

FROM EXPERIENCE'S NOTEBOOK

ONCE upon a time, as the stories run, I applied for a school, as teachers do, in a far-off part of Oregon. It was my first application. With fear and trembling I sent the bit of paper to that august body, the board of directors, who examined my writing, shook their heads over my spelling, and hired me.

The school house of unhewn logs with "shakes" nailed over the cracks, snuggled low down on the sunset side of a very big hill. Standing thickly above it, throwing their long morning shadows across our play-ground, rose tier upon tier, and tier upon tier of straight Oregon firs; and all around, furnishing acceptable mid-day lunches, throve a thicket of salmon and thimble berry bushes.

At last the first day—that day of all days—was over. I walked along the crooked country road and climber the many hills escorted by a band of chattering youngsters, and feeling quite as young and glad and free as they. I was going home with one set of my pupils, for I "boarded round."

So the first day, and the next, and the next, the first week, and by-and-by a month passed—a month of real pleasure. Not one unpleasant "jar," not one unruly boy or saucy girl, not one failure of lessons from lack of study or attention, no, not even one hand raised with the ubiquitous question, "Teacher, please may I go out?"—not any of these, or the many others that disturbed my peace or awoke within me a sense of "nerves."

I had a good school—with emphasis on the word good—thanks to the parents. Evidently the children had been trained in the way they should go, and were going in that way. From the ABC class to the "big girls" finishing the eighth grade, there was no lack of ambition.

School teaching was easy—of course it was. I had begun to think it ideal work, but, "Tis a long road that has no turning," they say.

One morning in walked a boy as ragged and unkempt as any I had ever seen, his apparel begging description.

"My name's Hodge, folks calls me Hod fur short," he announced. "And your age?" I questioned, reaching for my register.

"Oh, I dunno, 'bout 'leven, I reckon." I suggested that he ask his parents.

"Twon't do no good," he rejoined. "I've asked heeps o' times; nann's dead and pap 'lows he dunno."

Here was a specimen, to me an unknown one. From others I learned that the boy's father had but recently entered the neighborhood, and belonged to the class designated as "shiftless."

For a week I worked with my boy—worked hard—and Friday night went home with a raging headache. Had I known about "Huckleberry Finn" I might have thought he had come to "be civilized" over again; but I didn't know "Huckleberry" and I didn't know what to do with Hod.

Wherever I sat him he created a round of commotion. Smothered giggles from some of the little ones often warned me that something other than study was on hand. Even older pupils deigned to glance from their books more than occasionally.

I was in despair. My book of experience consisted of one month's record, and my theories wouldn't work. The story of the one bad apple in a bushel of good ones persistently stood forth in my memory, and my spirits were fast going down to zero.

Munday, however, Hod was absent. He had "got a job and gone to work" I was told. Perhaps I breathed a sigh of relief—though I felt it would never have been proper to have said so.

For two weeks peace reigned, then Hod, tiring of his "job" came back to school, just as unmanageable for me—as ever, and two weeks farther behind in his classes. "Pap" thought "a week or two out didn't 'mount to nuthin'" and when I urged a little home study—perhaps ask father to help—Hod electrified the school by announcing, "pap 'lows that's what they hired yo' fur,"—but I am getting ahead of my story.

During the boy's absence his bench, the only one empty, had been assigned to some new comers; so, for the day, Hod sat on a box at the edge of my platform and made

faces at the school in general. This would never do.

As the four-o'clock line marched jubilantly out, I quietly asked my two-oldest girls to remain a moment. They were sensible girls, studying to be teachers themselves, and I knew I could trust them. I put the case before them, talking as girl to girl, and never pretending—for it would have been only a pretense—to know what to do. I explained how I could not do justice to the others and have one eye constantly on Hod, and we laughed together over my "spoiling" temper.

"Where'll I set, today?" queried Hod next morning.

"Let me see," I mused, letting my eyes run over the rows of rude home-made benches. "How would you like to take my chair and sit at that desk?" indicating a spot in the farthest corner of the room, at the end of the longest row of seats, and just back of where my two oldest girls sat.

Hod surveyed the location critically, but the possession of the only chair and a desk where the "big" pupils sat, were honors too strong to be resisted. He took possession of his new quarters with manifest delight, but a delight no greater than my own, for my two girls had volunteered to look after Hod.

"We won't let him bother us, and perhaps we can help him," they said.

"Yes, help him, help him with his lessons—help him whenever you have time. He is so far behind he just can't get along alone, and when he doesn't know what to do he's getting into mischief, and I positively can't find time to help him as much as he needs," I had answered. So it was agreed.

Thereafter the girls taught Hod how to study, ignored his antics, treated him with respect, and championed his cause on the school ground. In return they gained as loyal a little subject as queen might wish to possess.

Qualities I never suspected came to the front in Hod's nature. He gained respect for things, for others, for himself. The girls, seconded by the younger children who were quick to follow an action so decided, had given Hod a place in the school; had made him feel, instead of the outcast he had unconsciously been accustomed to consider himself, that he was one with the others, and, being pupils themselves, they had done for Hod what a teacher alone could not do.

Still he did not become an angel all at once—far from it; but he was learning, and so were the rest of us. Even the little ones ceased to give special heed when Hod's chair, which was being trained to stand on two legs, went over among the dinner-pails in the corner, as it often did, boy and all.

I might mention one other plan, if plan it could be called, which helped me in the management of my boy, and upon which I accidentally stumbled in the early days of his attendance.

"You may be excused to go home and hunt for your arithmetic,"—a much-needed and many-times-forgotten book which its owner "never had time to find,"—I had said late one afternoon. Hod objected; he did not want to be excused.

As it happened, being summer, no neighbors to disturb, a crowded school room, uncomfortable seats, etc., I was accustomed, as soon as the first and second grade children had completed a certain work, to excuse them. Sometimes in the rush of classes I forgot them, and not until their restlessness attracted my attention did I send them to play.

Hod had drawn his conclusions: the older pupils were not excused; the little ones disturbed and they were; for a big boy to be excused was a disgrace since it meant he was too troublesome to be wanted in the schoolroom, and Hod objected.

"I fear I must excuse you," was thereafter a magic charm, but a charm brought into use only on special occasions. It was too good to wear out by every-day use.

So the days, one by one, became memories; and Hod learned much, but perhaps the teacher learned more.—Oregon Teachers Monthly.

PECULIAR AND PERTINENT. The last census shows increased growth of small towns. Three-fourths of the people of Cuba depend for a livelihood upon the sugar crop. New York has lost a good share of

its flour export business to Newport News.

There is one wood much lighter than cork. This is the marsh aneur, found in Brazil.

Swimming and life saving is a part of the course in New Zealand's public schools.

The gold fields of Western Australia are the largest in the world. They cover 324,000 square miles.

Out of every 100 pounds of paper manufactured in the world only six pounds are made into books.

Germany has imported as much as \$10,000,000 worth of apples in one year and \$2,500,000 worth of pears.

British war ships are to be painted green this season, in order to complete the tests of the best color for war purposes.

Automobiles which have a fange outside of a pneumatic tire are being used for scouting on the Transvaal railways.

Germany's colonies are five times as big as herself, those of France 18 times and Britain's 97 times bigger than herself.

Harvre, France, is the world's largest coffee-market. The amount of that commodity in its warehouses seldom falls below 2,000,000 bags.

King Edward has put typewriting machines in the office of his private secretary. This is quite an innovation for the letters of royalty have always, heretofore, been executed by hand.

NOTES FROM UNIVERSITY

No Track Team to Be Put in the Field

A GOOD LOCAL FIELD MEET WILL BE HELD TO DEVELOP BETTER MATERIAL FOR NEXT YEAR—STUDENT SOCIETIES MEET AND ENJOY THEMSELVES.

(From Sunday's Statesman.)

At a mass meeting of the students on last Monday morning, it was decided not to put out a track team for any intercollegiate meet this year. The reason for this action was, in the main, a lack of developed men, the majority of last year's team not being in attendance this year. It was thought best to withdraw for this year and throw the greatest strength into other athletics for this season. This step upon the part of the students does not mean that they are to withdraw permanently. Arrangements are already under way for a good local field meet, by which it is hoped men for next year may be developed. A committee, consisting of Prof. Drew, E. K. Miller and W. C. Winslow, has in charge the division of the track men into two teams which will hold a meet before some commencement.

The baseball men have organized with Glenn Upruh as captain and Prof. L. A. Kern as manager. The prospects are good for a strong team, as several of last year's players will be free to try for positions, while considerable new material will make players enough for two good teams.

On Friday evening the Philodorian entertained the Philodorian and the faculty. The program for the evening consisted of a mock society meeting in imitation of the methods of a young ladies' literary society, thus giving the Philodorian an opportunity of seeing themselves as they have been on many occasions. After the program, ice-cream and "April fool" punch were served, the punch being colored water and was the cause of much merriment.

Many of the students are visiting at home this week, in this way taking advantage of the spring vacation of one week. School week will be resumed on Monday, April 7th.



Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

The main difficulty with the present money order system is that less than half the postoffices in the country are money order offices, and even at these such evidences of money can only be obtained at the expenditure of much time and trouble and during certain specified hours. With a post check note in his possession one has but to fill in the blank spaces for the purpose, attach a postage stamp, cancel it, inclose in an envelope, place in a mail box, and the transaction is finished.

Unquestionably the intent of the postal authorities is to extend and increase the usefulness and popularity of the rural free delivery service. The adoption of the post check notes will afford a most convenient and safe money for the agricultural communities, to whom banks, with their facilities and safeguards, cannot be utilized with convenience. It is claimed by those who have investigated the subject that the revenues of the postoffice department would be very materially increased by the adoption of the post check system.

A somewhat unusual feature of the post check proposition is the fact that the inventor is a successful business man, who has for years realized the urgent necessity for a simpler way of making small remittances in the mails, and who has devoted a great deal of his time and means to the perfection of the idea, and offers, in case of its adoption, to turn the patents, and all rights under them, over to the government free of any cost or charge whatever. He considers that should the system be adopted the consciousness of having accomplished a reform of such importance to the general public and business men will more than compensate him for his time and trouble.



"Agents' Authority to Sell"—Real Estate blanks, at the Statesman Job Office.

A CHILD SHOT BY SMALL BOY

Alice Willson, Aged Twenty Months, Killed on Saturday.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY FIRED A BULLET THROUGH HER HEAD, CAUSING INSTANT DEATH—AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION HELD—NO ARRESTS.

On Sunday afternoon, Coroner D. F. Lane and Deputy Sheriff E. B. Colbath received telephone messages from St. Paul to the effect that Clara Alice Willson, a little girl aged 20 months, had been shot and killed on Saturday, afternoon by Lloyd Combust, the 10-year-old son of Mrs. Louise E. Combust and an official investigation was earnestly desired. Coroner Lane and Deputy Sheriff Colbath, accompanied by a stenographer, at once went to the scene of the homicide near St. Paul, and made an investigation of the case, resulting in a coroner's inquest, and the finding of a verdict that death was accidental.

The Combust family seems to be in bad odor in that neighborhood, one of the sons having, a few years ago, been tried for killing a man in Yamhill county, and when the death of the little girl became known to the neighbors, at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, the authorities in this city were at once notified, the neighbors, generally, believing that the death was the result of foul play.

When the officers arrived they at once inquired into the facts in the case and the demand of the population of that neighborhood, to hold an inquest, was complied with. Coroner Lane empanelling the following well-known citizens of St. Paul as a coroner's jury: Wm. Murphy, Alphonse Boutin, H. E. Kirk, Matt Connor, John Kirk, and Andrew Hughes. The latter was appointed foreman.

The story developed by the investigation is about as follows: Mrs. Combust and her two grown sons were away from the house, and the children, her son Lloyd, aged 10 years, and little Clara Willson, aged 20 months, were playing in the house. The little girl's parents were away, the mother being in a hospital in Los Angeles, California, while the father's whereabouts are unknown, and Mrs. Combust was caring for the little one. During the afternoon the boy, seeing a bird on a fence near the house, took a revolver off a shelf, and shot at the bird, shooting from the kitchen through the open doors of an outside room, when, just as he pulled the trigger, the little girl toddled in the way, the bullet entering her head back of, and an inch or so above, the right ear, and passing through the head, lodged inside the skull just above and in front of the left ear. This was the substance of the story told by the principal actor in the tragedy, and was corroborated, as far as possible, by the members of the family. An autopsy held by Dr. White, of Gervais, showed the range of the bullet, and that death had been instantaneous.

It seems, that after the lad killed the child, he took the body into the kitchen, washed off his blood, and later removed the little corpse to the woodshed, where he placed it in a sitting position in the corner, after which he left the house. This happened between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A little later the rest of the family returned, and a search for the children resulted in finding the body of the little girl, and later the boy was found in an adjoining field.

The pistol with which the deed was committed, is an ordinary 32 calibre revolver, and it was lying on a shelf in the house, unknown to Mrs. Combust. It was the first time the boy had used a pistol, and it only had one cartridge in it when he took it down.

The jury heard all of the evidence given by Mrs. Combust, her two grown sons, Thomas and Wylie, Dr. S. C. White, of Gervais, and Lloyd Combust, the latter the boy who acknowledged shooting the child. Later the premises were examined, and the jury retired to prepare a verdict, finding that the little girl came to her death by a gun shot, fired by Lloyd F. Combust, and that death was due to accidental causes.

This closed the investigation, and the remains were left with the Combust family, and were yesterday given burial.

The Combusts have long lived near St. Paul, and the facts that they were about to move to Texas; that the girl, a sickly child, was somewhat of a burden to them, and that any knowledge of the tragedy had been kept from the neighbors for a day, caused a feeling in that neighborhood that the case should be thoroughly investigated, as many feared foul play. The investigation, so far as made, indicates that no crime has been committed, although the circumstances are somewhat suspicious to some of the officers.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascararets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever, 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ROOSEVELT'S MOTHER.

The mother of the President of the United States is always an object of special interest and regard on the part of the people. But in all that has been written about Mr. Roosevelt since he became chief executive last September, the name of his mother, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt, has been mentioned only once. On this account, and because she was a remarkably fine and lovely woman, much interest attaches to an article on "The President's Mother" which will appear in the Ladies' Home Journal in the near future. It will be the first story of her life yet told, and will be one of a series of articles, the first of which is published in the current number of the Journal, on the President and his family. Mrs. Alice Roosevelt is the subject of this. Next month "The Outdoor President" will be told, and later the President's wife and children will be portrayed.

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CLUBBING LIST

Table listing subscription rates for various newspapers and magazines, including Oregonian, Statesman, Pacific Homestead, Chicago Inter-Ocean, Oregon Poultry Journal, Hoards Dairyman, and McCall's Magazine.



ARE YOU DEAF? ANY HEAD NOISES? ALL CASES OF DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING ARE NOW CURABLE by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable. HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY. F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

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