

LETTERS FROM MRS. WIGGINS

The Statesman gives below three more letters written by Mrs. Myra A. Wiggins to her husband, E. A. Wiggins, in this city. They are from Florence, Venice, and Lucerne, respectively, and contain many interesting facts relative to the sights viewed by the writer while at those foreign cities last month on her return home from having attended the World's Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem during the latter portion of April.

LETTER NO. 15. From Florence.

Grand Hotel Porta Rossa and Central, Florence, May 10, 1904.—It does not seem possible that we left Genoa just last evening; this has been such a long 24 hours. The Hotel Royal at Genoa where we stopped is just at the station, so we had no trouble in getting off on the right train but we were stopped at the gate by the ticket man who said that one of my bags was too large to take into the compartment with us and I must register it, but with a hint from the hotel clerk, a frame fixed that all right. Just think of it; our baggage was handled nine times from Nice to this place! Do not wonder if our hair has turned gray when we reach home. Two nice old ladies occupied the compartment with us and we had quite a comfortable lounge until 3:30 in the morning when we had to change cars at Pisa and wait over an hour for our train. From there on to Florence our compartment was full so that we could not sleep, but it was daylight, and we enjoyed the scenery. From Nice to the place where we first changed cars we traveled first class with the "nobility and fools." This was not our fault because the second class tickets were all gone. A nice young Englishman told me today that everybody traveled third class in England and they pride themselves upon their fine trains. We caught a glimpse of the leaning tower at Pisa; in fact two glimpses, one by moonlight, the other by daybreak and a little later we saw the sun rise golden over the beautiful mountains. We passed numerous vineyards and saw the peasants just starting to work in the fields. Different varieties are planted about ten feet apart and the grapevines are trained upon these and festooned from one tree to another; we saw this also in Naples only on much taller trees.

I was struck with the absence of the Italian costume; it is rarely seen—only the head-dresses are worn in the fields. Wash day in this country is kept so secret here; the women go to the public stone washbasins and pound their clothes to cleanse them, then they hang them where they can dry them. We saw the streets of Naples lined with clothes lines, one Friday, then the next day we landed at Villefranche and it was wash day there.

Instead of shouting "All aboard!" as is done in our country when the train is about to start, they ring a cow-bell or blow a brass horn then the engine gives a short toot and in an instant we are off, safely locked in.

Mrs. Park and I are becoming quite proficient in Italian as we have mastered the words for pillow which is "go on" (Charlie) (quasi chawlie).

May 12th.—Florence was a great surprise to me and we were so fortunate in finding a good guide there. It is such a great art center—more masterpieces in painting and sculpture are there than in any other city, I believe. Our guide was an artist himself and knew the history of every work of art so that we were more than fortunate in securing him. Cook's guides were all engaged and I was about to give up until the next day, when this man was brought to me by a guide. He has quite a history. He was born in Florence and studied as there, was married and went to Texas where he painted and ran a ranch for ten years; at the end of that time he was thrown from a horse and as he lay on the ground was bitten by a young rattlesnake suffering he recovered but is totally blind in one eye and the other eye is very weak so that he had to give up painting. He came back to Florence and is beginning to act as a guide. We had him with us the first afternoon we were in Florence and the next morning also. We visited first the Uffizi Gallery and the first rooms we entered were filled with portraits of famous artists painted by themselves from centuries ago down to the present time; they were very interesting. Then our guide took us out into the long hall almost—so very crude—and then on down to the present time. He then selected only the masterpieces in each room, explaining them fully and it would be impossible to tell you about them. We then went to the Pitti Palace to see the gallery there. They are connected with the Uffizi galleries by a long covered hallway and bridge over the Arno the walls of which are literally lined with thousands of portraits of the ancestors and friends of the Medici family. The Pitti Palace is a gallery of masterpieces, the Madonna of the chair the most famous, but our poor bodies were pretty well worn out when we had finished with them so our wise guide called a carriage and took us for a drive to one of the beautiful sections of Florence, which rested us and landed us at our hotel just in time for dinner. The next morning at 9 we started out again with the same guide. At my request (the day before) he took us to a place where I could get a jug of some kind. He was a good judge of decorative work so we bought a few little things in Florentine majolica ware, very inexpensive, but so pretty. We then visited a beautiful church, the one which Michael Angelo called his "bride"; it was planned by two monks and there is a strange thing

connected with it, called by our guide an optical illusion. We entered, and looking straight up in front of the altar, turned around and then asked if we noticed anything strange about the church. We answered immediately that it seemed a third shorter than it looked from the door and then he explained how this was done or rather he let us discover it for ourselves. About half way between the altar and the door are two low steps crossing the entire floor; in front of these steps the great pillars are much closer together than below the steps, but from the door this is not apparent and so the distance seems to be increased. There are wonderful frescoes in this old church and many interesting tombs. We next drove to the Camera Club of the city, where I wished to inquire about the Holland exhibition. I learned, much to my regret, that it would not open till June 1st.

We visited the Academy next where we saw many fine things, the greatest of all, Michael Angelo's statue "David"; it is of heroic size, and well placed at the end of a long hall of statuary. I think the Florentine galleries are better arranged than any I have ever visited. The students are everywhere copying the old masters and to give you an idea of the length of time they sometimes have to wait their turn; a young artist who was copying a Madonna yesterday signed 15 years ago for his turn. I should think he would change his mind and paint a picture not quite so popular. The students are granted great privileges; any picture they want to copy, no matter how large, is taken down and placed in a good light. We visited another small gallery filled with models and designs of the great cathedral of Florence from the past centuries down to the last one, accepted for the facade, which is quite new. Our wonderful guide has made a study of architecture also, so he gave us the history of the Cathedral pointing out the additions from time to time. The great cathedral is so very impressive, the exterior I mean, the second largest in the world. Just opposite it is the great Baptistery (originally the Cathedral of Florence) where every child in Florence is baptized at the age of three days and over. At the entrance of this building are the famous bronze doors by Ghiberti of the 15th century. In the last gallery I mentioned we saw Robbia's famous "singing children," always a favorite subject of mine; they are so beautiful.

After we left this gallery we visited a shop or two then went to our hotel and settled up with our guide and with each other, which was not easy by any means, as we had all contributed to the morning's expenses.

We ate our luncheon, packed and left on the 3 o'clock train. While waiting at the station, two large parties of Clark's, from the "Kurfurst" originally, came and took possession of the place. In fact the train was so much delayed by their unexpected arrival that we reached Venice a half hour late.

While waiting at the station we spent our time greeting old friends and watching with interest a bridal party, and what should be our fate but to ride in the same compartment with the bride and groom! All of a sudden the bride and groom or ill fortune was shared by a gentleman and his wife from Scotland (very pleasant, congenial people) and all went well for about five minutes when the smoke from the tunnels caused the groom to lose all interest in life and the young wife's troubles began. During a search in her valet (presumably for restoration) the bride's bouquet of orange blossoms came to light; this aroused the groom and together they enjoyed a few blissful moments examining boxes of wedding gifts but alas! this was of short duration for in a careless moment the bride dropped the groom's "bride" new black felt hat on to the dusty floor. The words that followed were in a foreign language, but intonations, facial expressions and signs were the same. The bride and groom were the same. The bride from the bottom of her heart; as for the groom, he nursed the injured hat all the remainder of the trip.

The second half of our journey we traveled with some interesting people also; in fact, we spent all of our time weaving a romance about them but it is too long a story to tell here.

I must tell you the history of the Red Doors which you see on this stationery. The Porta Rossa Hotel (meaning red doors) where we stopped while in Florence was a very old building and was used for years as a custom house up to the 17th century, when it was remodeled and it has always had red doors. Mrs. Park is certain that it was once the palace of a princess, and after living for two days in the overwhelming magnificence of our apartment I quite agreed with her. She has written Mr. Park of the frescoed walls and the high vaulted ceiling of our room, the great mirrors in gold Florentine frames, the twin beds and furniture of historical periods in the dim past, but I am not certain that she mentioned the door. This could not be discovered except for the old-fashioned knob, as it was a piece of the wall on hinges cut right out of the "scenery" with no wood-work whatever. I am so thankful that I have Mrs. Park away from there, for she was growing too romantic to live with and to make matters worse all the hotel clerks behaved like "knights of old."

LETTER NO. 16. From Venice.

Venice, Grand Canal Hotel, et Monaca, A. Ticozzi, Proprietore, May 13, 1904.—And now comes Venice! It was my turn to feel romantic when we reached here at night, took our own gondola and quietly glided over the waters to our hotel. As we left the station and I settled down comfortably on

the soft cushions I remarked that I hoped it would be a long way to the hotel, and so it proved to be; for full half an hour we glided along, deftly rounding corners, passing under little stone bridges, now in darkness and now in the light of the lanterns which were so prettily reflected in the water. As we drew near the Grand Canal (on which most of the hotels, including ours is situated) the sound of music reached our ears, and when we suddenly came upon it, Venice at night in all its beauty burst upon us. Everything was brightly illuminated. The gondolas occupied by the musicians were decorated in colored lights and all was reflected in the water which was full of movement, and the effect cannot be described. A short distance on the Grand Canal and we reached our hotel. We were welcomed, of course, but not with the grand air of Florence, which was disappointing. We were lulled to sleep by the singing musicians and not by horses' hoofs upon stone pavements, which is our usual lullaby. And speaking of horses, there are scores of people in Venice over 70 years old who have never seen a horse and, of course, none of the younger people have, unless they have been out of the city, for there is not a horse in Venice. Another strange thing about the city is that there are never any drowning accidents; everybody can swim. Yesterday morning after breakfast we hunted up Thos. Cook & Son's office which is near our hotel (at one side of St. Mark's); we walked there, through little narrow streets, and on our way, of course, came upon the square in front of St. Mark's where the pigeons are fed by the children and tourists. I took Mrs. Park's picture with a pigeon eating from her hand. It is indeed a curious sight to see thousands of them so tame. The old Cathedral of St. Mark's I think is beautiful. I don't know the opinion of architects—it is such a mixture of architecture; we have not been inside yet. There were no letters for us at Cook's, and we are trying very hard to get some without them, but I'm afraid that we are making faster time than you expected and so the mail will miss us all the way to London. We have our program all made out. We are spending another day here because we would rather have it than at Milan, as there we only wish to get the remainder of our tickets (for which we have an order), see the cathedral and Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper," and we can do that in half a day tomorrow and leave for Lucerne Saturday night reaching there Sunday morning where we will spend the Sabbath. If we had an extra day we would run down to Interlaken from there but we must push on Monday morning and take the Rhine trip Tuesday, spend the day at Basle, Friday at The Hague (that is the day of their street fair), and Saturday afternoon reach Paris. We will leave there Tuesday night at the latest, leave London for our Scotland and Ireland trip of three days and back to London Saturday night where we will spend the remainder of the time. So this is our program if our poor tired bodies are able to carry it. We are tired of museums, churches, etc., and look with wonder upon our fellow tourists still visiting them.

Yesterday morning after we returned from Cook's we hired a gondola for an hour and a half at a franc (20 cents) an hour, giving orders to be taken through the smaller canals, and it was just fine. I enjoyed every minute of it. Of course, I took some snapshots, but the high point of our gondola was in the way most of the time and on one side we could not always turn to one side or the other boats passing. They are so close in steering the long boats with their single car. We hired a guide for the afternoon, but he was almost a superfluous appendage, for the galleries and museums were all closed on account of the holiday, (Assumption day) which after all was fortunate for us, for we were just too tired to see anything.

Our guide took us first to a Venetian glass store and factory, where his commission trick failed to work as we would not buy. It was very interesting to see the glass being spun, beads made and fine mosaic patterns being worked out, but the great gaudy chandeliers and mirrors are not beautiful. The wood carving done at the same place is interesting. We took a ferry to see the market which amounted to nothing as the greater part was cleared away. These ferry boats run up and down the Grand Canal very close together as they do in London and Paris and were crowded all day yesterday. We passed the boat racers in their white uniforms, with red roses in their caps, and witnessed one race from the ferry. Later in the day we saw from our window a very long racing boat with 10 men rowing, all standing. From the market we hired a gondola and went out into two lagoons, where we looked across one of them and saw the cemetery of Venice, on an island, and this reminds me of the gondolas which are always painted black with black funeral draperies, relieved only with brass dragons or other ornamental designs at the sides. I enquired of the guide the reason for this and he said that after the great plague of 1631 when within nine months 40,000 Venetians died of it, that the government ordered all the gay gondolas painted black, and black they are to this day without a single exception, my only objection to them.

Venice is built on wooden piles and on 72 islands. One bridge, a span over which we passed yesterday, was built on thousands of piles. It seems that there is a certain kind of wood which does not decay in sea water.

This morning we went again for mail and on business to Cook's office and as far as the former is concerned we are again disappointed. Mrs. Park returned to the hotel and I went in search of a brass and copper store which we visited yesterday with our guide but I preferred to bargain without him and save the commission. I bought such a pretty old brass tray, a bronze casket (for future use), and a small copper box, and I am so pleased with all three. After our luncheon Mrs. Park took a nap and I gathered together my sketching materials, hired a gondola and started out. I selected a pretty spot, dismissed the gondolier and started in. I was not without an audience from the first, but they were quite useful to me. From one I hired a chair, another, unasked, emptied my jug of water and brought me some lemonade, two or three others shook from my umbrella the dust and ants off the bridge, another brought me some refreshments, and still another acted as critic. At the end of two hours I called a passing gondolier and was endeavoring by signs and a mixture of languages to tell him what I wished when he said: "Do you speak English?" and I was such a shoo to hear my own language, and that from a gondolier that I just leaned back and laughed. He was as good as a policeman; for half an hour he kept the children at a distance while I sketched, then on the way back to the hotel insisted upon taking me to see the great furnace where the glass is melted. He said he did not care for expenses and he wouldn't charge me if it ran over the hour, so I went. It isn't every day that one gets such a gondolier, and he was so very polite, "a la Florence." Venice is an ideal place for sketching. How I would love to spend six months here, it is simply perfect. Venice must be seen to be appreciated. I can not tell you about it.

LETTER NO. 17. From Lucerne.

Lucerne, May 15, 1904.—We arrived here this morning, but I am going to tell you about Milan first. We left Venice at 8:20 yesterday morning, ran into a "Kurfurst" party at the station and rode all the way to Milan with a family which we knew well. The trip was without incident except that the scenery was fine all the way. Arriving at Milan we took the bus to our hotel, the Victoria (centrally located) and, although we were to leave that night, hired a room for the few hours at 25 cents each. After making inquiries we took a carriage without a guide, as we had made up our minds to see only the Cathedral and Leonardo de Vinci's famous masterpiece.

As we held an order on Cook & Son at Milan for the remainder of our tickets, we went there first to have it over with and to enquire for mail. They could only give us tickets as far as Cologne and furnished us with another order on their office there. There was no mail again and now we can scarcely hope for any till we reach London to which point I have ordered it all forwarded. We had left Cook's and were on our way to the old Monastery of St. Maria della Grazie when we met our first accident. Our carriage crashed into a street car which was coming toward us at a pretty good speed. The first thing I knew I was thrown forward onto the front seat, Mrs. Park the same, the driver fell clear to the ground rolling over and over, and glass was breaking and scattering every where. The horse was frightened and as some men ran to its head I said to Mrs. Park: "We had better get out," so we did, and even so quicken a crowd had gathered. We were not hurt, but badly shocked, making us very nervous for the rest of the day. When they were that no one was seriously hurt (although the driver had a pretty hard fall, they began examining the carriage and found that it was unfit for use until repairs could be made, so we had to pay our man and hunt another carriage—a double expense for us—but we felt so sorry for our driver and were so thankful to be unharmed that we left the crowd, took the grand glass, quite contented—two lone women in a strange city and far from our hotel. For nearly half an hour we hunted a carriage and as we were just about to despair, our time was so limited, we found one, drove to the Monastery, paid one franc each admittance and stepped into the long room at the end of which is large fresco of Leonardo de Vinci's "Lord's Supper." One of the best and most beautiful in the world. It is very beautiful, but so very badly damaged that some of the figures can scarcely be made out. It is the only picture of importance in the room and, just think of it, the place was once used as a stable! And now tourists come from the ends of the earth to see a picture which for so long a time was forgotten. As we left which should we meet but two of Clark's parties, I mean from the Kurfurst, and by the way they all have "Cook's" tickets although they are called "Clark's Tours."

We visited next the great Milan Cathedral the most beautiful church I was ever in; both inside and out it is grand. The windows are so rich in color and of such beautiful design. The great columns inspire one with awe, and while we were there the late afternoon sun shone in through the beautiful light over all. We called at Cook's again, dismissed our carriage, and after securing our tickets walked back to our hotel. After supper we lay down until 10 o'clock and in half an hour left in the bus for the station. Once in our compartment we played a little trick on our fellow travelers who arrived a few minutes later. We turned out the light and no space except at our feet where one person could sit upright, and when a little later one traveler after another passed our door and glanced in upon two sleeping women, who could blame them if they did not have the heart to disturb their slumbers! Later on in the night, however, one venturesome man sat quietly at my feet, otherwise we had the compartment to ourselves which we think was excusable selfishness.

About 12:30 midnight we had to have our baggage all examined again and, of course, this means that it must all be taken from the train into a room in the station, and it was difficult last night to find enough porters for all so that we were about the last getting settled. It is such a nervous strain on one, especially when the language is unknown, for a mistake can easily be made. But last night I met my "Waterloo" in the shape of a high officer who told me that I must register my large valise. Money would not work that time, as it has twice before, so I had to register it for the rest

of the trip and when I claimed it this morning it cost me over a dollar. Am I going to leave now on that I will have to register it.

I slept scarcely any last night and about 4 o'clock, as it grew a little light, I drew the curtain and looked out upon the Alps! I felt like a child and wanted to scream for joy; it was so beautiful. I soon awakened Mrs. Park and from that time till we reached Lucerne we gazed in wonder upon the beautiful panorama. The mountains are much like those of the White Pass, Alaska, and the Rockies on the Canadian Pacific railroad but the charm here is in the contrast, with the beautiful little villages and farms lying all along the foot of the great snow-capped mountains and the little houses are simply ideal. In them I saw all the new architecture which is the rage at home. And the lakes reflecting the mountains! In all my life I never saw such beauty! How I wish I could describe it to you. I regret so much that we cannot take the time to go to Interlaken now that we are here.

After breakfast this morning, we undressed and went to bed and how good it seemed. This is such a quaint little hotel. On top of each bed is an immense down pillow used instead of a comforter, and I tell you we were glad to have them this morning for it was so cold. We ate our breakfast out of doors on an open veranda in the sunshine and much butter and eggs and honey I never tasted in all my life. We are sitting out on the veranda writing, and it is very warm now. We are for a walk when it gets a little cooler and may run across an English church.

SCHOOL FUNDS

TEACHERS MUST BE LICENSED TO TEACH BEFORE THEY CAN DRAW PAY.

State Normal Schools Cannot Legally Supply Unlicensed Teachers to School Districts—Important Opinion Prepared by Attorney General Crawford on Vital Question.

(From Sunday's Daily.)

A legal opinion of considerable importance and special interest to teachers and Normal Schools in Oregon, was delivered by Attorney General Crawford. This legal expression is in reply to a question propounded by N. Z. Dozier of Ashland, and addressed to the board of directors of the board of directors of a school district of the second or third class can be authorized by a majority of the legal voters of the district, to contract with the management of a Normal School to furnish teachers for the district school from among the students in attendance to teach the children of the district, even though such students may not have passed the regular teacher's examination provided by law and licensed to teach.

The Attorney General is of the opinion that such an arrangement would not be according to law in the teachers must be employed by school boards. This is one of their duties. He also cites that such boards may authorize the drawing of warrants in payment of teachers' salaries, provided that all such teachers must hold legal certificates and that such certificates must cover the entire time of the teacher's service taught. Such certificate can neither directly nor indirectly be made to legalize another teacher's service.

If a teacher, who holds a certificate, is permitted to send a teacher, who does not hold a certificate, to do the teaching, then the certificate is made to legalize another teacher's service.

RECORDS WERE SMASHED.

At Inter-Collegiate Athletes' Meet University Students Score First.

CHICAGO, June 4.—University of Michigan today won the inter-collegiate conference Athletic Association meet held on Marshall Field, securing 32 points. Chicago was second with 29, Wisconsin, third with 25. Six new inter-collegiate records were made and two of the old marks were equalled. In the shot put, "Giant" Rose of Michigan established a new mark at 47 feet 1-4 inch, beating the old figure nearly six feet. In the discus throw, Rose hurled the weight 125 feet 3-4 inches, almost seven feet better than the record. The Leland Stanford team failed to show up as well as expected, landing only one first, Dole carrying away the honors in the pole vault. He crossed the bar at 11 feet 6 3/4 inches. Score by colleges follows: Michigan, 32; Chicago, 29; Wisconsin, 25; Purdue, 13; Stanford, 9; Illinois, 6; Indiana, 4; Drake, 3; Oberlin, 2; Iowa, 1.

RUSSIANS TO THE DEFENSE.

PARIS, June 4.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Matin says he learns from a trustworthy source that an advance guard of 14,000 men, under General Stakelberg, sent by Kuropatkin to the relief of Port Arthur has already reached the entrance to the Liau Tung peninsula and that the bulk of the army is following. The correspondent of the Matin at Niu Chwang confirms this, stating the important movements of Russian troops are proceeding to the southwest of Tachichang toward Kai Ping.

FLOODS EASING OFF.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 4.—No further rains have fallen during the past eighteen hours. Rapid improvement in the flood situation is expected. An enormous amount of damage has been done. Crops have been badly injured, thousands of head of livestock have been drowned and buildings damaged. Three lives were lost as nearly as can be ascertained.

For the services of the projectoscope which flashed the election returns on the canvas in front of the Statesman office last night, the Salem public is indebted to D. W. Park, the fire chief of this city, who did the necessary wiring for the electricity, and W. R. Moir, the owner of the machine, who works for Weller Bros. Besides these, about a dozen others, who assisted in receiving and handling the returns.

GATHER TODAY

DELEGATES TO STATE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION MEET AT PORTLAND.

Salem Will Be Largely Represented—Delegates Will Leave This Morning for Portland—Official Program of the Convention—Closed Tomorrow.

The Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Oregon State Sunday School Association will convene in the First Presbyterian church of Portland this morning and continue two days. This will likely be the greatest convention ever held in Oregon, and the churches of Salem will all send large delegations. The officers of the Association are: President, A. A. Morse, Portland; vice presidents, Mrs. S. A. Lowell, Pendleton, A. F. Flegel, Portland; secretary, Merwin Pugh, Portland; financial secretary, F. E. Cooper, Portland; primary superintendent, Miss Katharine McDonald, Albany; normal superintendent, R. E. Steele, Portland; home department superintendent, Mrs. Sam'l Connell, Portland.

Following is the official program of the convention:

TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1904.

Afternoon Session.

2:00, Devotional—Rev. W. S. Gilbert, Portland.

2:30, Address, The Sunday School and the Church—Rev. W. H. Selleck, Portland.

3:00, Reports of Departments—Primary, Miss Katharine McDonald, Salem; Home, Mrs. Samuel Connell, Portland; Teacher Training, Prof. R. E. Steele, Portland.

3:45, Vocal Solo—Miss Lina Linehan.

3:50, Special Work for Young Men—W. O. Munsell, Portland.

4:10, President's Address—A. A. Morse, Portland.

4:30, Echoes From the "Jerusalem Convention"—Mrs. R. Jones, Echo.

4:55, Appointment of Committees.

5:00, Intermission.

Evening Session.

7:45, Song Service—Prof. Wilder.

8:15, Address, Special Work for Young Women—Mrs. R. K. Warren, Portland.

8:45, Vocal Solo—Mr. Lauren Penae.

8:50, Address, Incentives to Sunday School Work—Rev. E. L. House, D. D., Portland.

WEDNESDAY, June 8, 1904.

Morning Session.

9:00, Devotional Bible Study—Rev. F. C. Stauder, Newberg.

9:30, County Organization—L. E. Richardson, Albany.

10:00, Methods of Ingathering—Mrs. J. E. Ferguson, Astoria.

10:30, House to House Visitation—A. F. Flegel, Portland.

11:00, Home Department—Mrs. W. Holman, Albany.

11:30, The Necessity of a State Organization—Merwin Pugh, Portland.

12:00, Intermission.

Afternoon Session.

2:00, Devotional Bible Study—Rev. S. E. Elder, More.

2:15, Primary Work—In charge of Mrs. R. E. Steele, Portland. (a) Cradle Roll. (b) Beginner's Course. (c) Primary.

2:45, Vocal Solo—Miss Virginia Spencer, Portland.

3:25, Round Table—C. J. Atwood, Salem.

4:00, Teacher Training—The Need—The Course—Prof. R. E. Steele, Portland.

4:30, Treasurer's Report—L. E. Cooper, Portland.

Statistical Report—Merwin Pugh, Portland.

Report of Committees.

5:00, Election of Officers.

5:10, Intermission.

Evening Session.

7:20, Song Service.

7:45, Address—Samuel E. Nelson, Leavenworth.

8:15, Vocal Solo—Miss Ethel Lytle.

8:25, Address, "The Inspiration of the Holy Scripture"—Rev. F. Burgette Short, D. D., Portland.

9:00, Closing Moments—Rev. W. H. Selleck, Portland.

UNCLE HENRY ON PLATFORMS.

(S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Record Herald (Ind.)

They're fixin' up the platforms for the battle that's on hand.

They're loadin' them with language we ain't 'sposed to understand.

They're puttin' big words in 'em, so's to make 'em look immense.

They tell about whereances and the wherefore and the whence.

And there's lots of foolish people think they're splendid things, no doubt.

But the slightest notion as to what they're all about.

Why does each side have a platform?

For to catch the votes, that's all.

And we'll hear a lot concernin' what they mean 'twixt now and fall.

They'll be seedin' glib-tongued fellows here and there and all around.

For the purpose of explainin' that they're good and safe and sound.

And they'll put a meanin' in them that ain't there nor meant to be.

The whole thing's a game of bunco that's as plain as A, B, C.

The Republicans'll tell us that their platform's fair and strong.

And that every plank that's fashioned by the Democrats is wrong.

And the Democrats'll come and try to make us understand.

That they've got the only platform that was ever justly planned.

They'll discover hidden meanin' where our trust's to be betrayed.

In the "cunning" wicked" platform the Republicans have made.

What's the good of these here platforms that go windin' in and out.

And are made so common people don't know what they're all about?

What's the use of usin' language that means nothin' when you're through?

They could make it plain and simple if they only wanted to.

Here's a platform I will write you that, if things were on the square.

Would he all your party needed: "We'll be honest, we'll be fair."

Now it is the "music cure," originating, of course, in Boston, where most of the fads of the kind come from.

Attorney A. M. Cannon was a Portland business visitor over Sunday.

Dr. Stone's Drug Store

IF YOU WANT A TOOTH BRUSH GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A HAIR BRUSH GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A BATH BRUSH GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A COMB GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A FOUNTAIN SYRINGE GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A BULB SYRINGE GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A HOT WATER BOTTLE GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT RUBBER NIPPLES GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A SYRINGE BULB GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A RAZOR GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A DOLLAR WATCH GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A SHAVING BRUSH GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT A SHAVING SOAP GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT TOILET SOAP GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.

IF YOU WANT PERFUME GO TO STONE'S DRUG STORE.