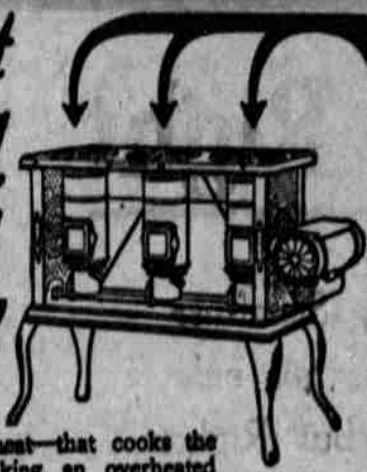


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STANDARD OIL COMPANY (INCORPORATED)

FAMINE SUFFERERS

Literal Translation of Petition Received By Committee.

NOVEL CRUISING HOUSEBOAT

Owner Moves Up and Down Atlantic Coast With the Seasons—Delayed Arrival of Limes For Fancy Mixed Summer Drinks.

NEW YORK, May 24.—A striking illustration of the conditions prevailing among more than 20,000,000 starving peasants in Russia is afforded by a petition received at the headquarters of the Russian Famine Relief Committee, 135 East 15th Street, this city. A literal translation of the petition shows not only the depths of suffering and despair to which the famine-stricken peasants have been plunged, but also the social and educational conditions of the sufferers which make it difficult for them to frame an appeal to the outside world for assistance. It reads: "We humbly beg the Zemstvo of Samara, as receiving no aid or relief from anywhere.

"All our means are exhausted by the famine, all our cattle and other movable property are sold to keep us from death by hunger; we are the poorest of the poor. We are afraid to enter our wretched cottages because of the children. One is crying, the others are groaning for food; seeing them causes our tears to flow and the blood to leave our hearts.

"As if to mock our misery we hear from strangers that in this village or that village, a free kitchen has been opened. We have nothing, nothing. Can it be that we are doomed to death through hunger? How glad we would be if we could get only bread and potatoes—even if good people would only give them to our children and old women—we would not know how to thank God Almighty sufficiently. Yes! we pass our days together thinking about those things,—but what can we do? None of us knows anything; we are quite in the dark. We go about like dead already, and instead of the dazzling whiteness of the snow we see something greenish in the ground and again we wait for the day to pass, hoping against hope.

"What shall we do? Where shall we go? What shall we say? What are we to do? Go home to our huts? The very word 'home' makes our hearts turn. But there is nothing else to do,—we go home, enter the dark house trying not to look at the wife or children, pretending not to hear their eager questioning—Where have you been, father! And like everybody's enemy, like some wild beast, you slink away to your corner to seek forgetfulness in sleep. But no, sleep does not come, something prevents it, and bitter thoughts through your head, one after the other, like the waves of the sea. And so you toss till daybreak, and in the morning—get up and flee. Where to? You don't know. What shall we do? Where can one find bread? You don't know. Again we all crowd together like a flock of hungry birds and twitter about our sorrow. All at once some man who can read and write joins us and says, 'Friends, you must beg the authorities for help.' And we all begin entreating him, 'Be so kind, write a petition.' 'Perhaps it shall reach some kind of a man in power, and at the same time—our prayer shall reach God.' Well may the Lord bless us. Speak! You begin, Basil Cherkassoff.

"All my harvest was 10 poods (400 pounds) of rye. This lasted only till September, because I have a wife and six children. After this was eaten, I began to sell our clothes and household things, then I sold a horse, and we lived till December. Now I have nothing more to sell though I have two starving horses yet left, but how am I to sell them? Spring is coming, what am I to plough with if I sell them?—And I have only one cow left and that one can't stand.—The neighbors help me to lift it on its legs in the morning, and my horse—it is scarcely anything but the name of a horse—a puff of wind can knock it over. I can't say anything more, only God have mercy upon us if we do not get help.

"And you, old Peter,—what can you add?—Oh! brothers, I can manage yet,—I am the only workman at home, I have a heap of children and only one eye,—so that I can see only half the misery that you do. We do get a bit, not from the authorities, but 'begging.' The collection of contributions for the relief work is being carried on in this country by the Russian Famine Relief Committee, 135 East 15th Street, New York City, of which Samuel Bar-

rows is Secretary. No contribution is too small, and the Morton Trust Company, acting as treasurer, will acknowledge all. The money is to be used for the saving of life.

Five dollars will save an adult, five cents a day will keep a child from death by starvation.

There is one man in New York for whom the month of May brings no dread of the annual flight before the grasping hand of the landlord. When the advent of spring turns the thoughts of thousands to the horrors of moving day, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Hall are serenely indifferent. When the first warm days of summer set other people to dreaming of salt water and ocean breezes off Cape Cod or the coast of Maine, Mr. Hall miles in the superior sort of way befitting that indifference to hotel bills which is the envy of all his friends, while Mrs. Hall gives undistracted attention to planning the most fetching of summer costumes. When winter comes and a trip to Florida or the Gulf seems a much-to-be-desired end, they don't even stop to pack their trunks; they just go. For Mr. Hall is the fortunate owner of the oddest and most unique craft known to New York waters, the cruising houseboat, "Oatka."

So far as is known, it is the only vessel of its kind in the world. Forty-seven feet long, with a 16-foot beam, and drawing only 3 1/2 feet of water, the "Oatka," is, in effect, a sea going flat, by the whim of the owner set afloat on the waves. She is built double and heavily timbered throughout, with a yachting keel that enables her to cut the water easily and make sharp tacks without upsetting, and the crew consists of just two people—her owner as captain and his wife as first mate. There was a time when the Halls, like their unfortunate friends, cringed before the landlord and the janitor of a Harlem apartment house; but being made of more heroic stuff than their neighbors, they at last rebelled, and Mr. Hall, who is a marine engineer, assumed the prerogatives of a marine architect as well and designed the craft which now enables him to greet his erstwhile oppressors with a grin.

Until the last few days the purveyors of fancy drinks along the Great White Way have not been over anxious about the delayed arrival of spring;

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25 Per Cent Off on Men's and Boys' Suits

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- \$3 Underwear \$2.25
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- \$1 Underwear .80
- Apron Overalls, 65c
- 25c Cashmere Sox 20c, three pair for 50c
- 50c Working Shirts for 40 cents.

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Chas. Larson, Prop.

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THE TRENTON

First-Class Liquors and Cigars

602 Commercial Street. Astoria, Oregon.

for the annual importation of limes from the West Indies has been delayed also, and without them it would have been impossible to meet the usual warm weather demand for gin-fizz, lime lemonade, gin-rickeys and kindred beverages. The limes are here, now, however,—2,000,000 of them. They came in one day last week, inspiring pleasant visions of themselves gracefully afloat in tall slender glasses, where little chunks of ice clink merrily; and with them came the hope that spring would come at last to a waiting city, and for a brief season banish hot drinks and winter overcoats.

My Best Friend.

Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, ort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left on by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Charles Rodgers, druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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succeed the first time use Herbine and you will get instant relief. The greatest liver regulator. A positive cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and all liver complaints. Mr. C—, of Emory, Texas, writes: "My wife has been using Herbine for herself and children for five years. It is a sure cure for constipation and malaria fever, which is substantiated by what it has done for my family." Sold by Hart's drug store.

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