

# PEACE MEETING HELD ON SUNDAY

## Landers Leader at Council for Prevention of War; Many Take Part

MONMOUTH, June 1.—A large and interested audience attended the union meeting Sunday evening at the Baptist church, which was dedicated to the topic, "Preparation for Peace." President J. S. Landers, president of the Oregon Normal School, who is president of the Monmouth Council for Prevention of War, presided; and in his introductory remarks called attention to the fact that the Briand-Kellogg peace pact, ratified last January by the United States, made an amendment to Section 8 of the Constitution of our country.

A choir composed of singers from the local churches assisted, with Miss Helma L. Christensen as accompanist. Special numbers included harmonica solos by "Radio Mike" Sullivan, international traveler and entertainer, and a male quartet from the Evangelical church composed of Rev. L. H. Willard, Kenneth Thompson, A. N. Poole and Ellis Stebbins, with Mrs. Stebbins at the piano.

Viewing the preparation for peace from an approach of three leading perspectives, namely the head, the heart and the hand, the head and the heart, three excellent presentations were given to the audience as follows: "Preparation for Peace in the Economic World," by Rev. Victor P. Morris, minister of the Christian church; "Preparation for Peace in the Educational Field," by Rev. Willard, minister of the Evangelical church; and "Preparation for Peace in the Religious Realm," by Rev. L. H. Daily, minister of the Baptist church.

Community singing concluded the evening's program.

# WATER POWER HELD INCREASING RAPIDLY

## Rhea Luper, State Engineer, Gives Address Before Eugene Meet

Predicting that in another 10-year period large units of water power will be available in Oregon at attractive prices, Rhea Luper, state engineer, Friday afternoon addressed the newly formed statewide engineers' organization at their first annual convention in Eugene. Luper, the only Salem man in attendance, talked on "The Development of Water Power in

# Here and There:

## Terse comments on Events, Local and Abroad, of the Past Week.

Americans citizens who think it queer that Ramsey McDonald may be premier without a majority of votes should recall that the same situation may prevail in United States. In the case of Cleveland's first defeat he secured more votes than his opponent. Under the two vote system of electoral voting, the popular vote in this United States is entirely disregarded and the electoral vote is made supreme.

Ramsey McDonald is by no means the political enigma he was in 1924. Then England, conservative at heart, was frankly afraid of this "socialist." When McDonald donned knee trousers he speedily warned off much of the doubt which existed in the minds of the old royalists.

With only 190 seats in parliament the McDonald government of 1924 was soon out but now, even though lacking a majority, it is infinitely stronger. The upshot of Thursday's election shows very clearly that England thinks the conservative party has fallen down in its five years at the helm and that the country is willing to let the laborites see what they can do to redeem England's existing economic plight.

If you had just signed an agreement with a fellow merchant not to cut prices, you would be curious and alarmed to see him paint

Oregon." The convention will end today, some hundred engineers being in attendance.

Engineer Luper gave a general review of laws relating to water and their effect on water power development, and also the history of water development, showing the increased use in ten-year periods from 1850 when the first records show application for 80 horse power near Silverton. Growth was gradual until 1900-10 when 260,000 h. p. were claimed. At the present time, Oregon has 300,000 horse power of water in use out of a potential water power of 3,665,000 h. p. 80 per cent of the time or 8,000,000 h. p. for 50 per cent of the time.

Oregon's district of the Columbia river basin has 1,408,000 h. p. of water available, with other streams rated thus: Klamath basin, 132,000; Umpqua, 651,000; Rogue River, 432,000; Snake river, 823,000, and Deschutes, 734,000. Public utility plants use the greatest horsepower, with 55 utilities using 245,000 h. p. he stated; pulp and paper with mechanical power runs with 44,000 h. p.; irrigation pumping uses 3,500; mining 2,500 and miscellaneous, 5,000. The Portland electric Power plant at Oak Grove uses the largest single unit, 35,000 h. p.

From a study of the development so far, it would seem growth has followed rather than preceded market requirements, Mr. Luper

ing his windows with sale signs and rearranging stocks as though he was soon to sell goods at a bargain.

The United States in company with more than a dozen nations has adopted the Kellogg pact rejecting war as an instrument of national policy. Presto, this same country passes a large navy bill, making possible expenditures for new battleships each of which will cost double the amount expended for the congressional library.

Such inconsistency is to be remarked at. It is hoped that the Hoover administration may bring to pass another international disarmament proposal which will stop the big navy bill becoming a matter of actuality for under the Borch amendment, the construction program does not get under way until 1931.

J. W. Parker, Portland business man just back from Washington, D. C., speaks of Congressman Hawley as the "best loved man in congress." A veritable ovation in which both republicans and democrats took part, greeted the representative when he arose to speak on the tariff bill, reports Mr. Parker. Salem citizens count Mr. Hawley and Mr. McNary, too, as one of the home-town boys. It is well that someone else appreciates these men. Both are doing sterling work in the present congress.

said, adding that he believes the time is rapidly approaching when the development of larger units will be favored, which will in turn attract capital which is showing a decided interest in larger development.

Mr. Luper returned from Eugene Friday night.

**LADD TO PREACH**  
AMITY, June 1. — Evangelist Earl Ladd, who is a former Amity boy, who graduated from Amity high school will begin a revival campaign at the Christian church Sunday morning. Several hundred people have signed cards, pledging their presence at one of the Sunday services.

**REPAINTING CHURCH**  
AMITY, June 1.—The Christian church which was practically destroyed by fire in October, 1928, and which was rebuilt early in the winter, is being repainted.

# "Daphne"

(Continued from Page 18)

When she did not answer at first, he came a little nearer. She sprang up then and faced him, ablaze with fury. He couldn't believe it. . . .

"Well—say!" he began, and "For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" Her face was livid, her voice choked with hiccoughing sobs. A torrent of words shook her, poured over him before he collected his wits enough to listen. Was this Daphne? This white-faced fury? It couldn't be! . . .

"You're crazy!" he said and tried to smile, but his lips were so dry he couldn't. He put his hands to his throbbing temples and wished the pounding would stop, so that he could think. "You've given me a fine headache!" he whispered resentfully. "Coming here with a cock and bull story like that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

### CHAPTER LXIII

DAPHNE had apparently said all she had to say, and his first numb panic began to give place to anger. What did she mean anyway? Who would believe her crazy yarn? "Say! Nobody is going to talk like that to me, not even a silly girl!" he blustered. "You change your tune, Daphne, and change it quick—'if you hear me?' What would anybody think who heard you? Nice kind of a story to spread. . . . Why, he skipped ten months ago! This is a fine time to come shoveling old dirt!"

Ten months ago — almost a year. He had almost forgotten the whole miserable business. Now she had come to rake it up. The pulse in his temple went on hammering. His fingers ached to shake her, to hurt her. . . . After ten months . . . to start this . . . hadn't he had trouble enough?

He licked his dry lips. "I don't want to hear any more about it—do you understand? I'll put up with a lot from you, Daphne, but there are limits. My God, that's too much. After all I did for him. I suppose you are still ranking over what I said last night. I hit the nail on the head, that's all. Well, I've taken enough from him, and you, too, if you are a woman. Just pull that kind of talk again and there'll be trouble. I won't take it—not from anybody!"

She listened, very quietly. Apparently she had nothing to say. She had gone off like a rocket, he decided, and spent herself. Her white-hot fury had cooled. She was the old Daphne again, small and quiet and timid. He even managed to laugh. "Craziest thing I ever heard. Ha, ha!—But don't let me hear it again!"

He was right, her fury was spent, but it was not the old Daphne, who was waiting quietly for him to finish. The old Daphne was gone, never to come back again. It was a new Daphne now, a Daphne grown up. "Very well," she said in a small cold voice. "I won't say anything more to you about it. I was foolish to come. I came on the impulse of the moment. I thought—I don't know what I thought. Perhaps I expected a miracle. I

found Allan was innocent. Perhaps I thought I could find you innocent, too. . . . But I'm sorry I came. I've told you. She smiled then, with bitter pity. "You can—skip, too!"

He let her get almost to the door, and then he was upon her, pinioning her arms, pushing her against the wall. "Daphne—listen to me. Don't do anything you'll regret. What have you found? What is it? Have they planted something on me?—what do you think you have? Tell me!"

He was hurrying her wrists, but she made no effort to release them. "Don't you understand, Ralph? I found the records—the bank withdrawals you know, and Allan's account of every cent he turned over to you. . . . He dropped her hands. Wiped his mouth with a neat handkerchief. "A mere blind," he smiled. "What does it mean? Nothing at all." He was speaking very smoothly now. Almost too smoothly. "What would a man in his position naturally do? Just that. He drew money from the bank—for reasons best known to himself. I trusted him so excessively that I never questioned. That's where I am open to public censure. I was too lax. My nature, you know. I let him run things his way—which he did! He played the little game they all play—he thought he could beat the market, buying on a close margin."

"If things had gone as he expected, he'd have made a fortune and no one the wiser. But the unforeseen happened — he was caught short, with some twenty thousand to raise in a hurry. So he left—without leaving a forwarding address, and that, my dear little girl is the situation in a nutshell. Had he remained he would have been forced to explain. As it was, I was stuck for his losses, Greely gave me the third degree and got it out of me. I'd have spared him if I could. I stood the loss. Wasn't that enough?"

She shook her head. "No. It's no use, Ralph. No use at all," she repeated wearily. "It's all there in black and white. Even one note from Allan to you demanding an accounting, and your answer written right on it—'Go to hell!' I think your words were—"

She saw him start. One eyebrow was twitching nervously. "Mr. Greely has it all—I left it with him before I came here. . . . I thought it was best. . . . I wanted you to know—"

"Very kind of you," he said at last. "You've taken good care to clear your little friend, and pin it on me." And then, with immense sarcasm, "You'll send me elevating literature when I'm in jail!"

"If he's framed me it will." "But your money. . . . It was your money! You'll just be clearing Allan, that's all. Mr. Greely wouldn't—" "Wouldn't he?" he sneered. "It's one of us—Allan or me. Allan skipped. Therefore it's me. Oh I'll tell you the truth. I'll admit I played a bit too. Maybe some of those withdrawals were mine—one or two—but I'll get the blame for it all. I know Greely—he's always hated me. Well, it's all right, I guess. Go back and report to Greely—tell him he was too smart for me as usual—he got me!—The dirty shyster!"

He sank into a chair and buried his blond head in his hands. There seemed nothing left to wait for, nothing left to say. She began to pick up her things. "Go on," he said through his shaking fingers. "Make it snappy. What are you waiting for?" She looked back. It is always fatal to look back. Daphne knew it as she turned.

Ralph's blond head was still buried in his hands. Long shuddering breaths shook him. . . . Crying. . . . Ralph crying. . . . So she came to him, and put her small, cold hands on his shoulders. "I'm sorry," she said painfully. "It's just my luck that it had to be me, to find out—"

The odd, choking noise went on, and she waited nervously. "Please don't take it like that," she begged. After a while she dropped to her knees beside him, comforting him. She was filled with pity and disgust. This was the man she had loved so well. The man whom she had believed could never do a little thing. This was her idol shattered. This was the end of her dreams.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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