

Oregon City Enterprise

DATES TO REMEMBER.

Tuesday, July 13.—Fourth annual assembly of the Willamette Valley Chautauqua Association meets in Gladstone Park to remain in session for twelve days.

FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1897.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

A Successful Meeting and a Large Attendance.

Last Friday the annual institute for Clackamas county teachers came to a close. The attendance for the entire three days was above that of former institutes and the teachers showed an interest and spirit in the work that was a credit to them and which proved that they were present with the intention of better preparing themselves for their work and make of their vocation a profession, rather than a make-shift for the time being. In Professor Ackerman and Grout the institute had two of the best instructors in the state and the course of instruction which they carried out was practical and in line with the teachers attending.

The closing meeting of the institute, was held in Weinhart's hall, Friday evening, and was largely attended by teachers and city residents.

The first number on the program was a solo by our popular singer, Mrs. J. H. Strickler, which met with a hearty encore.

County School Superintendent Starkweather, who presided as chairman, then introduced the Rev. Dr. Williams of St. Paul's church, who spoke of the necessity of our public schools being free from political as well as religious manipulation. He said also that the school must be moral and inspirational. A vocal solo by Miss Mabel Ragland, was then had, to the manifest delight of the audience who demanded an encore. An interesting address by Prof. J. A. Ackerman, of the Harrison street school, Portland, was next in order. He spoke especially of the influence of home, teachers, books, companions and environment in moulding the character of the child.

Mrs. Hackett then pleased the audience with a sither solo which was well received, she being forced to respond to an encore.

A short address by George C. Brownell, was the next thing on the program. He mentioned the progress made by the United States in matters pertaining to education, saying that \$170,000,000, much more than any other nation spends, is expended each year by the United States, in the cause of public instruction.

The address was followed by a well delivered recitation, "The Hero of 1780," by W. G. Beattie.

An address by Prof. Grout of the Portland high school, followed. He said 23 per cent of our entire population attended the public school, and that parents and teachers should co-operate to educate the child most successfully.

Miss Kate Ward then delighted the audience with the rendition of a vocal solo. An encore was demanded and received.

Some announcements were made by Mrs. C. H. Dye, relative to the Chautauqua assembly class work, which is of pressing interest just now.

A catchy and spirited address was made by Austin Craig, of Forest Grove, County superintendent of Washington county. He spoke of the trials which the schoolmistress meets, and the reward which will surely be hers when she is called up higher.

A finely rendered solo was then sung by Prof. R. A. Heritage, which elicited a hearty encore, to which he responded with a comic selection.

Short spirited addresses apropos of the occasion, were made by Mr. F. T. Griffith, Dr. W. E. Carll, Rev. Dr. Butler, of the Congregational church, and Mr. A. S. Dresser.

"The Shadows" a charming recitation by Miss Florence Patty, was duly appreciated by the audience.

Miss Mattie Draper presided as accompanist on the piano, to the complete satisfaction of those present.

This closing meeting of the teachers institute, was a fitting finale to the very pleasant and profitable gatherings which had been in progress during the week, and the many teachers throughout the county who attended will go back to their respective homes, with added zest and new inspiration, which will accomplish much during the next term's school.

The following resolutions were introduced and passed unanimously:

We, the teachers of Clackamas county, realizing our obligations to those who have made our annual institute so pleasant and profitable, do hereby pass the following resolutions of thanks:

First, to Prof. H. G. Starkweather, our efficient county superintendent, for his thoughtful attention to our needs as teachers.

Second, to Professor J. H. Ackerman for his able exposition of advanced methods in history, arithmetic and grammar.

Third, to Professor D. A. Grout for his interesting presentations of practical work in reading, geography and spelling.

Fourth, to State Superintendent G. M. Irwin and Miss Dunlap for their eloquent addresses.

Following are the names of the teachers present:

H. G. Starkweather, County Superintendent.

Prof. J. A. Ackerman, principal of Harrison street school, Portland.

Prof. D. A. Grout of the Portland high school.

G. M. Irwin, State Superintendent of public instruction.

Austin Craig, of Forest Grove, County Superintendent of Washington County.

Miss Dunlap, of Portland, a teacher of kindergarten work.

Cora B. Moore, Wilsonville.

G. A. Heinz, Scotts Mills.

Katie Storts, Woodburn.

Wm. Hankins, City.

J. G. Noe, Needy.

Blanche Pond, City.

Mary Guttridge, Springwater.

Hattie Bray, Canemah.

Bessie Hubbard, City.

Prof. Heritage, Salem.

Annie Hieinbotham, Viola.

D. F. Warner, Currinsville.

Bert Henderson, Elwood.

O. N. Blair, Scotts Mills.

Wm. Hayhurst, City.

M. A. Lehman, Firwood.

Elmer McArthur, New Era.

Elgiva Mullin, Milwaukie.

Lula Hankins, City.

Mary Blum, City.

Mabel Hannegan, City.

Vina Gard, Clarke.

W. F. Dixon, Macksburg.

Hattie Monroe, Portland.

Georgia Ruth, Clackamas.

Louisa Fallensbee, City.

Lizzie Shipley, City.

Mrs. Ida Starkweather Derry, Milwaukie.

Mrs. Alice Starkweather.

S. J. Oglesby, Aurora.

Cora Lemon, Parkplace.

J. G. Garrow, Gladstone.

Norma Fox, Oswego.

Blanche Dyer, Oswego.

Mattie Tellefson, Parkplace.

C. E. Minier, Portland.

Howard Eccles, Portland.

Ethel Cheney, City.

Albert Knight, Canby.

Charles Rutherford, Highland.

M Hyatt, City.

N W Bowland, Portland.

Sarah Sleeper, Milwaukie.

Mrs Leslie Bowland, Portland.

Gertrude L Rice, City.

Mina Joehne, City.

Nora Curran, Ely.

A C Strange, City.

Ida Birkemeier, Milwaukie.

Myrtle E Taylor, City.

Ada Randall, New Era.

R E Eby, Parkplace.

Rosa Miller, City.

Mrs Jess Hyatt, City.

Eula Strange, Damascus.

Alaze Watkins, Milwaukie.

Rufus C Holman, Meadowbrook.

Alex Thomson, Clackamas.

Adam B Herman, Beaver creek.

Ida Francis, Tualatin.

Aletha Phelps, Canby.

Mary J Rogers, Milwaukie.

Jennie E Rowen, City.

Mollie Hankins, "

Victor Dickey, Molalla,
Fannie G Porter, City,
Martin Masing, Beaver creek,
Marjorie Caulfield, City,
Erma Lawrence, City,
S W Holmes, "
H A Pittenger, "
D Kay, "
Emma Sturchler, Clackamas,
A da Moehne, Beaver creek,
B Veeder, Monitor,
G F McArthur, New Era,
Ada McLaughlin, Milwaukie,
J C Zinner, Sunnyside,
H S Strange, City,
Phena McDonald, Hubbard,
Elizabeth Illig, "
Margaret Williams, City,
Helen Case, Liberal,
L T Anderson, Currinsville,
George Case, Liberal,
Lorene Ackerman, City,
Knox Cooper, Carus,
Kate Porter, City,
John K Eby, Currinsville,
W S Shrock, Hubbard,
Ellen Byers, Stone,
Ada McLaughlin, Milwaukie,
Mehala Gill, Logan,
Mamie Adams, City,
Olive Luelling, "
W E Young, Woodburn,
Annette Pauley, Oswego,
Chas Hansen, Wilsonville,
Mrs L W McAdam, City,
Belle Evans, "

WHAT THE WIND SAID

The dry cornstalks stood close to the eaves on three sides of the little house; on the fourth was an open space by courtesy titled "the yard." It was but a bare patch of black earth, so dry that it was cracked and fissured in a geometric design. The low stable was opposite the house, and between them stood a farm wagon and a cultivator, under which a few chickens huddled, trying to find shelter from the sweep of the wind.

A woman stood in the door of the house, looking at a distant tendril of smoke that trailed in the sky—the smoke of the east bound passenger train. She was young and rather pretty, but her red hair was twisted into a hard, defiant little knot, her mouth drooped at the corner and her eyes were heavy and brooding. She listened to the harsh creaking of the corn and her face grew set and intent.

"Rick had no right to bring me to such a place," she thought, forgetting how willingly she had come. "He will be late tonight, but I will make up the fire and have the supper ready." As she turned to go in she glanced down the wagon track that led out through the corn to the main road. She could see the shiny top of a buggy and in another moment a sorrel horse driven by a man in a light overcoat. Probably the real estate agent coming to see Rick about the mortgage.

The man drove into the yard, tied his horse to the wheel of the wagon and came toward the house. "Don't you know me, Kate?" he called loudly, to be heard above the wind.

"Why, George Gilbert, is it you?" she exclaimed. She held out her hand. "How did you ever happen to get here? Come right into the house. Rick's gone to town for coal."

The man followed her into the main room of the house, which served the double purpose of parlor and kitchen. In one corner stood the stove; above it a long shelf covered with the neatly scalded papers, on which stood the lamps and tinware. A safe with perforated tin doors was in another corner. A bit of Ingrain carpet, a rocking chair and a round table with a red cover made the parlor.

"You see, I'm traveling for a grocery house," the man said, sitting down, "and I make Houston now, and your folks said I must be sure and come out and see you. How are you doing?"

"Doing!" Kate cried, scornfully looking around the room. "Can't you see? Making just enough to keep soul and body together—corn 14 cents and we're nine miles from market."

"Why don't you come back home?" he asked, leaning forward in his chair and noticing how much Kate had aged since she came west.

"Dick never seems to think of it; besides, I don't think we've got money enough to take one of us, let alone both. I just long to go—sometimes it seems like I'd go wild staying here. A man can get along better a woman."

"Are you coming?" he asked. She stood a moment straightening the cover on the table. "Yes, I'll go," she said decisively. "There are a few things I must take, but I can be ready in half an hour."

"It's 4:30," George called. She laid her hat and cloak on the bed. "I'm glad I baked the bread and dried apples this morning," she thought; "men are so helpless about housework. I must leave some word of where I'm gone. I guess he has tried to be good to me, but he has no right to keep me here."

She found a sheet of the thin blue lined paper on which she had so often written to her folks. She sat down on the bed with the ink bottle on a chair near by. "Dear Rick," she wrote, then hastily crossed it out and began "Rick." Then she was motionless for a time, her eyes fixed on the ceiling. At last she wrote: "George Gilbert is here and is going to lend me money to go home on. I cannot stand it here any longer. I hope you will forgive me, for I know you have tried to be good to me and"

was dusk when she heard the sound of wheels. She took the lantern from the high shelf, lit it and set out for the barn. "Is that you, Rick?" she called.

Kate held the lantern while her husband unhitched and fed his horses. Then they walked together to the house. Through the open door a block of light fell on the ground and within the red tablecloth and white dishes shone pleasant and cheerful.

"I've got some good news, sis," Rick said across the table as he helped himself to a third cut of pie. "Old man Shutz wants to buy this farm. Says he don't like the way my land gouges out the corner of his section. He will take up the mortgage and give me \$600 clear. It ain't much, but we can go back home and begin over again—begin over again in a country where a man gets a decent living for his sweat and labor."

Kate laid her hand on the table and began to cry. "Why, sis, ain't you tickled?" he asked. "I did it because I thought this was no place for you."

"I am awful pleased," she answered, "but I was so tired I thought maybe you didn't care."

In the night the wind came up and set the cornstalks creaking and rustling with a thousand whispers, but they said to Kate, "Years fly, years fly—goodby, goodby." Now the whisper of the wind was sweet to her as she lay listening. "Years fly, years fly—goodby, goodby."—Chicago News.

Fits Cured
An absentminded man once received a letter. He knew the handwriting; he wanted to read it in haste. It was entirely dark, so he struck a light, tore a piece of paper and lighted a candle. But the letter was gone—he had used it to light the candle.—Strand Magazine.

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