

They march once more, but no They sought the battle fray, A thinning line of gallant men Whose thoughts are far away; Their white locks float upon the breeze, Their step is short and slow, But in their eyes the watcher sees



Under the standard, bullet-torn, Behind the muffled drum, In uniforms in battle worn, Adown the street they c Hats off! Ere long 'twill be too late To honor thus the Blue, These are the men who grimly wait To hear the last tattoo



Bring chaplets for the men who sleep Beneath the somber pines— The brave who in the forest deep Formed once the battle lines; No clarion notes arouse them now, No foes around them lie. The grass is waving o'er each brow Beneath the Union's sky.



For them no drums of battle beat Advance or overthrow, For them no bugles sound retreat, No dreams of midnight foe; Ameng the cedars and the pines, Beside the river's flow, They gently camp in sacred lines Who battled long ago.

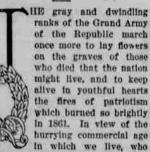


Columbia weaves a wreath of fame, Her hands the blossoms spread,
She knows her sons, she calls by name
Her flying and her dead;
Beneath the banner of the stars, In Solitude's array, She crowns her heroes of the wars On loved Memorial Day.



MEMORIAL DAY AGAIN

Once More the Nation Honors Those Who Died That Their Country Might Forever Live.



might live, and to keep alive in youthful hearts the fires of patriotism which burned so brightly In 1801. In view of the hurrying commercial age in which we live, who shall say that this latter

service of these grizzled veterans is less important than the one which they performed in the morning of life?

It is a mournful thing to watch the inevitable depletion of their ranks, caused by the slow, unfalling process sion of the years. In the last year for which figures are available the Grand Army lost by death 11,338 membersfour times as many as were known to have been killed in the Union army at

the battle of Gettysburg. Yet there consolation which should not be forgotten. These veterans fought the most successful war the world has ever known. Wars which change the allegiance of provsubtract from the dominions of princes are com-Ot V mon enough,

wars which at once liberated a race and saved a nation there has been but one. That unique distinction attaches to the four years' strife in which these veterans bore their part, and the glory of that unprecedented achievement gilds their graying hair.

MEMORIAM.

A year, a month, Memorial day,
Like tinted snow the bloom of May,
Crowns Hoys in Blue.
Sweet flowers, types of life and death,
Bathed by Mem'ry's living breath,
Their work renew.

While Love and Duty, linked by tears, knock in the name of yester years On Mem'ry's door. To offer with the scent of youth Their tributes to a patriot truth

Bo years creep on—a Nation's fame Gems each loyal sleeper's name In fatrest hue, And our Fiag shall ever wave Roquiesat o'er each Patriot's grave— The Boys in Blue.

On Decoration Day

It was an aged veteran, with locks all thin and gray,
Who sat within the village church on Decoration day;

He came upon his crutches, with tottering step and slow. And many winters on his brow had cast their fleeting snow;

His eyes were sunk and feeble, his cheek was pale and wan, Not like the boy who went out when the cruel war began.

The organ pealed out grandly, "My country, 'tis of thee," And youthful voices sang aloud the

anthem of the free. With listless air he watched them, from the old, familiar pew,

A sad example of the old, supplanted by the new. No wife or child sat by him-all

dead or far away-Amid the throng he was alone on Decoration day.

Too weak and lame for walking for many years of late,

friendly auto bore him to the cemetery gate;



Here, sitting in the welcome shade, He watched his comrades

A piteous few, but keeping step behind the fife and drum; Then, leaning on a marble shaft, his

dead wife's grave anigh, He gave salute and waved his hat as the starry flag went by.

The graves were strewn with blossoms; the little flags all placed; His comrades to the busy town their halting steps retraced;

And the dead slept on in silence, beneath the flowers of May, Heedless alike of fife and drum and

Decoration day; But, lingering there among them, till red the sunset gleamed,

His head sank down upon his breast; he fell asleep and dreamed.

He dreamed of childhood's hour; he heard the robin sing,

And culled again the violets that blossomed by the spring; With sisters and with brothers, in

his happy northern home, He watched the war-cloud gather, and heard its thunders come. His mother's clasp, his sweetheart's kiss, still thrilled him as of

yore, When proudly down the village street he marched out to the war.

He dreamed of soldiers marchinghe saw the deadly fray



Round Vicksburg's walls, on Lookout's height and Shiloh's bloody

"Tramp, tramp!" Is this the boy he was, who marches, blithe and

With Sherman and with Sherman's, -men through Georgia to the sea ?

"Tramp, tramp!" It is the Grand Review, and Grant is looking

Then "taps" were blown, the lights went out, and night and death came down!

They found him there next morning; his locks were wet with

And his dead face wore a peaceful

smile, as if the angels knew That this brave old Union soldier

had struck his earthly tent And marched on to that blissful shore, where old Elijah went. Perhaps from that great camping ground where shines eternal

He still looks down and waves his hat on Decoration day.

Appreciation of Books "He that leveth a book," said the sage, Isane Barrow, "will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counselor, a cheerful companion, an ef-fectual comforter."

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RIC BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Crouched close to the great ape in the crotch of a tree, the boy had shivered through an almost sleepless night. His light pajamas had been but little protection from the chill dampness of the jungle, and only that side of him which was pressed against the warm body of his shaggy companion approximated comfort. And so he welcomed the rising sun with its promise of warmth as well as light-the blessed sun, dispeller of physeal and mental

He shook Akut into wakefulness. "Come," he said, "I am cold and hungry. We will search for food out there in the sunlight," and he pointed to an open plain, dotted with stunted trees and strewn with jagged rock.

The boy slid to the ground as he spoke, but the ape first looked carefully about, sniffing the morning air. Then, satisfied that no danger lurked he descended slowly to the ground beside the boy.
"Numa and Sabor, his mate, feast

upon those who descend first and look afterward, while those who look first and descend afterward live to feast themselves," Thus the old ape imparted to the son of Tarzan the boy's first lesson in jungle lore.

Side by side they set off across the rough plain, for the boy wished first to be warm. The ape showed him the best places to dig for rodents and worms, but the lad only gagged at the thought of devouring the repulsive things. Some eggs they found, and these he sucked raw, as also he ate roots and tubers which Akut un-

That night the son of Tarzan was colder than he ever had been in all his life. The pajama trousers were not very heavy, but they were much heavier than nothing. And the next day he roasted in the hot sun, for again their way led much across wide and treeless plains.

It was still in the boy's mind to travel to the south and circle back to the coast in search of another outpost of civilization. He had said nothing of this plan to Akut, for he knew that the old ape would look with displeasure upon any suggestion that savored of separation. For a month the two wandered on,

the boy learning rapidly the laws of the jungle; his muscles adapting themselves to the new mode of life that had been thrust upon them. The thews of the sire had been transmitted to the son-it needed only the hardening of use to develop them.

One day as they were moving slowly along beside a river they came unexpectedly upon a native village. Some children were playing beside the water.

The boy's heart leaped within his breast at sight of them. For more than a month he had seen no human being. What if these were naked sav-nges? What if their skins were black? Were they not creatures fashloned in the mold of their Maker as was he? They were his brothers and sisters! He started toward them.

With a low warning Akut laid a hand upon his arm to hold him back The boy shook himself free and, with a shout of greeting, ran forward toward the ebon players.

The sound of his voice brought every head erect. Wide eyes viewed him for an instant, and then, with screams of terror, the children turned and fled toward the village. At their heels ran their mothers, and from the village gate, in response to the alarm, came a score of warriors, hastily snatched spears and shields ready in their hands.

At sight of the consternation he had wrought the boy halted. The glad smile faded from his face as with wild shouts and menacing gestures the warriors ran toward him. Akut was calling to him from behind to turn and flee; that the blacks would kill him.

With a low snarl, quite similar to that of a baffled beast, he turned and ran into the jungle. There was Akut awaiting him in a tree. The ape urged him to hasten in flight, for the wise old anthropold knew that they two, naked and unarmed, were no match for the sinewy black warriors who would doubtless make some sort of search for them through the jungle.

But a new power moved the son of Tarzan. He had come with a boy's glad and open heart to offer his friendship to these people who were human beings like himself. He had been met with suspicion and spears. They had not even listened to him. Rage and hatred consumed him.

They made a detour about the hos tile village and resumed their journey toward the coast.

All the while Jack's training went on under the guldance of Akut. Yet, though the boy loved the jungle, he had not let his selfish desires outweigh the sense of duty that had brought him to a realization of the moral wrong which lay beneath the adventurous escapade that had brought him to Africa. His love of father and mother was strong within him, too strong to permit unalloyed happiness which was undoubtedly causing them

JACK LEARNS TO HIS GREAT DISTRESS THAT HE CANNOT MINGLE WITH EITHER WHITE OR BLACK MEN

Synopsis.-A scientific expedition off the African coast rescues a human derelict, Alexis Paulvitch. He brings aboard an ape, intelligent and friendly, and reaches London. Jack, son of Lord Greystoke, the original Tarzan, has inherited a love of wild live and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The spe refuses to leave Jack despite his trainer. Tarzan appears and is joyfully recognized by the ape, for Tarzan had been king of his tribe. Tarzan agrees to buy Akut, the upe, and send him back to Africa. Jack and Akut become great friends. Paulvitch is killed when he attempts murder. A thief tries to kill Jack, but is killed by Akut. They flee together to the jungle and take up life.

And so he held tight to his determination to find a port upon the coast where he might communicate with them and receive funds for his return to London. There he felt sure that he could now persuade his parents to let him spend at least a portion of his time upon those African estates which from little careless remarks dropped at home he knew his father possessed. That would be something-better at

least than a lifetime of the cramped and cloying restrictions of civilization. And so he was rather contented than otherwise as he made his way in

the direction of the coast, for, while he enjoyed the liberty and the savage pleasures of the wild, his conscience was at the same time clear, for he knew that he was doing all that lay in his power to return to his parents. He looked forward, too, to meeting white men again-creatures of his own kind, for there had been many occasions upon which he had longed for other companionship than that of the old

And at last the much dreamed of moment came. They were passing through a tangled forest when the boy's sharp eyes discovered from the lower branches through which he was traveling an old but well marked spoor -a spoor that set his heart to leaving



Both the White Men Were Wielding Heavy Whips Brutally.

the spoor of man, of white men, for among the prints of naked feet were the well defined outlines of European

made boots. The trail, which marked the passage of a good sized company, pointed north time, conducting a caravan of ivory, at right angles to the course the boy and the ape were taking toward the

coast. Doubtless these white men knew the nearest coast settlement. They might even be headed for it now. At any rate, it would be worth while overtaking them, even if only for the pleasure of meeting again creatures of his own

The boy was in the lead, excitement and anticipation carrying him ahead of his companion. And it was the boy who first saw the rear guard of the caravan and the white men he had been so anxious to overtake.

Stumbling along the tangled trail of those ahead a dozen heavily laden blacks who, from fatigue or sickness had dropped behind were being prodded by the black soldiers of the rear guard, kicked when they fell and then roughly jerked to their feet and hustled onward. On either side walked a giant white man, whose heavy blond beards almost obliterated their coun-

The boy's lips formed a glad cry of salutation as his eyes first discovered the whites-a cry that was never ut tered, for almost immediately he nessed that which turned his happiness to anger as he saw that both the white men were wielding heavy whips brutally upon the naked backs of the poor devils staggering along beneath loads that would have overtaxed the strength and endurance of strong men at the beginning of a new day.

Every now and then the rear guard white men cast apprehensive glances rearward, as though momentarily expecting the materialization of some long expected danger from that quarter. The boy had paused after his first sight of the caravan and now was following slowly in the wake of the sordid, brutal spectacle.

Presently Akut came up with him. To the beast there was less of horror in the sight than to the lad, yet even the great ape growled beneath his breath at useless torture being inflicted upon the helpless slaves.

He looked at the boy. Now that he had caught up with the creatures of had caught up with the creatures of The original "green room" is said his own kind, why was it that he did to have been painted green in order not rush forward and greet them? He to relieve the eyes of actors damied put the question to his companion.

"They are flends," muttered the boy. "I would not travel with such as they, for if I did I should set upon them and kill them the first time they beat their people as they are beating them now. But," he added after a moment's thought, "I can ask them the whereabouts of the nearest port, and then, Akut, we can leave them.

The ape made no reply, and the boy swung to the ground and started at a brisk walk toward the safari. He was a hundred yards away, perhaps, when one of the whites caught sight of him.

The man gave a shout of alarm, instantly leveling his rifle upon the boy and firing. The bullet struck just in front of its mark, scattering turf and fallen leaves against the lad's legs. A second later the other white and the black soldlers of the rear guard were firing hysterically at him.

Jack leaped behind a tree, unhit. Days of panic ridden flight through the jungle had filled Carl Jenssen and Sven Malbihn with jangling nerves and their native boys with unreasonable terror. Every new note from behind sounded to their frightened ears the coming of the shelk and his bloodthirsty followers.

When, after conquering their nervousness, the rear guard advanced upon the enemy's position to investigate they found nothing, for Akut and the boy had retreated out of range of the unfriendly guns.

Jack was disheartened and sad. He had not entirely recovered from the depressing effect of the unfriendly reception he had received at the hands of the blacks, and now he had found au even more hostile one accorded him by men of his own color.

"The lesser beasts flee from me in terror," he murmured half to himself; the greater beasts are ready to tear me to pieces at sight. Black men would kill me with their spears or arrows. And now white men, my own kind, have fired upon and driven me away. "Are all the creatures of the world

no friend other than Akut?" The old ape drew closer to the boy. "There are the great apes," he said.

"They only will be the friends of Akut's friend. Only the great apes will welcome the son of Tarzan, You have seen that men want nothing of you. Let us go now and continue our carch for the great apes-our people."

CHAPTER VII. A Rescue.

A year had passed since the two Swedes had been driven in terror from the savage country where the shelk held sway. Little Meriem still played with her doll Geeka, lavishing all her childish love upon the now almost hopeless ruin of what had never, even in its palmiest days, possessed even a slight degree of loveliness.

The shelk had been away for a long skins and rubber far into the north. The Interim had been one of great peace for Meriem. It is true that Ma bung had still been with her, to pinch or beat her as the mood seized the villainous old hag, but Mabunu was only one. When the shelk was there als there were two of them, and the shelk was stronger and more brutal even than Mabunu.

Little Meriem often wondered why the grim old man hated her so. It is true that he was cruel and unjust to all with whom he came in contact, but to Meriem he reserved his greatest cruelties, his most studied injustices. As the little girl played she prattled continuously to her companion, propped in a sitting position with a couple of twigs. She was totally absorbed in Geeka-so much so that she did not note the gentle swaying of the branches of the tree above her as they bent to the body of a creature that had

In happy ignorance the little girl played on, while from above two stendy eyes looked down upon her, unblinking, unwavering. There was none other than the little girl in this part of the village, which had been alm serted since the shelk had left long months before upon his journey toward the north.

entered them stealthily from the jun-

And out in the jungle, an hour's narch from the village, the shelk was leading his returning caravan homeward.

Jack sees the prettty little Arablan girl cruelly mistreated and he rescues her from the brutal

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A list of telephone numbers that can be fastened to an instrument and which is manipulated like a shade on a spring roller has been patented.

Original "Green Room." by the glare of the footlights.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

In order to provide for linking up the Columbia highway through The Dalles, the city council has adopted four resolutions calling an election for Friday, June 27, on voting necessary

The roster at the opening of the state grange at Hillsboro Thursday morning showed 118 delegates, representing 27 counties, in attendance. Three hundred visitors are also present, making the total number in attendance the largest in recent years.

The current issue of an eastern magazine contains an article by Professor Dryden, of Oregon Agricultural college, in which is detailed the history of a Benton county farmer, Jess Hanson, who cleared \$18,300 in four years from chickens. Mr. Hanson started his work with a capital of only \$1000.

The adoption of a new wage scale with increase in the minimum wage for common labor from 45 to 50 cents an hour, and a proportionate increase in skilled labor, was announced by the Buehner Lumber company at North Bend Thursday. The increase in wages will become effective at once and will apply to over 250 employes.

State surveyors have completed their location of the road from the end of the present paying in Umatilla county at Rieth, to Echo. Data, maps and specifications for a call for bids will be rushed so that the work may be completed this summer. The road as surveyed, follows the river, using in many places, the old railroad grade.

Mrs. Lola G. Baldwin of Portland. Mrs. Charles H. Castner of Hood River and Mrs. W. H. Dancy of Salem were designated members of the advisory board for the state industrial school for girls, in appointments announced by Governor Olcott. Mrs. Baldwin succeeds Mrs. George McMath, who served temporarily during Mrs. Baldwin's absence from the state during

That plans are being worked out for construction of a dam across Lost River bed below Merrill by which later it is proposed to irrigate the reclaimed lands of Tule lake, is anmy enemies? Has the son of Tarzan nounced by Project Manager H. D. Newell, at Klamath Falls. Mr. Newell says there is no certainty as to when work will be undertaken but that the plans will be ready when the funds are available.

Eleven thousand eight hundred ninety-four voters were registered in Linn county Wednesday night when County Clerk Russell closed the books for the special election to be held June 3. Of this number 6887 were men and 5007 women. The number in each political party is as follows: Republican, 6662; democratic, 4127; prohibition, 376; socialist, 254; miscellan-

eous, 475.

In reply to the complaint of R. W. Price, president of the Multnomah nglers' club, to the general effect that the state fish and game commission was in need of reorganization, and that matters within it were far from right, Governor Olcott has written Mr. Price saying that such an inquiry will be held when all members of the commission are in the state, and that the inquiry will be thorough and open.

A shameless rancher profiteer, who refused to divulge his pame, made \$36 last Sunday pulling stalled automobiles from the mud at the eastern and western termini of the Coos City bridge, where the rains had created a mired condition not observed until the machines plunged in over the hubs. The rancher said his team could have made twice as much had the necessary number of tourists happened along.

Mrs. Jessie Jarvis of Portland was Thursday elected president of the Oregon Rebekah assembly, to succeed Mrs. Jeanle Burke of Grants Pass. Other officers elected were: Vicepresident, Miss Ethel Fletcher, Salem: secretary, Mrs. Ora Cosper, Dallas, re-elected; treasurer, Miss Edna Jacobs. Portland, re-elected; warden, Mrs. Ethel Meldrum, Milwaukie. The latter was elected over a field of ten

Efforts are being made to conserve the crop of cascara, one of the most indispensable articles in the medical world and grown only on the Pacific coast. The present crop growing in the forests of the northwest is ample to fill the demand for all time if properly conserved. In other words, the cascara crop, if not wasted, is reproducing itself as fast as it is being consumed. The mature crop still standing is probably ample to supply the demand for from 20 to 36 years and the new crop which is springing up on the million of acres of logged-off lands throughout the Pacific coast will mature a new crop which will become available in 10 to 15 years if not de-

stroyed.