AT THE CAPITAL OF EGYPT By Mrs. Myra Wiggins, Salem

The eleventh letter from Mrs. Myra Wiggins to her husband appears below. It was written while she was at Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and in a very entertaining manner she tells of the many interesting points in and around that ancient city.

Cairo, Egypt, Saturday, April 23, 1904.—We are in Egypt, in old Cairo, the twin sister of gay Paris. If I had been transported here, blindfolded, I should have said that I was in Paris; it sounds like it but, to the eyes, the red fezes, turbaned heads, and long robes of the men, and the veiled women tell a different story. We reached Alexandria about 10 a. m. Thursday and for some reason, perhaps on account of the plague, we did not have our drive there but immediately boarded a train standing at the dock where we sat in the heat from 1 till 3:15 before starting, then followed such a long hot dusty ride lasting until 7 o'clock, when we reached Cairo. But it was an interesting journey nevertheless, and as we sped along in the really handsome cars, appropriately upholstered in leather and divided off into compartments, I took note of the following: In contrast to the Holy Land, Egypt is flat, with broad green fields of rice, lentils, and alfalfa. There are numerous locust and other fine-foliaged trees but of course it is the palm trees that interest we Americans. These are seen everywhere in groups of a dozen or more, very tall, with leaves only at the top; they are the date palm. The cattle—and there are many of them—are the Buffalo cattle, such as they have in the Philippines; they are grey in color (just exactly like a grey-hound) and they have such long necks and pointed heads with drooping horns and ears set low on the head; they are used for plowing and to turn the numerous water wheels all through the country. We passed thousands of these wheels; they are set over a kind of well I think. The ox is usually blindfolded and goes in a circle around this wheel. The water pours out of the top of the wheel as it turns around and is carried all over the fields, the water usually standing in the little ditches or furrows about two feet apart, but in many cases it covers the entire field.

After plowing a field with the same rude plows used in Palestine, a man goes over the entire plowed part and pounds up the large clods with a kind of an iron hammer; but labor is cheap and plows are high. All of the land is under cultivation and the crops are all gathered by hand—cut with a sickle. There are a few automobiles in town (and their "chu chu" makes me so homesick) but "nary" a plow.

Among the first things my eyes lit upon after leaving Alexandria, were boats apparently sailing over the land and immediately in thought I was transported to dear old Holland. Canals have a fascination for me, just like old jugs. We crossed the Nile several times on well-built stone bridges. We soon began to pass the little towns and what do you suppose they were built of? Mud, entirely of mud with scarcely any windows and no chimneys; cut in shape square, like the houses of Palestine, but right on the top was a funny little ball of mud; there is usually one white building of mud in each village and I think it is the mosque. There is usually a cemetery at the side of each little village and the graves are all built up from the ground, also of mud. Now and then we passed a large city looking just like any other city except for the natives in their picturesque costumes and the numerous camels and donkeys seen everywhere (and to think that when I left home I was worrying for fear these animals, especially the former, would become extinct before I reached their native heath)! Brick making seems to be one of the chief industries of the country. We passed a number of places where they were burning them.

It grew dark before we had finished our long ride of 133 miles, but it was cooler in the twilight and the green country looked so beautiful. Arriving at Cairo, all was excitement, for the hundreds of pieces of baggage had to be claimed and I stood on top of two suitcases beside the freight car door and watched them throw every piece out—mine was almost the very last—suit cases and bags! in all stages of dissolution! for you can imagine such a number could not be handled carefully. At Jerusalem two foolish persons had strapped their umbrellas to their suit cases. I wish you could have seen the result. Truly the last stage of those umbrellas was worse than the first and the poor gnarled, twisted things appealed to me—for it wasn't their fault and they did their best to stick on.

Sunday evening, April 25.—This morning Mrs. Park and I went to the service of Arabic at the American Mission; following this was a regular church service. Mrs. Park stayed and I came home to the hotel to rest and to write this letter. It has been hotter here than any weather I ever experienced except in Kansas, and I have had to keep pretty quiet, going sight seeing only in the morning.

When we arrived in Cario Thursday evening we were driven to the Grand Continental hotel where all the delegates were told to go who had not been given rooms and as we booked so late our names as usual were on that list. So we landed here with our baggage, sized up the place as being fit for royalty itself, pressed to the front (requiring some "check") and were among the rst to inquire for rooms. We were none too soon as most of the others, tired as they were, had to go elsewhere and worse yet some had not claimed their baggage. There are some disadvantages in traveling with such a large crowd; it is like moving a whole town to go from one place to another. Mrs. Park and I have single rooms adjoining and I am now sitting out on the little balcony onto which our rooms open; the porch or balcony is furnished with rugs, table and easy chairs and looks out on the main street which separates the park from the hotel. Perfect streams of carriages and a few autos pass from early morning until 2 or 3 o'clock at night. I saw two funeral processions and one wedding procession pass today. It seems gayer than ever today because the Sabbath is used as a holiday by so many and the left open-air balcony of this hotel on the ground floor is today transformed into a fairyland, by palms, draperies, flowers, rugs, and hundreds of lanterns, mirrors, all ready for the feast or banquet to be given tonight by the French to the Italians I believe, in honor of the French President's visit to Rome, they say. They wear their "glad clothes" here to dinner. I brought mine along but they were too warm, so I bought a thin waist with a silk net yoke and you can imagine how warm it is when I tell you that I sat out of doors all evening with only that thin net over my neck and shoulders. Friday morning, with many misgivings on account of the heat, we took a carriage for the Sphinx and Pyramids. What was our surprise to find that the entire drive was over a boulevard, thickly lined on both sides by large locust trees, making the drive shady all the way and so pleasant. We soon caught sight of the pyramids in the distance and it seemed perfectly natural that they should be there—three of them. When we reached the base of the largest one about 10:30, the sun was beating down on the hot sands so fiercely that I could not even walk over the hill to see the sphinx only a short distance. There were plenty of donkeys and camels on hand, but the price had advanced to 50 cents to the sphinx and return; however I soon bargained with a donkey boy to take me there and back for 25 cents (the camel drivers wouldn't come down) so I put up my umbrella and took my snap-shots from the donkey's back (the boy held his lordship's ears down so they wouldn't be in my pictures) then returned to the pyramid without getting off the donkey. I was afraid, too, that if I dismounted I would have to pay to get on again. Mrs. Park said she would not go to see the sphinx but afterwards changed her mind and walked, hiring a guide to take her. There were only a few who climbed to the top of the pyramids; some of them said that it was terrible, while others told another story. Each person has to have two men to pull him up and each step is so very high that it becomes a great strain. The pyramid looks about as I thought it would but the sphinx is much smaller than I imagined it. There is an entrance to the tomb in the center of the pyramid near the ground; very few attempted that I believe. They said that it was just as hard to go down the slippery dark way as it was to climb the outside, then there was nothing to see when one reached it. After a little when the prices of camel rides had dropped, I bargained with a man to ride a few steps on his camel and to have somebody take my picture, all for 5 cents. The first man I called to take my picture (with my camera) aimed it at all points of the compass and had me wildly waving my arm for 10 minutes and the camel driver was calling for double pay for taking his time, when the would-be camera man announced that he "couldn't see a thing" and handed it over to his companion. No. 2 had never taken any pictures but No. 1 had; however, I begged No. 2 from my height in the broiling sun to please aim it at me and snap it. He finally did, then brought it to me to turn up another film but I couldn't do it, for No. 1 in his desperation had clinched it so tight that it would not work. Well, I fixed it with my hat pin, then utterly ignoring No. 1 and No. 2 I called to a man who was passing with a large camera and tripod. Well, he capped the climax for although I showed him where to press the button he backed off with the lens pointed directly up to the sky and trying to find me in the round lens of the finder and I could not get him to turn it over so I begged him—on my knees almost—to please bring me the camera, but even when he had turned it right side up he "couldn't see a thing" so I told him to simply aim it and snap it and he did; but it was almost the end of me, I was worn out.

Monday evening, April 26th.—I am anxious to finish up Cairo so will attempt it now as I have a few minutes before I dress for dinner which is at the fashionable hour of 8 o'clock. Saturday morning, right after breakfast, two young lady missionaries here or rather one missionary and one teacher, lovely girls and sisters, took us in a carriage to the bazaars. It was an interesting morning and we all bought a few things and then we went home to dinner with them. They are living with Dr. and Mrs. Watson, the missionaries. We had a very nice dinner and then we were all invited to take a nap which for three-fourths of an hour we endeavored to do but we had brought home some boarders with us (very small animals, not unknown in our country) and we were busy entertaining them. At the close of the nap time the dinner bell rang again and we ate delicious ginger bread, tea, and bread and butter. Then we took some pictures on the balcony and when it grew a little cooler took a carriage ride to get cooled off. Everybody was out in carrages; a great number of them sitting in their carriages along the banks of the Nile and not driving. In contrast to Paris two horses are nearly always driven and they are good horses, too; the carriages also are handsomer. I have told you how we spent Sunday, and the mission work here I will have to tell you about when I get home, or rather Mrs. Park will, for she went house-to-house visiting this morning with one of the missionaries. I visited the museum this morning; just happened to get with the Warrens and Hartshorns. Dr. Mureh (Mrs. Parks' friend) of Luxor, Egypt, was their guide and as we had none our party went along. He took us only to the most interesting things and here in the land of mummies you can imagine how interesting they were. We saw Rameses II., his father, and the Pharaoh whose army was drowned in the Dead Sea. The latter was still enwrapped.

After luncheon, two gentlemen, a guide and myself, went to the citadel, where a fine view of the city was obtained. We also visited near there an old mosque over 500 years old. We then drove through a very old cemetery to a mosque in the middle of it, and as we were returning met a funeral procession with the hired mourners at the head of the procession crying and at the same time grinning at us, but the grief of those following the bier was sincere and they cried very loudly.

I have just returned to my room from dinner and am too happy for words for Mr. Wiggins of Texas brought me your letter. I had given up hopes, for I was at the office this morning. We will leave here tomorrow right after luncheon for Alexandria, but as the plague is there we will not get to see the city at all. Any one of our party who happens to be at all sick will be left behind (a man and his wife are to be left here) so Mrs. Park and I are fearful lest we will be taken suddenly ill and be left. The young man who had appendicitis will join us at Naples. We left one sick person at Jerusalem and one at Joppa. You see with this big crowd it would not do to run the risk of quarantine.

LETTER NO. 12.

The following is the latest letter from Mrs. Wiggins (to her husband in this city) and is from Rome.

The Grosser Kurfurst, bearing about 533 of the 830 persons starting on the cruise, arrived in New York on Thursday last, the remaining members of the party having for the most part scattered on various tours across the continent to sail on later steamers. Mrs. Wiggins and Mrs. Park are very likely in London today, and expect to sail from Southampton on June 1st on the Kaiser Wilmelm II.

Bay of Naples, Friday, April 29, 1904.—We have been anchored in the beautiful Bay of Naples since about 11 o'clock this morning. All the battleships in the bay, of which there are 32, (among them our "Kentucky"), were firing salutes as we entered. Of course, we Americans took this honor unto ourselves; but I noticed that every vessel was decorated with flags and streamers and looking up saw our own "Kurfurst" gay with colors, so upon inquiry I found that the display was in honor of the French President who arrived at Naples this morning also in honor of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy. I was on the upper deck, so interested in the smoking Vesuvius that I did not notice the bugle call for luncheon and went down to the dining room just as they were serving the last course. I suppose I looked very hungry, for Fred, our good table steward, let me sit down and served me separately, for which I was very thankful for at the close of the first sitting all the stewards and stewardesses were called up on deck and examined by health officers who came aboard here; then directly afterwards everybody on the ship had to pass single file over the bridge (which connects the front part of the ship with the back part) for inspection, so the second sitting did not have luncheon till nearly 3 o'clock. We were told yesterday that all soiled linen must be put into our pillow slips and taken ashore to be fumigated, so you can imagine that yesterday was a great wash-day aboard ship; stockings, especially, could be seen hanging all over the ship and handkerchiefs could be counted by the dozen. Many things went overboard and trunks were locked and sent down into the hold market "To be stored in New York." Yes, it was a great house-cleaning day for the "Kurfurst" and the halls smell so of carbolic acid this morning that everybody is on deck. It seems so strange to have a little spare time; it is the first time since the week we left New York that I have seen so many sitting out on deck—we simply have not had time. The sea was quite rough yesterday and a great many people were sick, including myself; however I did not miss or lose a meal. Two months is a long time to live on one ship and it seems almost like home to return to it after being away sight-seeing. We are always welcomed with smiles by the crew, and the ship is cleaned from top to bottom and sometimes painted in places.

Friday evening.—Well, the day is ending in great excitement for the captain's dinner is being given tonight. The first sitting has just finished and the second is just beginning now. I am sitting in the midst of the orchestra at a writing desk for I don't want to write in my room for fear I will miss something. Every course was decorated tonight with some color. Some with colored masts and flags, some with little white boats, another with the American eagle standing among green leaves and last of all came the ice cream in the form of a square, and sitting on top of it all in the cream was a little Chinese lady with a colored parasol over her. When we had reached the third course the boats in the harbor fired the sunset guns. The windows were open (I sit next to one) and we all looked out at the grand sight; the noise was deafening and simultaneously with the firing all the streamers and flags were lowered. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht was the nearest boat to us—only a few rods away. I tell you it was exciting. Before the dinner closed we all partook of the centerpiece on the table of which there was one on each table, it consisted of a tall open-work pyramid of cake decorated with tiny flags of different nations and bonbons and on the top a little statue of some kind. We popped the bonbons and wore the caps which they contained, with one of the flags stuck through them. Of course, we all wore our very "gladdest clothes" and the dining room was brilliant with color. The music too is the very best. I just told the boy playing the "big bass" at my elbow that my brother played the same instrument. I used my best German and he understood. I often think how George would enjoy a trip like this with the Germans. During the dinner Mr. Hartshorn presented the resolution that, inasmuch as Monte Carlo was known throughout the world as the worst kind of a gambling place, that it was resolved to change the program; they took a vote which was almost unanimous for the change so that nearly all the party will take the beautiful drive, with dinner at Nice, instead of at Monte Carlo.

Tonight at 9 o'clock in this room, the captain, and I think Mr. Clark also will each be presented with a gold watch toward which we all contributed.

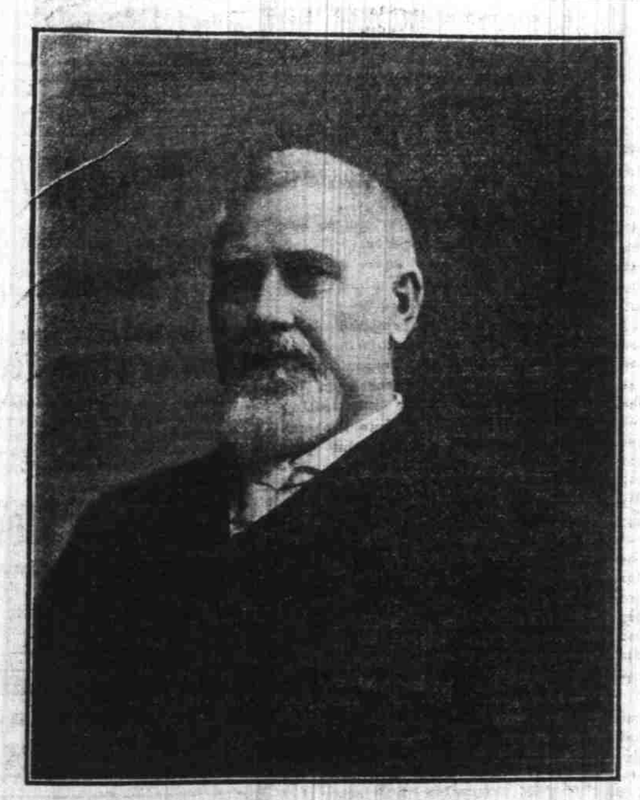
Late Wednesday night, Fred, our steward, brought me a letter from you addressed to Alexandria. I wish you could have seen it. I am going to keep the envelope for a curiosity. The authorities had evidently suspicioned it and so opened it and all on account of Mildred's innocent little drawing inside. The opened end of the envelope had been pasted together again with four strips of paper tape, there was Arabic and another language on the back and on the front, the address had been crossed out and sent to Cairo and at the top it was sent in the care of an American line of steamers and my room number was on twice. If you have addressed another one there, am afraid I will never get it. I told Mrs. Park that your letters always came in on the "home stretch" that I always had to have a certain amount of anxiety over them before they reached me. The belated letter to Athens arrived Wednesday morning and it is also a curiosity with four colors of ink and pencil on the envelope. It is no sign of carelessness to lose things in this trip. I was talking to Mrs. McCrellis this morning and she told me that Mr. McCrellis (a member of the Central Committee) had lost two steamer rugs, two umbrellas, an overcoat, and about six or seven other articles which I have forgotten. Every morning there is put on display about 100 lost articles, besides these, in the hold, where the trunks are stored, there was on display this morning the following lost articles, which I noted down: A laundry bag, pair shoes, several pair stockings, a new black dress, suit vest, hot water bottle, garters, doiley, belts, collars, mittens, ribbons, feather pompon, slippers, new woolen goods, cord and tassel, photos, a bottle of something, handkerchiefs, shoe strings, silver spoon, clothes hook, books, saucer, sword, basket of cotton chickens, and while I sat there a doll's shoe was added to the collection.

Sunday afternoon, May 1st, at Rome.—We are now in this wonderful old city, having arrived at midnight last night. We attended church services at Scottish Presbyterian church this morning, went alone and were misdirected so had a long walk of it. The service was very good and the church was more than filled with our people. We also stayed to the communion service at its close. Mr. Wiggins, of Texas, sat with me, so of course I felt quite at home. I think that he must be some relation for I feel as if I had always known him. I reached our hotel just in time for luncheon and have been lying down taking a good rest since.

As I was writing the other evening I glanced out of the window and the bay and city of Naples was aglow with lights. I ran for my camera and hastened out on deck and it was one of the most beautiful sights that I ever witnessed. Six battleships were wholly outlined in electric lights, the whole front of a large building was the Italian flag in colored lights, all the vessels were lighted and the city itself was ablaze with colored lights and almost in full view from our ship the fireworks were displayed; these consisted principally of large set pieces and they were beautiful. It was a glorious moonlight night, too—a sight never to be forgotten. When the evening's exercises began I came inside again and the service was a fitting close to our grand tour, the speeches were all good, one was given by Mr. Johnson. A watch was presented to the captain and to Mr. Clark and albums made in Jerusalem of olive wood and containing the autograph of every member of the cruise, were presented to Mr. Warren, Mr. Hartshorn, and Mr. McCrellis. Their speeches of thanks were all heartfelt and when Mr. Hartshorn was speaking the tears were flowing down more than one cheek for he spoke so tenderly of his invalid wife and said that if we saw the sunlight in his face (which Mr. Johnson had mentioned in his presentation speech) that it was because of the little wife in yonder room, she who was deprived of many things because of God's great love—and we can readily see it for they have both been a benediction to every member of the cruise brought about through suffering. I was told that Mrs. Hartshorn has been an invalid for sixteen years. The next day we all separated, some of us never to meet again on earth.

Yesterday morning we had a three hours drive in Naples, visited the great cathedral there, the museum, where the interest to me all centered around Pompeii, for we saw there almost everything belonging to a house, from a bed and walls to a flat-iron and also a cork plan of the city as far as excavations show it. It was so full of interest and will be such a help when we visit Pompeii itself. We also visited the celebrated aquarium of Naples, so fascinating, all except the long fish that looked like snakes. We all went back to the boat for luncheon after which we packed for Rome and left for the train about 3 o'clock. Some of our party went to Pompeii yesterday, they will visit Rome after we leave and then proceed across the continent. We packed our trunks to be sent back on the "Kurfurst" and stored in New York; needless to say mine was full of jugs. I bought a good stout basket valise, leather bound, at Cairo, to take across the continent with me. We are afraid to inquire when we leave Rome but think it will be Wednesday. The program for the next two days is very full, with nothing said about Wednesday.

I forgot to tell you about our ticket. We bought of Cook & Son at Cairo from Nice to London, Nice, Genoa, Florence, Milan, Lucerne, Cologne, Amsterdam, The Hague, Paris, London, with fifteen nights at the hotels and fifteen days of meal tickets; if we run out of the latter we can renew at any point.



HON. J. H. SETTLEMIER.

The founder and first mayor of the town of Woodburn, a pioneer of 1850 in Oregon, and a citizen of Marion county since 1862, Hon. J. H. Settlemier really needs that no one speak for him. He is too well known as a robust business man, an enlightened gentleman, and an honorable man. The Republicans selected him as one of their candidates on the Republican ticket for the legislative assembly, because they knew him to possess the qualities mentioned. He is a conservative man in all things, interested today as ever in the advancement of the state of Oregon and Marion county. Mr. Settlemier was engaged in the nursery business at Woodburn for thirty years, retiring ten years ago. He served as a member of the state board of agriculture which he aided very materially in its success. There is no doubt Mr. Settlemier will be elected to the legislature by a large majority.

Politics in Eastern Oregon.

A group of us were sitting about the hotel parlor in Wallowa county, Oregon. It was a mixed one both as to nationalities and as to occupations—a drummer or two, a newspaper man, a cowboy, a miner, a couple of sheep men, the stage driver, the hotel keeper, and half a dozen residents who had dropped in to smoke and chat and a good natured Swede who was looking for a "yob." America, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Sweden, were represented as to nationalities. To me there is always a fresh charm in sitting down with a group of typical Westerners. One can learn history and geography at first hand. Some have freighted in early days; some have fought Indians, mined from California to Alaska, and what they say is bound to be interesting as much from what they say as the manner in which they say it.

For the benefit of some of your readers who do not often wander from their own firesides I am going to reproduce a bit here and there of the conversation I heard as I tried to write a letter by the light of a smoky evil-smelling kerosene lamp.

A broad-faced, tow-headed, good-natured Swede was talking:

"Oh, yes, I had a yob but I don't like it pretty much so I yump it and come up here to find a better yob."

"Did you come up in the Pullman?" some one facetiously inquired.

"Oh, yes, I started on my yourney at Portland in der Pullman but I finished in der side door Pullman and on the rods. How didn't I stay with the Pullman? Vell it was this way: I came in the Pullman and I didn't see anybody to give my ticket to so I crawls under a berth so quick as I can. It was warm under there and pretty soon I forget and go to sleep. I guess the woman in the berth was an old maid for she think she hear some one snore so she take her parasol and poke under there and it sticks me in the neck and it woke me up and I don't think and say 'Ouch.' Then she hollar: 'Conductor, conductor; I've found a man under my bed already,' and a drummer across the aisle say: 'Hang on to him then it's your only chance'; but the conductor reach under and grab me by the foot and pull and I hold on and pretty soon my boot comes off and the conductor pulls down and swears and reach under again and grab me by the leg and pull my leg till I let go and he pull me out so quick it knocks him down again and he swears and the old maid hollers and the drummer laughs, and I ask the conductor what does he want and he says where is your ticket, and I said it wasn't in my boot you didn't haf to pull it off and he gets mad and stops the train and throws me off and throws my boot after me so I don't get to finish my ride in the Pullman and have to walk sixteen miles to the next station where I catch a 'side door' Pullman."

When the laughter had subsided a cowboy told how he broke an "outlaw" for an army officer who had taken a fancy to it. One after the other contributed his quota till the conversation drifted around to politics. One or two Socialists were there, four or five Democrats, and half a dozen Republicans.

One of the Socialists said: "I just came in from a hike—prospecting. I have worked underground at Butte, have worked a giant in the placer mines in California and I am an out-and-out Socialist, but I am going to vote for Roosevelt. The way he stood in with the coal miners in that big strike in Pennsylvania made me vow that I would support him. He is the friend of the working man or else the trusts wouldn't have it in for him and be doing their best to defeat him."

An Englishman in the group said: "Well, what we English admire about him is his pluck and stay-with-it-iveness. Then, too, he is a scholar—a man who is the author of books that are used as text books. He has a group of officers that few of your Presidents have had."

"Literary nothing," snorted the cowboy. "You can't stuff that down me. Teddy is none of your dry-as-dust book worms. Why, I'll tell you what one of the boys, who was on a round-up with him when he was running a cattle ranch, told me. His horse stepped in a badger hole and fell and broke two of Teddy's ribs and none of the nest of the crew knew about it till that night when he asked what they usually did when they got any ribs broken. He has got sand in his craw all right. Look at the way he called that sheriff down who was at the head of a gang of rustlers and look at the way he and one of his cowboys got the drop on three outlaws that were camped out in the timber, and marched them in to camp when if he had batted his eye they would have plugged him. He has got good red blood in his veins and every cow man from the Texas Panhandle to the British Columbia border will vote for him and I'll bet lots of cowmen will come over the line into Montana to get to give him a vote."

"Well," said one of the group, "my father is one of the Democratic warhorses, but this little badge in my lapel that we boys of the Second Oregon wear will come pretty near telling how I will vote. A man that will look out for his men as Rosy did will get my vote. There is no scare to him and he will go hungry with his men without a murmur. I have talked with some of the boys who were with him at Santiago and, you bet, he gets my vote."

"What I most admire," said the drummer for a shoe house, "is his moral courage. He will do what he thinks is right, regardless of consequences. The politicians who always like to feel that they have a ring in the nose of their leader and are in a position to tell him 'you are here because we put you here and we will put you out if you don't please us' are up against the real thing. President Roosevelt is going to be elected in spite of them instead of by their aid."

"He is a manly man," said the newspaper man. "A man that you can't bluff or scare. He knows the whole country as no other President ever has known it. Look at his record as police commissioner in New York City. If he never did anything except that he would be remembered. Then see how he turned the civil service from a farce into force and prosecuted violaters of the civil service law until they saw he meant business and they would have to go out of business. Look at his record as Governor of New York. See what he did in the navy department—made Dewey's victory possible. Then as army officer, when he was the only one with nerve enough to send in a protest against existing conditions. Look what he has done as President—fulfilled our promises to Cuba, settled the coal strike, dissolved the Northern Securities merger, got a canal started across the Isthmus, worked for irrigation in the West, fired the boodlers and grafters out of the postal and land department. How any American can fail to vote for him gets me. He is an ideal type of a man, a clean, wholesome man, with dash and force and courage."

But just here the Swede jumped up and said enthusiastically: "Say, fellers! Py yimmy. Vats der good of holding an election? Let's make his election unanimous and tell him he needn't yump his yob. Let's let him know he can hold his yob as long as he wants it."

FRED LOCKLEY, JR.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Legal Blanks, Statesman Job Office.
Legal Blanks, Statesman Job Office.

HON. H. H. TURNER.

The Republican nominee for justice of the peace, and the subject of this sketch was born in Fairfield, Iowa, in 1876; and came to Salem in 1895. Mr. Turner is a graduate of the law department of the Willamette University and was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court in 1900. Since being admitted he has shown by his energy and perseverance, in the manner in which he has handled cases intrusted to his care, that he is a successful practitioner; and, when elected to the office of justice of the peace for Salem district, he will give matters pertaining to that office the same careful consideration that he has shown in his practice.

Mr. Turner has taken a deep interest in Republican politics, and there is no doubt at all of his election. The justice's district of Salem takes in the seven Salem precincts, Liberty, East Salem and Chemawa, and in the selection of Mr. Turner as its candidate the Republican party will find it has made no mistake.

THE STATESMAN'S 1904 SUBSCRIPTION CONTEST
VOTE EARLY AND OFTEN. DO NOT DELAY. GET INTO THE RACE AT ONCE.
See Our List of Prizes on Another Page