

and butter, and to make all other education an after matter. We esteem the man who can take up his axe and chop cordwood, or follow the plough for 12 hours a day, far above the imbecile college graduate who prefers to starve rather than labor at reasonable wages, at honest manual labor. So we write in favor of practical, everyday education that can be applied, and not have to be sought in books when needed. Get ready to battle with the world. What would you think of the man who would go to the woods to hunt pigeons without a gun, intending if he saw game to return and get his gun. We say young men and women, students of 1884, take your gun—a good practical education—along with you. Away with all theories, and experiments, and get at the practical first, and then after that is thoroughly mastered you can attack the metaphysical theories with all the zeal athirst for knowledge will give you.

Household rules—respectfully submitted to the ladies of the Normal School:

By a Philanthropist.

To keep knives and forks in good condition, wash them after every meal.

To keep the curtains of the smoking room from becoming scented with tobacco make your husband do his smoking in the back yard.

Jewelry may be nicely cleansed by dipping in hot, soapy water and polishing with a little white powder and a piece of chamois. It is better not to try this too often with gold watches.

Clothes pins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried once or twice a day for a month become more durable. Five cents' worth of clothes pins can thus be made to last twice as long simply by a little extra trouble and the consumption of a few dollars' worth of coal.

Why is a boy in arithmetic like a lame dog? He puts down three and carries one.

Mr. D. says that friction is useful in holding all knots tied, except one. We think he meant the matrimonial knot; but we have known friction to untie this knot. If knot, why knot?

Answers to problems deferred for another week, Feb. 1st.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

An original poem read by Miss Lena Dicus at the open session of the Hesperian and Vespertine Societies, Dec. 20, 1883.

To fill the various walks of life;
To share the honor and the strife;
To have resources at command;
To lend our race a helping hand;
To train the mind, and hand, and heart;
To first receive and then impart;
To fill the head even full
We came to the "Oregon Normal School."

What pleasant pictures rose to view;
What images of various hue;
What visions clothed in bright array.

Danced before us night and day.
For weeks and weeks before we came,
We dreamed of steady, rising fame.
And on the platform, at the bar,
All others, we excelled by far.

Alas! we now have proof enough.
That dreams are not substantial stuff.
It has not been long since we were made feel,

That visions are not always real.
But true advancement, every term,
Makes fancy real, and bridges fun.
But terra firma is our place,
And here, we have the foe to face.

What mountains we have seen removed;
What strange enigmas clearly proved;
Where wild confusion used to reign,

The why's and wherefore's now made plain.

Light floods the mind from earth to skies,

And every where new beauties rise.
The darkest night is turned to day,
When President Stanley leads the way.

When first we came we were giants wise,

Professors dwarf, before our eyes.
One month gone. We got smaller;
The professors got a little taller.

A term has passed. We're in confusion,
And now suspect our first conclusion.

Holidays have come. With minds complaint,

We confess that each Professor is a giant.

To yield a power to our profession,
Our living thoughts must find expression;

Our mother tongue must be respected,
And awkward gestures all corrected.

By well adjusted evolution,
Our powers are trained by elocution.

To stir these fires that in us rest,
President Stanley did his best.

With mind confused, the tongue will stammer,

Till drilled in rhetoric and grammar;
With grace and power we write and speak,

When trained in these and classic Greek
All forms of thought we learn to trace,
Each hero's conflicts, aims, and race.

But all concerns we lay aside,
When Professor Yates is guide.

Our powers are steeped in hazy slumber
Till trained in quantity and number;
But mathematics bid us trace,
All numbers, sizes, forms and space,

Lines, circles, squares and gravitation
Unlock the mysteries of creation.
Though problems great our minds appall
Professor Powell knows them all.

We further need (to make us critics)

A knowledge of the metaphysics.
All our mental powers dissected,
Viewed apart and re-connected,
When the mind is polished bright,
All creation teems with light.
A skillful hand completes the plan
Prof. Hawes is just the man.

That sacred truth, all may learn,
The Bible is read to us each morn,
And after reverential prayer,
Mistakes are pointed out with care.
Then practical and moral hints,
And succeeded by way of short comment,
Little folks may learn the way,
When Miss Colbert has full sway.

Each course throughout the range of studies,

Is open to receive the ladies.
In every class at recitation,
The sexes mix in all gradations,
While eagerly we strive together,
The one is sure to help the other,
It sharpens sense, it stirs ambition,
And fosters healthy competition.

Our societies, through every season,
Give ample scope for taste and reason.
The Hesperians lend a hand,
To all who with the males will stand.

The Vespertines train the young,
To wield the pen, and use the tongue,
With thoughts as pure and aims as high,
We give them a glance while passing by.

Determined not to be behind,
We with efforts combined,

Meet to have our minds improved.
And sympathetic natures moved,

In wit and wisdom highly gifted,
All questions are severely sifted,
The other sex at times invited,
Are both instructed and delighted.

In all that charms the mind and heart,
Young and old, take an active part,
In lofty themes and thoughts sublime,

We all delight to spend the time,
We lay aside all quirk's and guesses.
For well read essays, short addresses,
Impromptu speeches, declamations,

Warm debates and grand orations.

In mental grasp and faith unshaken
We try to rival Locke or Bacon,
In eloquence we are sure to please,

If we outstrip Demosthenes.
When in a sea of troubles,
We think of Newton and the pebbles.

Repeated failures mere dismay,
We hope at least to win the day.

May it be our's while thus we aim,
To still be worthy of our claim,
To guard our footsteps lest we stumble.

But be content however humble,
To lift the fallen from the dust,
And above put all our trust,

With truth our banner still unfurled,
May normal students shake the world.

The range of studies taught us here—
But for that task I feel unequal;
Some abler pen must tell the sequel;

So let me hasten to the close
For fear my rhyme will end in prose,
But to my class mates dear

I am happy to-night to meet you here,
Study with one great aim in view;
Be honest, upright, noble and true,

When you leave these halls where ever
you may be
You can look with pleasure on your
school days of '83.

The American Disease.

Nothing satisfies the ambition of the average school-boy so well as to pass rapidly over a subject in a minimum time. And here is where many teachers make fatal mistakes; they allow themselves to gratify this desire of the pupil and then wonder why there is such a lack of thoroughness. The fact is, they, as well as their pupils, are in too much of a hurry. They wish to pass over a certain number of pages in a given length of time; as a consequence of such teaching the children have a mere smattering of the studies pursued. Like the magic seed of the Indian jungles, which germinated, blossomed, and bore fruit before the bystander, such teachers are too anxious to produce the wisdom of manhood in a ten-year-old boy in a fortnight. "Make haste slowly," remembering that one idea thoroughly rooted in the child's mind is more valuable than the whole school course run through his brain like water through a rubber hose.—*Missouri School Journal.*

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