

EXCAVATIONS FOR NEW SCHOOL BEGUN

Stranahan & Slavens, who were recently awarded the contract by the city school board for construction of the grade school, have begun excavations for the basement. The new structure, which will cost more than \$50,000, will be two stories in height and of brick and tile construction. The old frame Park street school, which the new building will replace, will not be demolished probably until next spring. It will be needed for school work this

fall. The new building will rise on the rear of the large lot where the old Park street school is located.

Accident Law Protects Family

Frank W. Dutton, who was killed by gas in a vinegar vat Friday, will leave his wife \$1,000 insurance, the policy having been issued to him only about a month ago by the A. O. U. W. lodge. Mr. Dutton was considering taking a second thousand. His wife and three children will be protected under the Oregon State Industrial Accident law, the Vinegar company applying the law to all its employees.

KILLED THE FEUD SPIRIT

"Burns of the Mountains" Educated the Feud Out of the Hearts of Kentucky Mountaineers



It is seldom that we read now of feud killings in the mountains of Kentucky, and the man who did more to kill the feud spirit than any other single person is coming to Chautauqua on the second night to speak on the "Remaking of the Kentucky Mountaineers." He is President James A. Burns of Oneida Institute, more familiarly known as "Burns of the Mountains." An upstanding American of purest Anglo-Saxon lineage, he was born in the Kentucky Mountains and was drawn into the feuds. His amazing story has been printed in some of our leading magazines and told in story by such famous writers as Emerson Hough. His story of the Kentucky mountaineers and their efforts to overcome the handicap of environment is one of the most thrilling told from any platform.

Songs of Long Ago

Chautauqua Presents Bess Gearhart Morrison's Company, Featuring Old Melodies



Two musical programs that will thoroughly delight and please everyone in the big Chautauqua tent are scheduled for the third day in the coming of the Morrison Girls. This company has been coached by Bess Gearhart Morrison and every detail of the two programs arranged by this talented woman who so won the hearts of Chautauqua audiences last year. She is sending them out under her name and that is sufficient indorsement to assure everyone of the class of their concerts.

The Morrison Girls will present two programs of infinite variety including costumed songs and sketches, vocal and instrumental solos, orchestral selections, readings and choruses. The charming old songs of the days of long ago will be a prominent feature of their two concerts.

Dr. Ng Poon Chew

Chinese Statesman and Journalist Comes on Third Night of Chautauqua



Probably no member of the Chinese race in America is more highly respected and admired than Ng Poon Chew, the journalist, humorist and statesman, who comes to Chautauqua on the third night.

The Los Angeles Times of recent date says: "A more brilliant speaker has not addressed a Los Angeles audience in many months than the Chinese statesman, scholar and editor—Ng Poon Chew. With his wit and wisdom, his eloquence and logic he won round after round of hearty applause and provoked peals of laughter from the audience which filled the big auditorium. Dr. Chew is managing editor of America's first Chinese daily."

RIZAL, FILIPINO MARTYR, WROTE REMARKABLE POEM

By FORMER CONGRESSMAN CLYDE H. TAVENNER.



DR. JOSE RIZAL,
The Filipino Patriot.

Every year June 19 is celebrated by Filipinos as the anniversary of the birthday of the Filipino martyr, Dr. Jose Rizal, regarded as the greatest man the Malay race has produced.

Rizal, who spoke seven languages and was a cultured and much traveled man (on one occasion he traveled across the United States), earned the enmity of Spanish governors in the Philippines by protesting against the oppression of the Filipino people. As a boy he had witnessed scenes that sent shafts of grief into his poet soul, and he early dedicated his life to the liberation of his "land adored."

At the risk of his life, and at the sacrifice of his career, friends and loved ones, he became the spokesman for the stifled grievances of the voiceless multitude, and thus became "the living indictment of Spain's wretched colonial system."

Rizal could have saved his life, as he had been warned by friends not to return to the islands. He could not be dissuaded, but before returning to Manila left a letter with a friend in Hongkong to be opened after his death, in which he wrote: "Gladly do I go to expose myself to peril, not as any explanation of misdeed (for in this matter I believe myself guiltless of any), but to complete my work and myself offer the example of which I have always preached. A man ought to die for duty and his principles. I hold fast to every idea which I have advanced as to the condition and future of our country, and shall willingly die for it. I hold duties of conscience above all else. Besides I wish to show those who deny us patriotism that we know how to die for duty and principles."

While Rizal was in Europe working for Philippine reforms, the Spanish governor-general, to indirectly punish Rizal, carried on a relentless persecution of his parents and relatives in the Philippines, driving them into exile. To his parents Rizal left a second letter, saying: "Should fate go against me, you will understand that I shall die happy in the thought that my death will end all your troubles. Return to our country and may you be happy in it. Till the last moment of my life I shall be thinking of you and wishing you all good fortune and happiness."

Spain had meanwhile determined on having Rizal's life, foolishly thinking that if his voice was still agitation for the reforms he championed would end. Rizal was arrested on a trumped up charge of treason and condemned to death. But no sooner had the firing squad completed its work than the teachings of Rizal almost instantaneously became the passionate inspiration of the whole Filipino race. His unjust execution had simply transferred the intense patriotism of Rizal to the breasts of an entire nation of people. The Philippine nationalism of today dates from the sunshiny morning of December 30, 1896, when Rizal was led forth from his prison to willingly give, as he himself said, his life for his country's redemption.

While touring in the Philippines recently the conviction was ever present in my mind, and I could not throw it off, that the real inspiration, as well as the leadership of the Filipino people in their present desire for independence is the spirit of Jose Rizal. The memory of Rizal and the desire for independence seem to be synonymous in the mind of the average Filipino.

Rizal is the inspiration of all classes, of old and young, of all the people; he is not dead, for his spirit is everywhere in that beautiful land. His picture adorns the homes of the poorest families; streets, avenues and cities are named in his honor, while his statue stands in the parks and public squares. In life Rizal was a beautiful character, kind and considerate of all, gladly giving his life for his country, and in memory he has become the national idol. With such a spirit as its national inspiration the Philippines can not help but reach heights now not dreamed of.

While awaiting death in his cell during his last night on earth Rizal wrote a remarkable poem, "My Last Farewell." He secreted the manuscript in an alcohol cooking lamp, where it was found after his execution. It follows:

MY LAST FAREWELL

By DR. JOSE RIZAL.

Farewell, dear fatherland, clime of the sun
And heavenward in purity hear my tardy
Pearl of the Orient seas, our Eden lost;
Gladly now I go to give thee this faded
Glimpse of life's best.
And were it brighter, fresher or more
blest
Still would I give it thee, nor count the
cost.

On the field of battle, 'midst the frenzy of
fight,
Others have given their lives without
doubt or heed;
The place matters not—cypress or laurel
or lily white,
Scaffold or open plain, combat or martyr-
dom's plight,
'Tis ever the same to serve our home and
country's need.

I die just when I see the dawn break
Through the gloom of night, to herald the
day
And if color is lacking my blood thou
shalt take,
Pour'd out at need for thy dear sake,
To dye with its crimson thy waking ray.

My dreams, when life first opened to me,
My dreams, when the hopes of youth beat
high,
Were to see thy loved face, O gem of the
Orient sea,
From gloom and grief, from care and
sorrow free;
No blush on thy brow, no tear in thine
eye.

Dream of my life, my living and burning
desire,
All hail! arise the soul that is now to take
flight;
All hail! And sweet it is for thee to expire!
To die for thy sake that thou may'st
aspire;
And sleep in thy bosom eternity's long
night.

If ever my grave some day thou seest
grow
In the grassy sod, a humble flower,
Draw it to thy lips and kiss my soul so,
While I may feel on my brow in the cold
tomb below
The touch of thy tenderness, thy breath's
warm flower.

Let the moon beam over me soft and
serene,
Let the dawn shed over me its radiant
flashes,
Let the wind with sad lament over me
keen;
And if on my cross a bird should be seen,
Let it thrill thee its hymn of peace to my
ashes.

Let the sun draw its vapors up to the sky,
And heavenward in purity hear my tardy
prayer;
Let some kind soul o'er my untimely fate
cry,
And in the still evening a prayer be lifted
on high,
From thee, O my country, that in God I
may rest.

Pray for all those that hapless have died,
For all who have suffered the unmeasured
pain;
For our mothers that bitterly their woes
have cried,
For widows and orphans, for captives by
torment tried;
And then for thyself that redemption thou
may'st gain.

And when the dark night wraps the
graveyard around,
With only the dead in their vigil to see;
Break not my repose or the mystery
profound,
And perchance thou may'st hear a sad
hymn resound;
'Tis I, O my country, raising a song unto
thee.

When even my grave is remembered no
more,
Unmarked by never a cross or a stone;
Let the plow sweep through it, the spade
turn it o'er,
That my ashes may carpet thy earthly
floor,
Before into nothingness at last they are
down.

Then will oblivion bring me no care,
As over thy vales and plains I sweep,
Throbbing and cleansed in thy space and
air;
With color and light, with song and
lament I fare,
Ever repeating the faith that I keep.
My fatherland adored, that adhesion to my
sorrow lends,
Beloved Filipinas, hear now my last
goodbye.
I give thee all: parents and kindred and
friends;
For I go where no slave before the
oppressor bends,
Where faith can never kill, and God
reigns e'er on high.

Farewell, father and mother and brothers,
dear friends of the friends!
Thankful ye should be for me that I rest
at the end of the long day.
Farewell, sweet, from the stranger's land,
my joy and my comrades!
Farewell, dear ones, farewell! To die is
to rest from our labors!

OSCAR L. WARDEN BURIED WEDNESDAY

Oscar L. Warden, who since 1905, when he came here to develop the tract, has been in charge of the Elpa Orchard of the Middle Valley, died Sunday at the home of his brother-in-law, C. J. Calkins. Mr. Warden, aged 56 years, was a native of San Luis Obispo, Cal. Before coming to Oregon he was in business in San Francisco. He was connected with the Geo. Chevalier Co., having traveled for the house through-out the Northwest.

In addition to his widow, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. A. M. Cronin, of Portland, and a brother, W. M. Warden, of San Luis Obispo.

Funeral services were held at 10:30 a. m. yesterday, Rev. W. H. Boddy, pastor of the Riverside Community church, officiating. Interment at Idlewild cemetery.

Mrs. Dutton Gets Insurance

H. L. Howe yesterday presented Mrs. Frank W. Dutton, whose husband was killed in an accident at the vinegar factory Friday, with a check for \$1,000, the principal of a policy issued to Mr. Dutton May 15 by the Ancient Order of United Workmen.

UPPER VALLEY CROP IS LOOKING FINE

M. O. Boe, here last week on business, predicts that the apple crop of the Upper Valley will equal that of last year in tonnage. He estimates that the district will have 100,000 boxes of fruit.

"The Upper Valley orchards," Mr. Boe says, "show no damage from winter injury except in a few isolated places. The crop condition in the section is the best of any Hood River valley location."

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F. DAVENPORT, JR., Manager.

Chautauqua Presents Evelyn Bargelt



There is probably no more favorably known entertainer in the Chautauqua world today than Evelyn Bargelt, the talented cartoonist. Last year she went overseas as an entertainer for our boys in France. She has returned with a wealth of new material and her appearance on the first night of the coming Chautauqua will be one of the outstanding features of the week.