

The Oregon Statesman

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GOD'S JUDGMENTS—"Ye shall do my judgments, and keep ordinances, to walk therein; I am the Lord, your God." Lev. 18:4.

A WONDERFUL HONEY BEE EXHIBIT

The United States National bank of Salem is each week making an exhibit of some industry of its city or district. This week it is a honey bee exhibit, prepared in cooperation with H. M. Mead, who is known as the bee king of this section, because he is our largest breeder of Italian queen bees, and perhaps our most extensive apiarist, and a leader in everything pertaining to the bee industry here—

And this exhibit is attracting much attention, as it deserves—

Because it is bound to become one of our leading industries—

Because we have potentially the best bee keeping district in this country, with the largest early honey flow known, outside of southern Oregon, and are in the way of having the best late summer and fall bee pasture, with our increasing acreage of Hungarian vetch, Grimm alfalfa and the sweet clovers, especially the Hubam clover—

And because we must have bees to carry the pollen and fertilize our fruit blossoms; all of them, and especially our cherry blossoms, which are not carried by the wind.

The fact is coming to be generally recognized that successful fruit growing cannot be carried on without the aid of the honey bees in pollination.

The exhibit spoken of contains a hive of Italian bees headed by a queen raised in July, 1925, by Jay Smith of Vincennes, Indiana, and now owned by Mr. Mead. Mr. Smith is one of the world's leading breeders of pure bred queens. There are in the exhibit samples of honey candy made by Mrs. Mead, with the legend: "Honey tends to health and is a great addition to cooking." There is in the exhibit a cherry tree branch loaded with young fruit, with the legend: "Fruit produced by some one's bees—are your bees cared for?" There are samples of maple and fireweed strained honey, and comb honey, with this legend: "This fruit district produces many delightful flavors; maple, berry, vetch and mixed flavors."

Have you studied the life of the honey bee? Many great men have, in ancient and modern times. Have you read Maeterlinck's "The Honey Bee," one of the greatest and most fascinating books ever written? Have you read the last book of Jean Stratton Porter, published last year after her death, "The Keeper of the Bees," or have you seen the play screened from the book?

If you have not studied bees, and read bee literature, you have missed some of the greatest things in life and learning.

Do you know what is meant by the nuptial flight of the queen bee? Do you know how many ears or ear hollows and eyes or eye hollows and noses or nose hollows a bee has, according to the word of Mrs. Porter?

And did you know that bees do not tolerate bee traps? A bee coming from another hive is known to be a stranger by her scent. She is stung to death if she comes as a tramp, empty handed. But if she brings a load of honey, she is welcomed and adopted. That is the immigration law of bees.

The Salem district must become the seat of bee lore—

Everybody who is anybody must learn what there is to know about bees; just as they must know about paper making, strawberry growing, nut culture, flax growing and linen making, and all the other wonderfully interesting things connected with our many industries.

All these things should be taught in our public schools, and may be, under the provisions of the Smith-Hughes act. The greatest strides can be made in the Salem district by training the largest possible number of specialists in the things in which we may excel by reason of our natural advantages.

THE PAGEANT OF NATURE

It is customary today to decry the age as material and ungodly. The age-old beliefs are being questioned and discarded. Men and women yearn for more and more of the material things of life and care less for spiritual values—

And with all the modern contrivances to keep us from boredom we are not happy—

For few are they who know that the accumulation of things—no matter how good in themselves—brings no lasting joy; that it is the things that may be had without money and without price that truly give us joy.

Emerson said: "Give me health and a day and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous."

And at this season of the year—with the "sap rising from the earth through a million tubes, the alchemical power of light entering the solid oak; and see! it bursts forth in countless leaves," surely we must be impressed with the thought that the best of this earth we can all, rich and poor, share alike—

The "pageant of nature."

This pageant is not now like the automobile, the radio, the airplane. "The sun rises on the same grasses and green hedges," says Richard Jefferies in his "The Pageant of Summer." "There is the same blue sky, but did we ever have enough of them? No, not in a hundred years! There seems always a depth, somewhere, unexplored, a thick that has not been seen through, a corner full of ferns, a quiet old hollow tree, which may give us something."

"When I look in the mirror," he continues, "I see that every line in my face means pessimism; but in spite of my face—that is my experience—I remain an optimist. Time with an unsteady hand has etched thin crooked lines, and, deepening the hollows, has cast the

original expression into shadow. Pain and sorrow flow over us with little ceasing, as the sea-hoofs beat on the beach. Let us not look at ourselves but onwards, and take strength from the leaf and the signs of the field. He is indeed despicable who cannot look onwards to the ideal life of man. Not to do so is to deny our birthright of mind.

"The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live... These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance."

Such hours give us strength and courage—make our worry and fears, envies, petty strivings—seem very small and insignificant.

"To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it." Jefferson says.



EVE'S TWO LOVERS

EDGAR POE NORRIS

TWENTY-SIX

John Ingate got out of the roadster last and turned to his companions with decision: "Well, I don't know whether—"

At that moment Reggie White swept down on Eve and Clay. "Here you are! I was hoping we would be able to have a game to-day, and so was Miss Johnstone." The newcomer, having shaken Clay's hand, was holding Eve's familiarly, when Clay turned awkwardly to John Ingate: "Mr. White, Mr. Ingate."

"How do you do, Mr. Ingate!" Reggie White had a way of shaking hands that assumed a lot of things and usually caused strangers to frown, and John Ingate was no exception: "Do you play tennis, too? You must join us. Interesting foursome," Reggie rattled on.

"Why—" There is no way for the hesitant person to escape the Reggie White type, and John Ingate was caught up unwillingly. He looked appealingly at Eve, hoping she would understand.

She thought he wanted a confirmation of the invitation, and could do nothing, of course, but give it. "Yes, you must come along." She glanced with annoyance at Reggie White, because he had taken so much for granted.

She didn't want to play tennis with White and his companion and she sensed that John Ingate felt that he was intruding. "Oh, why had she accepted his invitation?" Her eyes met Clay's cold glance. "Perhaps, after they had started to play, she could plead headache."

"If you can hurry into your tennis things, Miss Johnstone and I can hold a court for the game." John Ingate spoke up. "With me in there would be five. I think I'd better drop out. Perhaps some other time."

"No, no! You come, too * * * I would have to leave after the first set anyway—business engagement, so you play and I'll just watch the first set."

Reggie White's manner was disagreeable to John Ingate, but he was not a man to vent his feelings in such circumstances, and acquiesced. The four walked to the porch together. Miss Johnstone stepped forward to meet them, nodding gravely to Mrs. Wales and with the suggestion of a smile to Clay, John Ingate's eyes opened wider at the sight of her. Who in the devil was this?

Reggie White supplied the introduction. "Miss Johnstone, this is Mr. Ingate, a friend of the Waleses."

"How do you do?" She offered her hand, with its silken touch, to the newcomer. "I'll have to toddle along after a set anyway, you know," Reggie explained to her, "so Mr. Ingate will be the fourth. We'll hold a court for them until they get into their togs and come out."

Miss Johnstone was conscious of the intent gaze of John Ingate. She managed to smile at him slightly as she turned away toward the tennis court with Reggie White.

John and Clay went down to the locker-room together, each feeling self-consciously uncomfortable. They said little to each other as they were dressing. John debated with himself the advisability of finding an eleventh hour excuse to escape from this game. But this Miss Johnstone—

Eve was not in sight when they reappeared on the veranda. "I'll wait for her, if you want to go on down to the court and get warmed up," Clay suggested. "You don't know how women can keep you waiting," he added, with a smile.

"All right," John welcomed this opportunity to get away from Clay, in whose presence he felt nervously uncomfortable. And Clay was glad to get rid of him, for there was something he wanted to say to Eve.

Eve was not as lucky as on the previous day in finding a costume for the concert. The club did not keep much clothing of this sort on hand, since there were naturally few calls for it, and what there was of it was severely plain and ill-fitting. Eve was conscious of the poor figure she made in the dress, and hesitated about facing the others, or even Clay, in it. She did not appear on the veranda, but called Clay to her. "I don't think I'll play," she said. "These clothes are awful!"

"I'm willing to drop out, too," was Clay's reply.

"I don't think both of us ought to. We can't leave John alone with them. * * * Where is he?" Clay indicated the courts with his racket.

"I guess we'll have to go."

"Not if you don't want to," her husband responded.

"I don't want to, but we can't back out now without a better excuse." She took his arm and led him down over the green to the courts.

John Ingate was lobbing the ball to Miss Johnstone, with Reggie White on the side-lines, smoking. "A wife should never play tennis with her husband," he called out to the Waleses. "She gets the blame for all of the mistakes," Reggie laughed as if he were having a huge joke.

"But a man shouldn't be so ungracious as to defeat his wife," John Ingate exclaimed. He wanted very much to play with Miss Johnstone, and she, a glance she gave him showed, was quite willing.

"I'd rather play with Clay," Eve spoke up decisively.

Reggie White apparently forgot the "business engagement," that was to take him away after the first set, for he was still present, in the form of a master of ceremonies, lolling in ease, when the second set ended, with the honors divided. John Ingate was in no mind to drop out now. Eve didn't see how she could go and leave Clay behind. So all five were there when the three sets were over, with John and Miss Johnstone the winners.

"I'd like for all of you to have lunch with me," John suggested, eagerly. He would much rather have been able to ask Miss Johnstone alone.

"I really must go now," said Reggie White. No one offered objections, and it was a foursome that gathered for late luncheon on the veranda of the club.

Eve could not help seeing how fascinating Miss Johnstone was to John Ingate. She tried to get interested in their conversation, to draw out Clay. In the end, she lapsed into silence, with a frown of dislike of the violet-eyed woman dining in her. She was Clay's wife, yes, but still she couldn't stand the sight of John Ingate paying court to another woman.

(To be continued.)

In the next instalment: Hare and hounds.

Bits For Breakfast

More golden rain drops—

Promising bumper crops—

And insuring a prosperous year.

The two Sailems are in the minds and the newspaper headlines of the whole country. They are getting invaluable free advertising.

May festival at the armory tonight, with 300 of the best trained voices in this section. It is an annual event with increasing interest and value.

There is being planned an avenue of hawthorne trees from Salem to Dallas, along the state highway. The writer moves an amendment. Make it walnut trees. They will be more beautiful, in good time, and they will be worth a vast sum of money each year, in the crops they will bear. Why not combine beauty with utility? Who knows of a more beautiful tree than a Franquette walnut tree of good size and form? And that kind of an avenue of trees will last thousands of years.

The American War Mothers of Salem have a project for a memory lane, for the soldier boys who fought and died. They are thinking in terms of walnut trees.

Eugene may be sued by the state for dumping her sewage into the Willamette. All cities and towns along the river will have to sit up and take notice. Salem is already on the way with a sinking fund. The thing is to scientifically treat the sewage; make fertilizer out of it.

REVOLT BRINGS BATTLE

NICARAGUA DECLARES WAR; PRESS CENSORSHIP OUT

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, May 4. (Associated Press.)—After declaring a state of war today, the government sent a military force to the Atlantic coast to cope with a revolutionary movement started by liberals, who have captured the towns of Bluefields and Rama.

News leaking through from Bluefields, despite a censorship established by the revolutionists, says the governor and director of police have been imprisoned.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

All correspondence for this department must be signed by the writer, must be written on one side of the paper only, and should not be longer than 150 words.

Editor Statesman:

We read with amusement the effusion of one, F. A. English, in the Statesman of Tuesday morning. Mr. English relates how in the misty past he tried to cross Tuxedo park with a horse and buggy and found some mud in the month of May. As there are no roads or driveways across Tuxedo park we doubt if Mr. English knows where this tract of land is located and if he does he was probably trespassing on perfectly tilled farm land at the date he mentions, for every year the lower part of Tuxedo park is planted to fine garden or forage crops long before the dates Mr. English mentions.

Let those interested go and look over this slightly and valuable tract now for themselves. They will find the few acres of lower land in a high state of cultivation with prospects of bumper crops and as smooth as a floor, while two-thirds or three-fourths of the tract is high land with an excellent natural drainage through the center of it.

This man English is like an old-timer we met out in South Salem the other day. He has lived within a few hundred yards of Tuxedo park for the past decade, voted against it as a school site and when questioned did not know there were any improvements on the place such as a good residence, new barn, new silo, poultry houses, etc., and did not know any part of it was in a high state of cultivation, yet he maintained the price was too high. Considering the improvements, excellent quality of the soil, close in central location, the full acre of beautiful oak and evergreen park immediately back of where the school building would be located on high and dry land, its sewerage, light and city water advantages and surroundings comprising beautiful and well kept homes and paved streets, we maintain that the price is not too high—in fact is very reasonable.

Another thing, a considerable portion of this tract is already surveyed and staked off in city lots and many are only awaiting an opportunity to grab them for homes in case the school site proposition is voted down again. Queer isn't it, that home sites would be platted on a tract which Mr. English found too boggy to cross with a horse and buggy? The fact is, if this tract will make desirable home sites, which is generally admitted, it will make a very desirable school building site, and unless voted for school purposes at the coming election a good part of it will soon be sold off in town lots.

It is only recently that some writer branded this site as too rocky for a school site and now another says it is marshy. Both are misrepresentations as a visit to the site will convince the most skeptical and unless secured by the school district at this time the opportunity to purchase ample grounds for school purposes in South Salem will be lost, as it was publicly stated at a recent school meeting held at Lincoln school that no offers of any kind would be entertained by the Bush family for any part of their land holdings in that part of the city to be used for school purposes.

It is evident that those who most oppose the Tuxedo park site and have the most to say against it in print or on the streets have never seen it and personally know nothing about it.

Those who are familiar with this site and the fact that it is the only large desirable and available school site left in South Salem; that can be bought at any price, are strongly in favor of its acquisition by the school district, especially since no further bonds are to be voted for its purchase.

South Salem voters turned out and voted solidly for the Parrish school site in North Salem and now they feel that North Salem voters should reciprocate at a time when South Salem is sorely in need of larger tract of land on which to build an adequate school building to accommodate that rapidly growing section of the city. The Lincoln school crowded on a block between paved streets subjected to heavy automobile and auto truck traffic is not only out

of date and inadequate to accommodate the increasing attendance, but owing to its already crowded site cannot be rebuilt or enlarged to meet the rapidly growing attendance in that progressive section of Salem. Therefore, a new and larger school site is the only solution to the problem, and Tuxedo park has been declared both by a committee of South Salem citizens and by the Salem school board as the best and most desirable school site available in that part of the city, and their request that the legal voters of Salem provide this site for their new South Salem school should be unanimously granted.

W. C. CONNER.



DINNER STORIES

An American was boasting to an Irishman about the fastness of American trains.

"Why, Mike, said the American "we run our trains so fast in America that the milestones look like a cemetery!"

"Do they now?" said Mike. "Well, sir, I was on a train in Ireland and as we passed first a field of turnips, then a row of carrots, then a row of cabbage, and then a large pond of water, we were goin' that fast I thought it was soup."

An elderly gentleman went into a photographic studio and asked to see the proofs of a picture recently taken of a young man whose name he gave. They were handed to him as a matter of course and he examined them critically. He seemed pleased and finally said:

"These are of my son. This one is a remarkably good photo of him—it is very like him indeed. Has he paid you for it yet?"

"No, sir," said the photographer, "not yet."

"Ah," said the elderly gentleman, "very like him indeed."

There was a squabble on the corner of the street. Two men were fighting. A crowd collected, and a gentleman seeing that one man had the other down on the sidewalk and was pommeling him unmercifully, called on him to stop.

"Let the man get up!" he cried. "Make it a fair fight."

"Faith, sir," said the man on top, "if you'd had the trouble I've had to get him down you wouldn't be for letting him up so readily."

A Classified ad in the Morning Statesman will pay big dividends. Read the want-ads carefully. Bargains are listed every day.

STOP CATARRH OPEN NOSTRILS AND HEAD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Relieves Head-Colds at Once.

If your nostrils are clogged and your head is stuffed and you can't breathe freely because of a cold or catarrh, just get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm at any drug store. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic cream into your nostrils and let it penetrate through every air passage of your head, soothing and healing the inflamed, swollen mucous membrane and you get instant relief.

Ah! How good it feels. Your nostrils are open, your head is clear, no more hacking, snuffing, blowing; no more headache, dizziness or struggling for breath. Ely's Cream Balm is just what sufferers from head colds and catarrh need. It's a delight.

SILVERTON LEGION OPENS NEW DRIVE

1925 Membership Figures Set at 230, Large Increase Is Sought

SILVERTON, May 4.—The Silvertown Post of the American Legion began its campaign for increased membership today. All members who have not paid their 1925 dues are being urged to do so, and in this connection every Legion member is being furnished with a list of those ex-service men who have not yet renewed their memberships. The 1925 membership totalled 230, and the present drive is expected to show an increase over last year.

MOUNTAIN VIEW TERM IS CLOSED

Parent-Teachers' Association Celebrates With Entertainment

The school term of the Mountain View district in Polk county was closed Friday evening with an entertainment offered by the Parent-Teachers' association of that district. A large number attended the gathering. Esther Diessanbaugh sang several selections, accompanied on the piano by Miss Ritchie, and by

her brother, Ezra Diessanbaugh, playing a violin. Selections by R. Stebbins, played on a homemade violin of the cigar-box variety, were greatly enjoyed. Mr. Davis, high school instructor of Salem, spoke on education. Myrtle Lewis and Aubrey Tribble were the teachers in the Mountain View district during the past term.

Shanko ranchers ship 270 range horses for fertilizer, at \$3 to \$5 a head.

MOTHER!

Child's Best Laxative is "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup," which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Advt.

ROSTEIN & GREENBAUM

Bed Spreads—Big Assortment—Low Prices
CRINKLED BED SPREADS—81x108. Blue, Pink or Apricot striped \$2.75

RAYON BED SPREADS—81x108. Blue, Pink, Gold and Lavender \$5.75

BED SPREADS—at \$1.45 - \$1.90 - \$2.25 and up

9-4 SHEETING, unbleached, a real good grade at, a yard 50c

PILLOW TUBINGS, linen finish,, 36 inch 35c

40 inch 38c

9-4 BLEACHED SHEETING, best quality Yard 57c

GOOD SEAMLESS SHEETS, 81x90 at \$1.25

BERKLEY NO. 60 CAMBRIC, 36 inch yard 25c

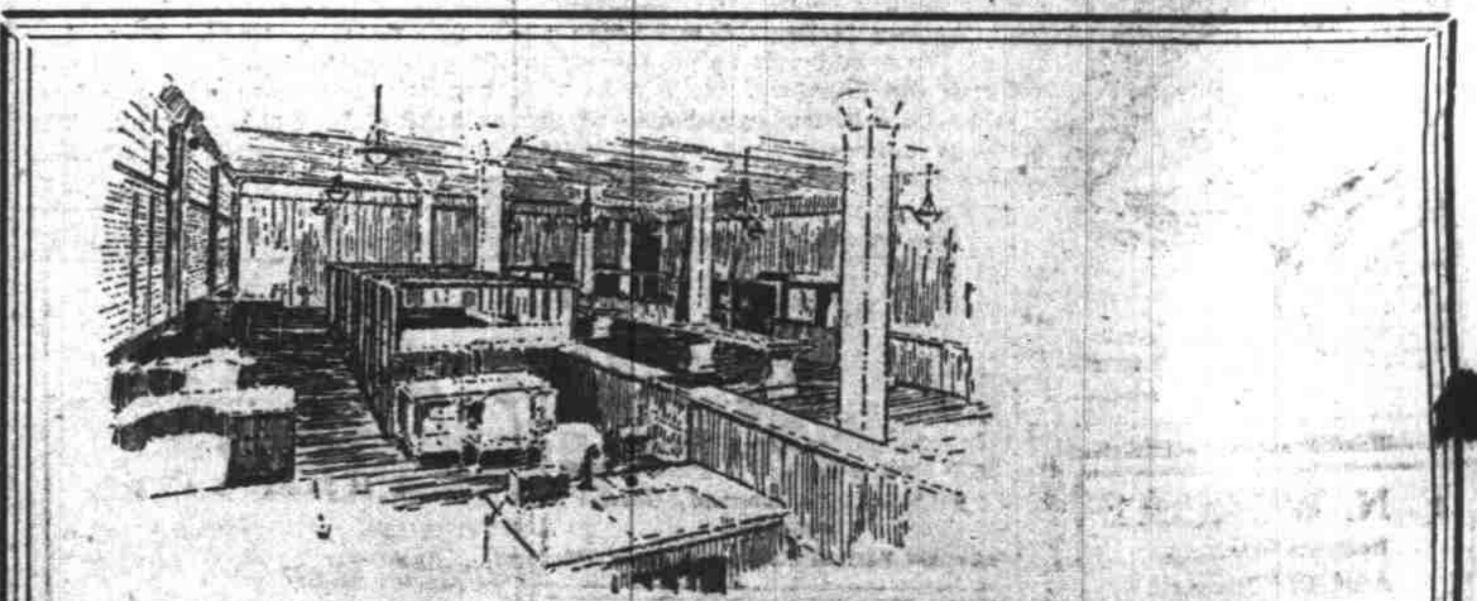
36 Inch Figured Piesse Pretty Patterns Yard 34c

Tissue Gingham Very Pretty and Dainty Yard 43c

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT Big display of nice hats. Big assortment of flowers. Look them over. Pick just what you want.

Big assortment of Children's Hats—Lowest Prices in this city.

240 and 246 N. Commercial St.



About a Penny a Day

Even the most pecuniary individual could hardly say a Safety Deposit box is in the least expensive.

The yearly rental of a box here at the United States National averages about just a cent a day. Certainly a small amount for the protection of your valuable securities in the great vaults here.

Now is an opportune time to rent one—with summer calling you away on trips.

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon.

RED PEPPER HEAT ENDS RHEUMATISM

Red Pepper Rub takes the "ouch" from sore, stiff, aching joints. It cannot hurt you, and it certainly stops that old rheumatism torture at once.

When you are suffering so you can hardly get around, just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known. Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you will feel the tingling heat. In three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Pain and soreness are gone. Ask any good druggist for a jar of Bowles Red Pepper Rub. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Bowles on each package.