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NO OTHER WAY—I am the way, the truth, and the life.—John 14:6.

Rice Stored for High Prices During Famine

Hong Kong.—Hong Kong has been stocked with rice bought for export and held for a rise in prices even during the rice shortage which has become serious in some cities of southern China and other parts of the Orient.

Recently the price fell rapidly and dealers and exporters found themselves loaded up with rice while the bankers were pressing for the payment of bills. Japan was not able to buy owing to the tightness of her money market and it was stated that America, ordinarily one of the largest buyers of rice in this market, has ceased to purchase because she had obtained a sufficient supply.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO. Northbound No. 54 Oregonian 5:00 a.m. No. 16 Oregon Express 7:06 a.m. No. 28 Willamette Limited 9:17 a.m. No. 18 Roseburg Passenger 2:05 p.m. No. 24 Eugene and Coos Bay 5:35 p.m. No. 14 Portland Express 7:45 p.m. Southbound No. 53 Oregonian 3:06 a.m. No. 23 Eugene and Coos Bay 10:16 a.m. No. 15 California Express 11:23 a.m. No. 17 Roseburg Passenger 4:08 p.m. No. 27 Willamette Limited 6:44 p.m. No. 13 San Francisco Pass 10:03 p.m.

SALEM-GEER LINE No. 73 Arrive at Salem 9:10 a.m. No. 74 Leave Salem 4:00 p.m.

SALEM, FALLS CITY & WESTERN 163 Leaves Salem, motor 7:45 a.m. 165 Leaves Salem, motor 9:35 a.m. 167 Leaves Salem, motor 1:55 p.m. 171 Leaves Salem 5:15 p.m. 163 Arrives at Salem 9:10 a.m. 164 Arrives at Salem 11:00 a.m. 166 Arrives at Salem 3:20 p.m. 172 Arrives Salem 7:40 p.m.

OREGON ELECTRIC Southbound Train Leave Arrive Eugene 6:30 am 8:30 am 10:30 am 11:45 am 12:25 pm 1:10 am 12:50 pm Cor. 2:20 pm 2:05 pm 4:12 pm 6:45 pm 13 Ltd. 4:45 pm 6:40 pm 8:55 pm 17 8:05 pm 8:07 pm Salem only 19 8:20 pm 11:20 pm Salem only No. 23 from Woodburn arrives Salem 3:05 p.m.

North Station (leave Jefferson street 15 and 20 minutes later.) Train Leave Arrive Eugene 6:30 am 8:30 am 10:30 am 11:45 am 12:25 pm 1:10 am 12:50 pm Cor. 2:20 pm 2:05 pm 4:12 pm 6:45 pm 13 Ltd. 4:45 pm 6:40 pm 8:55 pm 17 8:05 pm 8:07 pm Salem only 19 8:20 pm 11:20 pm Salem only No. 24 for Woodburn, except Saturday and Sunday, leaves 3:30 p.m. North Station (arrive Jefferson street 15 minutes earlier.) *Leave Corvallis 4:10.

CORVALLIS CONNECTIONS Northbound Leave Corvallis Arrive Salem 8:20 am 9:45 am 2:40 pm 4:00 pm 4:10 pm 5:30 pm 6:22 pm Southbound Leave Salem Arrive Corvallis 8:55 am 9:55 pm 10:15 am 11:35 am 12:56 pm 3:20 pm 4:12 pm 5:42 pm 6:40 pm

Abe Malin... The fact that Governor Cox once got a divorce won't hurt him—except amongst a few single fellows. There's no monkey business about a new straw hat—it either makes you look ten times better or a thousand times worse.

DOOMED TO FAILURE Efforts to form class parties in the United States along lines of similar parties in Europe are doomed to failure because classes, as they exist in Europe, do not exist in America.

In America, the employee of today is the employer of tomorrow, and the laborer of this year the capitalist of next year. The farmer turns merchant and the merchant turns farmer, the artisan becomes contractor, the clerk becomes storekeeper, the printer turns publisher, the lawyer becomes financier, and vice-versa.

Why any American should seek to copy the political vagaries of Europe, especially Russia, passes comprehension and can be explained only by ignorance. Back of the Russian are thousands of years of ignorance, inexperience, serfdom and slavery, back of the American centuries of education, experience, freedom and successful struggle for liberty.

Russia will unquestionably evolve a social system and government suitable for Russia—a system already in the experimental stages of its making—but the Russian system is no more fitted for America than the American system is for Russia. The people are temperamentally and fundamentally different and it is the height of folly to seek to impose the experiments of a war ruined undeveloped civilization upon a social system, which, however faulty, is the best the world has yet evolved.

America, on the other hand, has never had a class government and please God, never will. There is ample place for improvement along progressive lines without attempting retrogression to savagery. America is the product of evolution, not of revolution. It takes a majority of all to effect a change in government under evolution—a slow process—and revolution is the weapon of minorities.

The revolutionary Farmer-Labor party will not get anywhere, for neither farmers nor organized labor will support it. It will draw its strength, such as it has, from the foreign elements of the population, which have never become Americanized, from the half educated and the perennially discontented, who recruit the ranks of the I. W. W. and the anarchists.

Rippling Rhymes BLESSINGS I have so many blessings I cannot count them all, and Fortune's soft caressings I cannot count them all, and Fortune's soft caressings upon me daily fall; the un is busy shining, all clouds have silver lining; yet I find time for whining and putting up a bawl.

It takes a lot of hunting to find a good excuse for waving crape-hued bunting and weeping like the duc; but I am most persistent; though sorrow may be distant and almost non-existent, I'll rope it with a noose. I've all a guy could wish for, I've health and roubles, too; the fame I used to fish for now spreads to far Wahoo; done are the strife and straining, sweet boons are on me raining; and still I sit complaining, and raise a howdydo. My car is out of kilter, it seems to lack the power; the milkman ought to filter his juice—it's turning sour; the man who sells me berries and pies and pink canaries—his system never varies, he stings me every hour. For these and other reasons I sob beside the sea, although, throughout the seasons, the gods are good to me; their gifts they are bestowing, their goodness ever growing; and still, my tears drop, I moan, "Oh, hully chee!"

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE By the Noted Author IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON Plans of Home

"What in the world did John mean by saying, 'Hill telegraph Elizabeth Moreland,' as he went out of the door?" asked Ruth.

"I am sure I don't know, except that Elizabeth is going to live with his mother when we go into the new house, and he said something to me the other night to the effect that she was going to move in directly. Perhaps he was afraid that she would be there when we arrived."

"Would it matter much?" asked Ruth. "She certainly would not be in your rooms."

"That is just exactly where she would be," I thought, but I did not voice the thought. Instead I said, "Well, I suppose that John thinks if we swoop down with a nurse and a baby on Madame Gordon it would be just as well not to have Elizabeth Moreland there to see the fireworks."

Ruth kissed me good-by soon after, and I sat down to work out for myself just what John did mean by sending a telegram to Elizabeth Moreland. Poor old blundering John, he hasn't the slightest bit of fitness. Any other man might have sent the telegram, but any other man would not have blurted out the fact that he was going to send it.

However, I was determined not to be angry. "Miss Parker," I called to the nurse, "I wonder if you, Hannah and I could get the Gordon family ready to go home day after tomorrow night."

Miss Parker looked at me intently for a moment and then said, "I'm sure we could, Mrs. Gordon, if you think you are able to go."

"I am surely not able to stay. My husband and I have been more or less separated for the last nine months, and I think it is time for us to be together again, and besides, since I have been down here he has purchased me a very wonderful new house, and, womanlike, I am anxious to get back and furnish it."

"Well, of course I can not say, Mrs. Gordon, what the doctor will think, but I imagine he will allow you to go under the circumstances."

"Of course he will let her go," said John, "who came in that moment. 'Just a minute ago he said that he thought it would do my wife good, this change, and I know it will give' he whispered as he came over to the window where I stood, 'and believe me, it is going to be some change. I am going to try and get your point of view, dear, and I have something here,' and he began to look through his pockets, 'which may possibly make you understand mine better. I cut it out of a newspaper. Now where do you suppose I put the darn thing?' he asked fumbling among his many pockets again."

"Which word-picture in the poem describes me, John?" I asked derisively.

"I will be very glad to do it, John, if you will stay at home with me at night when we have no one to leave the baby with and if you will do your part, but I am not going to stay at home all alone until you get used to going around by yourself. You know, John, dear, you get into all sorts of trouble when you go out by yourself. As for Miss Parker's salary, if you think that you can not afford it, I will pay it out of my own income."

"Only \$50 to dress On."

"Well, but that will leave you only about \$20 to dress on."

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BUSTER BUMBLEBEE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Buster Make A Speech. At first, when he found himself in the grip of what he was sure must be the Robber Fly, Buster Bumblebee was so alarmed that he could not even scream. But in a moment or two he found his voice. And he shrieked "Help! Help!" in a most frantic tone, hoping that some one would come and save him.



But nobody came.

But nobody came. And Buster expected every instant to feel the cruel beak of the Robber Fly, when there was a sudden commotion behind his back. Somebody else cried out now. And Buster knew the voice too. Yes! Buster was sure that Peevish Peggy had come to help him. But there was one thing that puzzled him. Peevish Peggy seemed to be fully as frightened as Buster himself. At least, her cries sounded as if she were in great terror.

Probably she's afraid the Robber Fly has hurt me, Buster thought. And he reflected that in spite of her sharp tongue Peevish Peggy was more kind-hearted than he had ever dreamed.

The next instant Buster felt himself suddenly released. At the same time something swept him off the clover-top; and he barely managed to save himself from a bad fall.

Somewhere he could hear a loud buzz, as of several angry voices. But he did not care to show himself enough to find out what was happening. For the time being he was content to stay snugly hidden among the thick clover leaves.

After a while the uproar ceased. But even then Buster Bumblebee was in no hurry to leave his shelter. When he did at last reach home he found the whole family much upset. Everybody was talking at once. And in a household of more than two hundred that meant that the noise was almost deafening.

Naturally, Buster Bumblebee wanted to know what was the matter. It was a long time, however, before anyone would—or could—listen to him. But at last he succeeded in getting the ear of the trumpeter.

"Haven't you heard the news?" she asked. "The Robber Fly came to the clover patch to-day. And Peevish Peggy had a very narrow escape. If it hadn't been for several other workers who happened to be gathering clover nectar nearby, there's no telling where she would be now."

"Where is she?" Buster inquired. "Resting in bed," the trumpeter explained. Even Buster wondered how she could rest with all that racket in the house! "She had a bad fright, poor thing!" the trumpeter added.

Buster Bumblebee suddenly grew much excited. And he climbed up on a table and shouted for everybody to be quiet.

"I don't believe you know about me!" he cried, as soon as the house was still. "The Robber Fly attacked me. But I don't need to go to bed. I'm not the least bit nervous."

Several of the family near him began to titter. And the Queen herself stepped forward and commanded Buster to hop from the table at once.

He obeyed promptly. But he was quite puzzled. No one seemed to believe what he said. And it was a long time before he learned who had actually happened. At last a spiteful worker informed him that he had never been in the clutches of the Robber Fly at all. Peevish Peggy and some of her companions had played a trick on Buster—because of his boasting. She had seized him when he wasn't looking. And he had screamed so loud that the Robber Fly—who happened to be near—had heard him.

Then the Robber Fly had rushed up and seized Peevish Peggy, who had promptly let go of Buster Bumblebee.

The worker who told these things to Buster Bumblebee actually laughed in his face. And Buster was so surprised—and so crestfallen—that he couldn't say a word for a long time.

And never again did Buster mention the Robber Fly's name.

Democratic Convention Snap-Shots The Story of Nominations By A. H. VANDENBERG

The Convention of 1884. Democratic opinion up and down the country had fixed on Governor Grover Cleveland of New York as the strongest available presidential candidate long before the clans gathered at Chicago on July 8, 1884. He had a New York majority of 190,000 to his credit in the state campaign of 1882, and he was generally looked upon as a sincere reformer of sterling dependability. He had opposition, however, in his home state from powerful Tammany Hall; and when this latter organization reached the floor of the convention it sought to escape the time-honored "unit rule" (under which it was bound by instructions to support Cleveland) in order to vitalize its hostility. But Tammany proposals to amend the rules were defeated by a majority of over 100.

On the first ballot, Cleveland led with 392 votes in a field of nine. His principal opponent were Bayard of Delaware, Thurman of Ohio, Randall of Pennsylvania, McDonald of Indiana, and Carlisle of Kentucky. On the second ballot, Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, with 154 1/2 votes, moved into second place—the third convention in which he had been a prominent presidential contender. But on this same ballot, Cleveland went to 653. When this roll-call was finished, Cleveland still lacked 72 votes of the necessary two-thirds majority required by democratic rules, but numerous changes were made from the floor and his nomination resulted forthwith.

Hendricks was nominated for vice-president by acclamation—the second time he had been thus honored. Richard D. Hubbard of Texas was temporary chairman of the convention and William F. Vilas of Wisconsin was permanent chairman. In the light of modern platforms, one interesting plank in the platform said: "We oppose sumptuary laws which vex the citizens and interfere with individual liberty."

One of the most unique figures in this convention was General Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. Butler a few years before had abandoned the republican party, with which he had acted since the Civil war, and as a democrat had been elected governor of Massachusetts in 1882. In 1884 he had already been nominated for president by the "greenback party" and the "anti-monopoly party."

He appeared in this Chicago convention as a delegate urging his own nomination at the head of the democratic ticket, but his name was never presented and he received no votes. His only formal appearance occurred when he tried to have his own personal platform substituted for the committee on resolutions. In this effort he was voted down 714 1/2 to 87 1/2. In the subsequent campaign, Cleveland and Hendricks were elected—registering the first democratic presidential success since 1856. (To Be Continued Tomorrow With the Story of the Convention of 1888.)

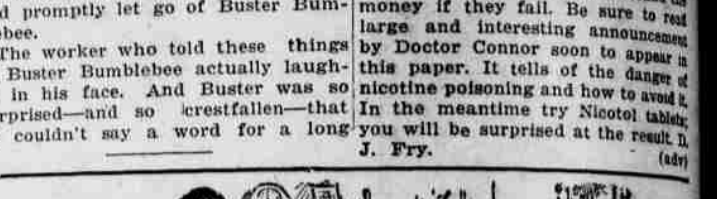
Turkish Police Warn Evil Doers of Their Approach

Constantinople.—Turkish policemen make no attempt to surprise evil doers but give warning of their approach by striking on the pavement at regular intervals with long heavy sticks tipped with steel, to the great disgust of sleepless foreigners. It was formerly the custom of the nightwatchmen to shout loudly in Turkish that all was well every time they pounded on the pavement. But the Allies forbade the shouting, and since the armistice the night policemen, most of whom are very old men, content themselves with hammering the pavement. The Turkish population objected strongly to having the hammering discontinued, as it is supposed to be the only means of guaranteeing that the policemen will patrol their beats.

JOURNAL WANT ADS PAY

Tobacco Habit Dangerous

says Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital. Thousands of men suffering from fatal diseases would be in perfect health today were it not for the deadly drug nicotine. Stop the habit now before it's too late. It's a simple process to rid yourself of the tobacco habit in any form. Just go to any up to date drug store and get some Nicotol tablets; take them as directed and lo! the pernicious habit quickly vanishes. Drugists refund the money if they fail. Be sure to read large and interesting announcement to Buster Bumblebee actually laughed in his face. And Buster was so surprised—and so crestfallen—that he couldn't say a word for a long time.



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