vice president, the convention a year hence will take on the form of a booster picnic boating trip when a large coastwise vessel will be chartered, leaving Portland for San Diego, California. Stops will be made at all wayside points, and definite plans are already under way for opportune ways of advertising Oregon throughout California.

"If this state organization is worthy of existence, it must commend itself to the consideration of every Booster club to the extent that they take active interest in the state organization and see to it that they are fully represented at Salem on June 18," Mr. Taylor said.

"Al Pierce, manager of the new Corvallis hotel, and ex-King Bing of the Salem Cherrians, is our first president. Stress of business has precluded his getting in intimate touch with the organizations at the present time, hence this letter from the vice president of the state organization. I have been in communication by telephone, and otherwise, with the state president, and he assures me on behalf of the Cherrians, that a real time is guaranteed to every one who will come to this annual gathering."

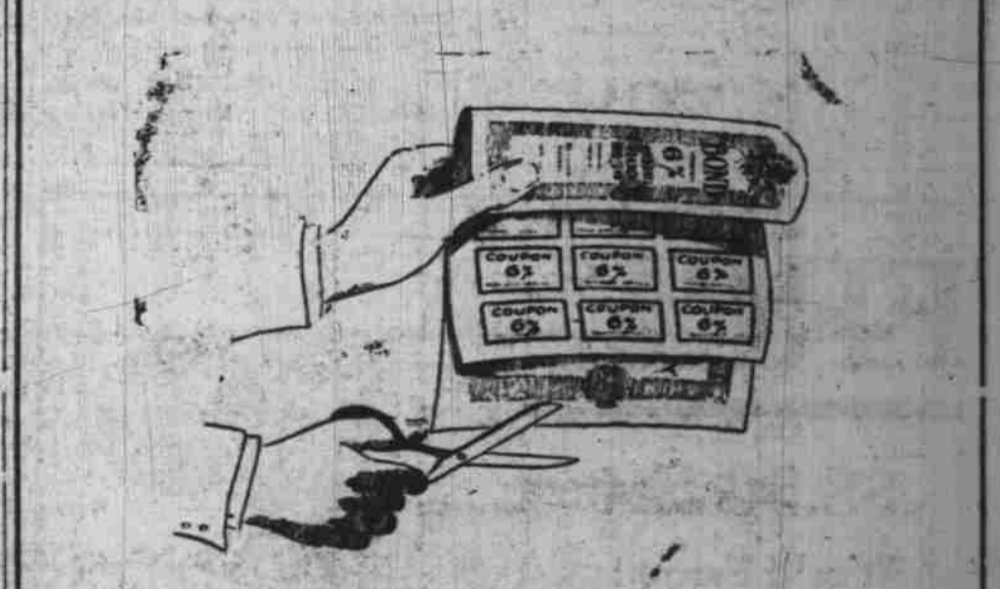
CONGREGATIONAL
 Nineteenth and Ferry. Program for morning services: Sunday school at 10 o'clock, led by C. O. Harris, superintendent. Be sure to come as many will likely be out of the city on account of Memorial day and we should try to maintain our average attendance. Following the Sunday school hour the young people will have charge of the exercises. Carl Shaffer will preside. Wilbur McCune will give a talk and a quartet of young ladies under the direction of Miss Pearl Eyrle will sing. Rev. Paul J. Hildman, of St. Helen's, who is being considered as a prospective pastor, will also speak briefly at the morning service. In the evening Christian Endeavor at 7 o'clock and at 8 o'clock Rev. Halfford will conduct the service and deliver the sermon.

UNITED BROTHERS
 FIRST—Twelfth and Mission streets. C. W. Tibbet, pastor, 1145 Mission street. Phone 6597. Services 11 a. m., 8 p. m. Sermon topics: "To Every Man His Work"; forenoon: "Responsibility for South"; evening: Sunday school 10 a. m. Superintendent W. W. Walls. Young people's meeting 7 p. m. The young people are especially invited to this service. Topic: "The World's Need—the Unfinished Task." Leader, Mrs. Laura Poling, Wednesday services: Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30. Mrs. Calvin Hiday class leader. You are invited to attend any or all of these services. We have a splendid Sunday school. Bring your children and help to swell the number. We have classes for all ages and efficient teachers. You will be made to feel at home and all are welcome. Come.

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