FULL OF VALUE FAIR OF PRICE.

There is no line of goods in the BARR STORE, nor any single article in any one of those lines, that is not full of good, true, honest value and priced at fair, moderate, live-and-let-live figures. Suppose you need a watch. You will find other houses that will sell SOME WATCHES at less money than we do. But you will not find any house but that charges more for THE SAME WATCHES. And thus it is all through the stock. Doubtful qualities may be and are sold for less than we charge for goods of sterling and proven worth. But on strictly dependable Jewelry and Watches and Silverware and Glassware. You can do better at Barr's than any other store in town.

BARR'S JEWELRY STORE, State & Liberty Sts. Leaders in low prices.

Local Events in the Social Realm

PERSONALS.

Dr. Williamson is in Portland.

D. H. Weyant, the Mehama stock rancher, is in the city.

Hon. A. Bush and daughter went to Portland this morning.

Mrs. Henry Dancy went to Portland this morning to visit friends.

A. F. Shultz, the Jefferson capitalist, was a Salem visitor yesterday.

Henry Albauser left today for Starr, Idaho, where he opens a blacksmith shop.

Mrs. J. W. Roland is spending a few days with relatives and friends in Jefferson.

Hon. J. D. Simmons, of Monitor, and W. M. Bird, of McKee, were in the city today.

Mesdames F. M. Reed and H. D. Scott, of Jefferson, are in the city today on business.

Misses Hallie Watson and Lela Tarpley left today for Eugene, where they render the overture "Poet and Peasant," as a piano duet for the Elks' entertainment Monday night.

Basket Ball Saturday.

Oregon City Giants vs. W. U. team. The Giants will try to win the championship of the coast, now held by the W. U. team. Saturday at 8 p. m., in the W. U. gymnasium. Admission 25 cents.

Meneley Quartet

Will be in Salem at the First M. E. church on Wednesday, the 18th, at 8 p. m. Admission 25 cents for adults, 15 cents for children from 10 to 15. Tickets for reserved seats can be had at Pattons' book store for 35 cents. Everybody invited to hear this excellent combination of readers and singers; first-class in all respects.

3-13-3t

Marion Probate Court.

Thursday was the time fixed for the hearing of objections to the petition heretofore filed by Alice A. Miles, guardian of the person and estate of Elma S. Miles, a minor, asking for an order to sell certain real estate belonging to said minor, and no objections having been filed an order was made as prayed for.

An order was also made by the court authorizing Salame La Flemme, executrix of the estate of Edward La Flemme, deceased, to sell 60 cords of wood belonging to the estate, a petition for which order having been filed by the executrix.

Fort Boise West, executor of the estate of William Fowler West, deceased, filed a petition asking for an order of the court allowing him, as such executor, to borrow the sum of $86.19 for the purpose of paying the 1902 taxes levied against the estate, there being no funds or personal property on hand. The prayer of the petitioner was granted.

makes a chef of a cook (better than flour) Presto

Stockton

New Trimmings Neckwear and DressGoods

Stockton

Humphrey Granted Pardon

(Continued from fourth page.)

impossible to conduct a warehouse for any length of time and not come out short. He is satisfied that Humphrey was innocent of any wrong intention to commit crime, and the public generally will endorse his action in this instance.

PARADISE BRAND HAS THE CALL.

Frank Davis, Salem manager of the Standard Biscuit Co. has a heap of trouble supplying the Paradise Soda crackers. He distributed a large stock to the retail trade in paper cartoons and then the factory sends out the same crackers in bulk, boxes from ten to thirty pounds. The cracker-eating public liked the Paradise Sodas so well they refused to believe at first that the same gilt-edged article could be had in bulk, but they are catching onto that fact now pretty fast.

Degree Team Work.

The Degree Team of Protection Lodge No. 2, A. O. U. W., will on Saturday evening March 14th, give a dance in Holman Hall. Good music will be furnished. The dance is for the purpose of securing money to pay for the suits which we have just received, and will wear on that evening. A good time is awaiting for those who attend. 3-13-2t

Don't Miss It.

Oregon City Giants vs. Willamette University team, in a spirited game of basket ball, at W. U. gymnasium, Saturday at 8 p. m. Admission 25 cents.

R. Veal Injured.

Mr. R. Veal received severe injuries in a runaway Wednesday near Sodaville. He was returning on the stage from a trip to Foster, and just as the team started down the Sodaville hill they became frightened and ran away. Mr. Veal and the driver were both thrown from the hack and badly bruised. Mr. Veal suffered a broken nose and a severe gash in his forehead, which required several stitches. He was taken care of at Lebanon, and came to Albany yesterday morning. He is able to be around but received a hard shaking up.—Albany Herald.

THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED DAYS

Powdered Wigs Formed an Important Adjunct to a Gentleman's Apparel.

It is safe to say that the majority of the bald men of today would gladly revive the old, dignified custom if they could. But they can do the next best thing to it; that is, to revive the growth of the hair nature gave them.

In cases where the hair root or hair bulb has not been completely destroyed by parasites that infest it Newbro's Herpicide will do wonders in the way of stimulating the growth of lifeless and falling hair. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect, that is the successful mission of Herpicide.

For sale by Daniel J. Fry. Send 10 cents in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

William Snavely
Successor to
Farrington & Farror
Cash Meat Market
130 Court Street
Will continue to serve the public better than ever, and our prices will always be the lowest.
Will keep the very choicest of meats on hand constantly.

The Reformer

By CHARLES M. SHELDON,
Author of "In His Steps," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days," Etc.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles M. Sheldon

(Continued.)

If a bomb had exploded in the face of Tommy Randall and his lawyer, they could not have been more thoroughly dumfounded. The lawyer hastily whispered to his client. Tommy smiled in a ghastly manner.

"It is possible, of course, your honor, that the city engineer has made a mistake in his figures. Mistakes are possi-

The little company rose to greet him.

ble in surveys and measurements, as can be easily shown by reference to official records."

Justice Chambers made no reply. Probably a more speechless group of men never traveled in the electric cars together than that one which made the trip from the police judge's court, No. 9, to the Waterside district.

When Bowen street was reached, the five men walked over to the site of Tommy's double decker.

Judge Julius Chambers secured a mason's measuring line from one of the workmen. Then he turned somewhat grimly to Tommy Randall.

"I suppose you can trust me to measure correctly?"

Tommy murmured something. So did the attorney. It may be remarked in passing that it was not exactly a prayer that either man uttered.

Calling one of the masons to help, Judge Chambers measured off the foundation walls. Then he put down some figures on a card. Then he straightened up and said in a peculiarly soft voice:

"I get your measurements, Mr. Gordon, just ninety-eight feet. Court is adjourned to the station, and I desire the attendance of all the parties in the case."

Not a word was said by any one on the way back. Gordon was singing in his soul a song of hope. Here was a Daniel come to judgment. Whenever before in the history of that city had a public judge or any other ever done a thing like this? The spectacled, soft voiced young man suddenly loomed up before Gordon as a most imposing figure.

Back in court again, Judge Julius Chambers, relieving the assistant judge who had taken his place in his absence, confronted the parties in the case. His voice was ringing now; no softness or meditation in his manner.

"Tommy Randall, this court finds you guilty of the charge named in the warrant, and I fine you the maximum penalty, which is a fine of $300, with an added sentence of sixty days in jail, unless the building is changed in its construction within thirty days to conform to existing ordinances. I may add that while it is possible the city engineer may have made a mistake in his figures, it is my deliberate conviction that a conspiracy of a grave character has been entered into here by you, Mr. Randall, to deceive the court, and if such conspiracy can be shown to exist, as I shall do my utmost to prove, it will be a penitentiary case for both you and your attorney. Call the next case."

Tommy Randall's attorney had a face the color of dirty putty. Tommy himself glared at the judge and then at Gordon. He finally, with a great effort, pulled himself together and went out with his lawyer after the latter had gone through the regular formality of appealing the case to the court of appeals.

All the way to Hope House Gordon and Ford felt like executing a dance of some kind in the car. Once in the familiar library, they related the whole affair to Miss Andrews and the delighted settlement workers.

"This means the beginning of the end for Tommy Randall," said Ford.

Miss Andrews shook her head.

"Tommy appealed the case. He will get out there. Remember he has never yet been convicted. Today's experience was only a scratch to him. He has not yet been seriously hurt. You do not know him as I do."

"But Chambers does not intend to let the other matter rest. It was a plain case of conspiracy and deliberate effort to deceive the court."

Miss Andrews shook her head again.

"Tommy is an old fox. He made a mistake in not measuring Judge Chambers aright. But now that he knows him he will be cautious. I confess I have very little hope of his ultimate conviction."

"But he will have to change the building, won't he?" one of the young women asked.

"It's my opinion the masons will be at work tomorrow just the same, and

Neither said a word.

no change will be made. My dear, you do not know Tommy Randall nor appreciate his power. I do, to my cost."

In the morning Gordon and Miss Andrews went over to the site of the tenement, accompanied by Ford, Miss Hammond and nearly all the workers.

The masons had begun their day's work. In answer to questions they said they had received no orders to change anything.

"It's easy to say, I told you so!" Miss Andrews calmly spoke as the little company slowly went back to the house. "Of course, pending the decision of the case in the court of appeals, Tommy will go on with the building, because he feels sure the decision there will reverse Chambers' decision."

"Then I don't see as we can do anything," said Gordon dejectedly.

"Yes, you've done something to get Tommy Randall convicted in any court at all."

"But I don't see that the conviction hurts him any. He ought to be in jail. Instead of that, he's going right on with his lawlessness just the same as if he hadn't been found guilty at all," said one of the young women.

Gordon looked at Miss Andrews. She smiled sadly.

"Yes," she replied in answer to his question, "unless Judge Julius Chambers can scotch this viper more seriously than this I anticipate nothing except endless delay of the case in the court of appeals. There is a case there now that was appealed by Tommy three years ago. It is a case of law's delay, and we seem powerless to do anything."

"Somehow I have hope in Chambers. Did you see the account in the Index this morning? That sounded like him."

"I saw that," Ford spoke up brightly. "It gave Tommy a great roast, I tell you."

The article referred to in the morning Index was a conspicuous column account of the conviction of Tommy Randall in public court on a charge sworn out by the Hope House people. It was a scathing article, written by some one who had dipped his pen in something more than a hired reporter's ink bottle. There was a scorching vigor to it that drove the fact deep home to the reader that Tommy Randall was murdering little children in Ward 18 by his construction contrary to law of tenements like the one that made possible the recent tenement house tragedy. The article concluded with these words:

Will the people endure this sort of thing much longer? Tommy Randall is not an abstraction. He is 200 pounds of coarse flesh and bad blood, which spits on the law and says to the people, "You mind your own business." For thirty years Tommy Randall has ruled Waterside district like a tyrant. He has no office in the service of the people. He works at no trade. He is not elected to any position in the city. Yet he has grown rich from his blackmail of saloons, gambling dens, houses of vice and business firms in the district. His trade is in flesh and blood. No slave driver ever employed more artful means to trap his victims or more brutality in riveting on their manacles, and the horror of the whole affair is intensified by the fact that this creature who is after all the tool of the machine that created him has actually persuaded the miserable wretches who nourish him that he is their best friend. There will be no release from this slavery until the machine that made Tommy Randall what he is has been broken in pieces by the people so that it can neither turn out any more product like him or keep in power what has already been brought into existence. We say, Smash the machine. The people are able to do it. Will they do it?

The Review also contained a good account of Tommy's case in the police court and in addition cited in full the blue print incident and boldly denounced the lawyer and the boss for attempt at conspiracy to deceive the court. Three other papers had more or less extended notice of the event, and all of them were unfavorable to Tommy. This was the more significant as two of the papers had been for the administration.

"There's hope here," Miss Andrews said that evening as the little settlement family was gathered in the family library and the accounts in the different papers were being reviewed. "Maybe this is the first murmuring of the Deeper God grant"—

The bell rang, and a visitor was announced.

Mr. Julius Chambers came in, and the little company around the table rose to greet him. The slight, pale faced figure with the gold rimmed spectacles was at that moment the most interesting personality, next to their own head, in all the city. "I've had in mind to come here for some time," he said to Miss Andrews when they were all seated again. "I want to know you and your work at first hand. Unless I am mistaken the storm center of the next campaign will be somewhere in this vicinity."

"Will you be anywhere near the center of that center?" asked Gordon, leaning over and looking at Chambers intensely.

"By the grace of God, Mr. Gordon, I want to be as near the center of it as I can get, and nothing would please me more than to have your company."

Gordon tingled all over. He arose and put out his hand. The judge took it. Neither said a word, but from that minute the two men were knit to each other.

They sat late that night around the library table, the most enthusiastic, interested and in some ways the most unselfish group of men and women in that city. Gordon and Chambers laid out a plan of campaign. It included the use of every moral and Christian force in the city. And the message they were to bring to the people was the message of murdered childhood, the double decker for a background, the political boss a necessary result of politics that lived on its spoils and cared no more for humanity's loss and ruin than any machine cares for the dust that whirls through its mechanism, to be blown out over the world or trod under foot to rise and be swept again into the rush of the wheels that with metallic heartlessness grind on, doing the will of their maker, but caring for no man's soul.

It seemed to them all during the weeks that followed that the city was awakening to some stern reality of its moral obligations. As the young judge had said that night when he appeared at Hope House, "The hour of the people is at hand." He himself, sometimes alone, oftener with Gordon or Falmouth, night after night addressed great mass meetings held under the direction of church or temperance or municipal reform bodies. Falmouth and a score of other ministers organized the young people into campaign material. The pulpit began to speak out. The papers contained columns of very free advertising of Tommy Randall and his methods. Chambers' voice spoke through an astonishing number of editorials and other articles, exposing long standing cases of awful incompetency and fraud in the city government. The storm of the people's fury rose and grew with every night's gathering, and the storm center was literally the Waterside district.

Under the leadership of Gordon, Chambers and Falmouth hundreds of business men visited the tenement houses and saw for the first time the horrors that were intensified by the machine. Hundreds of them were taken by Miss Andrews or Gordon to Tommy Randall's double decker, which had gone steadily up through all the rising of the storm, and the lawlessness of his acts was a visible illustration of the whole situation. Miss Andrews had written to Mrs. Captain George Ellingham telling her the situation, and that old lady had replied: "Use the first hundred thousand if necessary in carrying on the campaign and the second also. I will try to find some more if you only succeed in cleaning out Mr. Thomas Randall."

So the settlement workers thanked God and plunged into the thick of the fight as it grew in power, for every saloon interest, every gambling hell, every house of evil fame, fought for its miserable life. For once almost like magic, to the astonishment of evil, all the good of the city appeared to be united, on its knees praying, on its feet working. And as the campaign drew near its climax every dark and hideous viper that had fattened in the security of years of protection from the city crawled out of its hole and showed its ugly and poisonous front, rearing it against an assault that for the first time in history was really doing something to vindicate the name of the stern righteousness of God in men.

One morning John Gordon, going by Tommy Randall's double decker, found it deserted of workmen. It had gone up three stories and a half.

When Miss Andrews heard the news, she said: "That means that Tommy is in need of campaign funds. He has spent a fortune already. If that dumbbell is never finished"—

"We will let it stand as a monument of victory," said Gordon.

Two evenings later Gordon, Falmouth, Chambers and Miss Andrews went together to a monster mass meeting. All four of them spoke. Miss Andrews was received with a great demonstration. When Chambers spoke, it was noticeable that hundreds of men and women representing the wealth and fashion of the city were there, and that, although he uttered the most scathing rebuke of the selfish wealthy people who shunned all civic responsibility, they listened with positive admiration to a speech that was a torrent of eloquence, for Chambers was an aristocrat himself and could not be repudiated by any of the city's most cultured or refined circles. Mrs. Penrose was present that night with Luella and Archie. They all heard Miss Andrews, with genuine surprise at her ability. Chambers provoked their applause even while he angered them by his prophet's denunciation of their wicked selfishness. Falmouth's speech was a calm but earnest appeal to the conscience, and every hearer was more honestly thoughtful for it. Then Gordon rose.

He had gained amazingly in the power to address a great crowd. He simply told the story of the tenements out of his own experience. He made no plea; he uttered no denunciation; simply told how childhood was tortured and crushed and stifled and murdered in the double deckers. His story was the story of childhood's rights. It made a tremendous impression. Mrs. Penrose bent her head, and her lips whispered the litany:

"O Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me."

Luella never took her eyes off John Gordon's face. As he drew near the end she noted the extreme exhaustion of his whole bearing. And as he finished and sat down she observed Miss Andrews, who was seated behind Gordon, lean forward and ask him something.

Then as the chairman of the meeting was making some announcement for another gathering Luella saw Chambers and Falmouth suddenly rise and go over to Gordon just as he swayed and would have fallen. The two friends caught him and quickly carried him off the stage. Miss Andrews followed them, and the great audience began to go out.

Luella hesitated. Mrs. Penrose had not seen anything. She had not been looking.

"I think Mr. Gordon was ill," Luella said.

"Shall we wait and inquire?" Mrs. Penrose asked quickly.

"I'll go up and see about it," Archie suddenly volunteered.

(To be Continued.)

You Don't Go to a Roof Garden

When you wish to plant seed or gather fruit. Neither should you expect returns when you place your advertising in undesirable mediums. The Journal can always be relied on to yield a bountiful return for the money invested, because in Salem everybody that can read, reads The Journal.

Armstrong, the Baker City murderer, thinks he will get clear because he loved the woman he killed. He is probably laboring under a pleasant mistake.

Salem Justice Court.

Before Justice Horgan. Suit of J. W. Ransom and Chas. Ransom vs. H. McGinnis, for balance on a note; jury consisted of J. A. Baker, Ross Moores, Max O. Buren, Jack Ryan and August Huckestein, after remaining out 10 minutes returned a verdict in favor of the defendant.

S. H. Van Winkle and P. H. D'Arcy were attorneys.

Verdict for Defendant.

In the suit of C. F. Benadridge vs. Geo. F. Rodgers, in City Recorder Judah's court, jury gave verdict for costs against plaintiff.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sherman left yesterday afternoon for a two weeks' visit at Portland and Hood River.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McFarlane, of Turner, spent yesterday in Salem.

W. Uppendahl, recently from Minnesota has bought the Arnold property, three blocks just east of the Lincoln school.

WHAT IS THE USE

Of suffering from indigestion if you eat what you want, or of starving yourself to avoid such distress? Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets taken after eating will digest your food perfectly, and free you from all the disagreeable symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia. Eat what you like at any time, and take an Acker tablet afterward. Positively guaranteed. Your money will always be refunded if you are not satisfied. Write to us for a free sample. W. H. Hooker & Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

Revised Mother Goose.

Old Mother Goose
Said "It's no use,
I must have more geese for down."
A Journal want ad
She placed, and had
Geese come from every town.

A RYE FACE

Is apt to suggest a bitter experience, but the experience of those using our ice is apt to be a satisfactory one, as there is nothing deleterious in it, and for your drinking water it is both pure and healthful. As a cooler it is economical and clean. If you want satisfactory ice service drop us a postal to No. 174 Commercial street, or call our telephone No. 2131 Main.

MRS. M. BECK.