

MEMORIAL DAY

By T. C. Harbaugh

They march once more, but not as when
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
The fire of long ago.



Under the standard, bullet-torn,
Behind the muffled drum,
In uniforms in battle worn,
Adown the street they come;
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 line;
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;
Among 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 living and her dead;
Beneath the banner of the stars,
In Solitude's array,
She crowns her heroes of the wars
On loved Memorial Day.

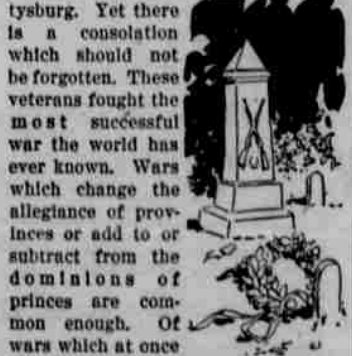


MEMORIAL DAY AGAIN

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

THE gray and dwindling
ranks of the Grand Army
of the Republic march
once more to lay flowers
on the graves of those
who died that the nation
might live, and to keep
alive in youthful hearts
the fires of patriotism
which burned so brightly
in 1861. In view of the
hurry of commercial life
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, unfeeling process
of the years. In the last year for
which figures are available the Grand
Army lost by death 11,338 members—
four times as many as were known to
have been killed in the Union army at
the battle of Gettysburg. Yet there is
a consolation which should not
be forgotten. These veterans fought the
most successful war the world has
ever known. Wars which change the
allegiance of provinces or add to or
subtract from the dominions of
princes are common enough. Of
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 un-
precedented achievement glides their
graying hair.



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

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

So years creep on—a Nation's fame
Gems each loyal sleeper's name
In faintest hue,
And our Flag shall ever wave
Requiescent o'er each Patriot's grave—
The Boys in Blue.

On Decoration Day

By Dr. George B. Cowley

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,
A friendly auto bore him to the
cemetery gate;
Here, sitting in the welcome shade,
He watched his comrades
come—
A piteous few, but keeping step be-
hind the file 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, be-
neath the flowers of May,
Heedless alike of file 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 marching—
he saw the deadly fray
Round Vicksburg's walls, on Look-
out's height and Shiloh's bloody
day;
"Tramp, tramp!" Is this the boy
he was, who marches, blithe and
free,
With Sherman and with Sherman's
men through Georgia to the
sea?
"Tramp, tramp!" It is the Grand
Review, and Grant is looking
on!
Then "laps" were blown, the lights
went out, and night and death
came down!

They found him there next morn-
ing; his locks were wet with
dew,
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
day,
He still looks down and waves his
hat on Decoration day.

Appreciation of Books.
"He that loveth a book," said the
sage, Isaac Barrow, "will never want
a faithful friend, a wholesome coun-
selor, a cheerful companion, an ef-
fectual comforter."

The Son of Tarzan

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Crouched close to the great ape in
the crotch of a tree, the boy had shiv-
ered 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 approx-
imated comfort. And so he welcomed
the rising sun with its promise of
warmth as well as light—the blessed
sun, dispeller of physical and mental
ills.

He shook Akut into wakefulness.
"Come," he said, "I am cold and hun-
gry. 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 care-
fully about, sniffing the morning air.
Then, satisfied that no danger lurked
near, 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 gazed 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-
earthed.

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 displeas-
ure upon any suggestion that savored
of separation.

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 life and steals from home to see the ape, now a drawing card in a music hall. The ape makes friends with him. The ape 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 ape, 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 deter-
mination 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
ape.

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 leaping.

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
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 overtak-
ing them, even if only for the pleasure
of meeting again creatures of his own
kind.

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.

"They are fiends," 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 where-
abouts 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, in-
stantly 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 soldiers 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 Jensen and
Sven Malblin with jangling nerves and
their native boys with unreasonable
terror. Every new note from behind
sounded to their frightened ears the
coming of the sheik and his blood-
thirsty followers.

When, after conquering their nerv-
ousness, 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 re-
ception he had received at the hands
of the blacks, and now he had found
an 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
my enemies? Has the son of Tarzan
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
search 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 sheik
held sway. Little Merlem still played
with her doll Geeka, lavishing all her
childish love upon the now almost
hopeless ruin of what had never, even
in its palmy days, possessed even a
slight degree of loveliness.

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
bond.

The roster at the opening of the
state grange at Hillsboro Thursday
morning showed 118 delegates, repre-
senting 27 counties, in attendance.
Three hundred visitors are also pres-
ent, making the total number in at-
tendance the largest in recent years.

The current issue of an eastern mag-
azine contains an article by Professor
Dryden, of Oregon Agricultural col-
lege, in which is detailed the history
of a Benton county farmer, Jess Han-
son, 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 paving 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. Lois 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 Oleott. Mrs. Baldwin
succeeds Mrs. George McMath, who
served temporarily during Mrs. Bal-
win's absence from the state during
the war.

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 an-
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.

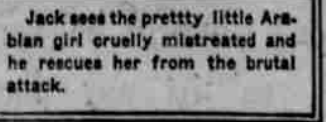
Eleven thousand eight hundred nine-
ty-four voters were registered in Linn
county Wednesday night when County
Clerk Russell closed the books for
the special election to be held June
3. Of this number 6887 were men and
5007 women. The number in each
political party is as follows: Republi-
can, 6662; democratic, 4127; probi-
tarian, 376; socialist, 254; miscellan-
eous, 475.

In reply to the complaint of R. W.
Price, president of the Multnomah
Anglers' club, to the general effect
that the state fish and game commis-
sioner was in need of reorganization,
and that matters within it were far
from right, Governor Oleott 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 name, made \$36
last Sunday pulling stalled automo-
biles 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. Jeanie Burke of Grants Pass.
Other officers elected were: Vice-
president, Miss Ethel Fletcher, Salem;
secretary, Mrs. Ora Cosper, Dallas,
re-elected; treasurer, Miss Edna Ja-
cobs, Portland, re-elected; warden,
Mrs. Ethel Meltrum, Milwaukie. The
latter was elected over a field of ten
candidates.

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 prop-
erly conserved. In other words, the
cascara crop, if not wasted, is repro-
ducing itself as fast as it is being
consumed. The mature crop still stand-
ing is probably ample to supply the
demand for from 20 to 25 years and
the new crop which is springing up
on the million of acres of logged-off lands
throughout the Pacific coast will ma-
ture a new crop which will become
available in 10 to 15 years if not de-
stroyed.



Jack sees the pretty little Ara-
bian girl cruelly mistreated and
he rescues her from the brutal
attack.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
On a Roller.
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."
The original "green room" is said
to have been painted green in order
to relieve the eyes of actors dazzled
by the glare of the footlights.