Musical Criticism of an Event witness could be found to impose a fine.

To close a large invoice of useful and

WEDDINGS, WHISTS AND SURPRISES.

Miss Mable Jenness to Appear in Salem Tuesday Next.

THE PARVIN MUSICAL. It has been sald over and over again that a good thing in music is not appreciated. This is as true of Salem as of other cities that are not large enough to have a distinctively musical audias well as speeches, or they do not want m at all. It must be said in behalf of Prof. Parvin that, in spite of all these discouraging facts he upholds high standards for his pupils and audiences, defying popular demands not a little proverbial modesty he displayed the Hey of others rather than his own. It is never Mr. Parvin's show that the blic goes to hear; it is his pupils'. It was on the whole a brilliant display for the conservatory of music and will do not a little to maintain its fame and reputation. There were two four-hand-ed pieces and two glees. The stillness of death fell upon the house whenever Prof. Bettman of Portland drew his bow. His numbers were classics on the violin, he never for a momen catering to the "Home Sweet Home" appetite that so largely exists because it knows nothing besides. His bowing and expression are supurb, his sweet-ness great. Master Earl Sharp deserves the title of child wonder—possessing the wonder of a clear child-voice, a member of Miss Ballou's Kindergarten. in danger of being spoiled by demands for more than it can bear. He pleased all by his aweet nature and birdlike bursts of song and should be left free to velop into a grand singer as he will if not forced into unmatured tasks by demands to hear him sing. The in-trumental work was all of a high order, Miss Carpenter being a player of force and spirit, Mr. Kruse a natural player of great skill, Nettie Beckner a child of much promise—the making of a great planiste in her. Mrs. Lockwood and Miss Carpenter, besides appearing at the instrument showed themselves to be attractive stage singers, their rendi-tion of "The Queens of the Sea" being followed by an encore of a very happy serio's-comio nature. Miss Sargeant sang "I'll Follow Thee," in a very aweet voice of great range of expression and over which she has perfect control, but refused an encore. Miss Scriber, sor of Elecution at Willamette, rendered "Thora," by Bjornsen, a simple prose poem, requiring real skill to der it entertaining and dramatic, but these elements were highly developed. Miss Scriber has the happy me-dium in the art of expression, attrac-

numerous deserved encores. IN THE WALDO HILLS.

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. B. Heflebower, who live near Waldo's tation, in the Waldo Hills, they were surprised by the appearance of nearly twenty teams and some seventy-five reons driving up before dinner time, with wagons and carriages loaded down with good things to est. The sighbors took possession of the house and improvised tables upon which to end a feast. A happy time was enjoyed until 5 o'clock, when the friends departed. There were seventy-five peror present. The families represented and those present were: J. C. Houd, W. M. Houd, A. Lewis, H. Keene, W. H. H. Darby, H. Fryer, Mr. Durfle, Mr. Farros, W. Brooks, Mr. Barker, James Simpson, Mrs. Lamport, Mrs. Hooper, Mr. Spencer, Mr. Smith, S. Phelps, Mr. Gufer, Bert McCrary, Miss Mary Phelps Mr. Freeman and J. S. In answer to requests from a number

OLD FOLKS WHIST.

Last Tuesday evening occurred a reg-lar meeting of the Old Folks Whist lub at the hospitable home of Mr. and fm. E. C. Cross on Chemeketa street on the following named members

and Mrs. J. G. Wright, Mr. and B. Fleening, Judge and Mrs. J. J. urphy, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Wagner, r. and Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, ex-Gov. d Mrs. S. F. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. hii. Metschan, Mej. and Mrs. Wil-ams, Mr. and Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. od Mrs. E. M. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. F. Holer, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Waged Mrs. A. N. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Hendricks, Mrs. F. L. Willman.

Partners were chosen by means of

IN-POLITE CIRCLES goodly number of courses, hot and cold but all of the most delicious, was served.

This was against the law but all partook, and it is doubtful if a prosecuting

ornamental articles was auctioned off, some selling for fabulous sums, and in all provoking much pleasure. The club meets next Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Fleming.

AT THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

The young ladies of the Y. M. C. A. gave a reception and served tea to the Y. W.C. A. on Monday afternoon from five to half-past seven. The lunch and toasts were produced in a unique manner planned by the young ladies. Souvenirs of the evening were neat cards bearing the college colors, cardinal and gold, and the names of the guests. ence. Classical music appeals only to the cultivated car and the multitude Y. W. C. A., delivered an address to the young ladies. Those present were: President and Mrs. Whitaker, Prof. and Mrs. Hawley, Prof. and Mrs. Arnold, Prof. and Mrs. Cochran, Prof. Hansee, Prof. Craig, Prof. Scriber, Prof. Cunningham. Mrs. Dummit, Mrs. Hansee, Misses Marsh, Rockwell, Alderson, Geer, Beatty, Mann, Kimber, Royal, Gardner, Henry, Aitken, Culpertson, Irwin, Peebles, Brehaut, Frizzell. Mesers. Brown, Reynolds, Barker, Reynolds, Savage, Burcham, Callison, Burcham, Reed, Langley, Ashenorenner, Shepard, Porter, Royal, Van Winkle, Robnett, Bryan, Coffey, Martin, Buche, East, M. S. Wilson, and Ernest Wilson.

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. E. C. Baker who has been at Salem for nearly four years, conducting a large dressmaking business and of late a student at the Capital City Business college, goes to San Francisco to make her future home. Mrs. Baker leaves a large circle of friends at Salem who have learned to know her as a true Christian lady who will be an ornament to any social circles she may choose to enter.

MISS MARLE JENNESS.

This eminent platform lecturer on physical culture and artistic dress will be in Salem, Tuesday, April 18th and lecture that evening. The place for lecture and exhibition of costumes will be announced elsewhere in THE Journal. Miss Jenness coming to Salem is looked forward to with great interest by Salem's foremost soclety women, as few opportunities are offered on this coast to meet the disciples of the dress reform. Prof. Mergaret C. Snell of State Agricultural college is expected to be in the city with Miss Jengess.

AFTERNOON RECITAL. On Saturday afternoon a musical recital was given at the home of Mr. G. Steiner by the pupils of Mrs. Walter A. The pupils are making substantial pro- delicate widow and a boy of 15, how-Bertha Kay, Carrie Willis, Cora Blosser, Ella Rineman, Alice McCoy, Laura Berry, Mabel Wilson, Ethel Calvert, would have said. The hay was Iva Perkins and Master Herbert Wet-

tive yet not overdoing. There were A WORLD'S FAIR PARTY. The first Salem world's fair party leaves today for Chicago. It is composed of Mrs Dr. Payton, in company with Miss Ada and Miss Anna Breyman. They will attend the session of he board of lady managers of the world's fair which convenes in that city on the 26th of this month. Mrs. Payton is commissioner for Oregon and Miss Ada Breyman is assistant superintendent of the woman's art at the open door. department of the state exhibit.

> I. O. O. F. Bilver lodge No. 21, I.O. O. F. will Fellowship in America, Wednesday, April 26. A short musical and literary program will be given at the opera house beginning at 2 p. m., the crowning feature being an oration by W. R. Duubar, past grand master of the

of people as to what Unitarians believe, Dr. Copeland of Unity church will begin a series of sermons next Sunday evening on that subject. His first lecture will be on "The Nature of Man." Dr. Copeland is showing himself to be a man of great culture and ability as a pulpit orator.

THE MINSTRELS ARE COMING ! Not only to the small boy, but also to that boy of larger growth is the comon Mrs. J. D. Sutherland, ex-Gov. Mrs. S. F. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. William, Mr. and Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. E. Breyman, Mr. Mrs. Mrs. A. Waite, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Wagre, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Parkhurst, Mr. Mrs. A. N. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. I. Hendricks, Mrs. F. L. Willman. Partners were chosen by means of the from Mother Geose melodies on the from "Old Folks Whist, all II, 1891." After two hours of many others and missement. This season they have gathered about the creme de la creme, or rather the cafe au lait, of the minstrel ment pleasant intelligence. Both small boy and big boy have a sneaking fondness for the color have a decircle of the first part. And Primrose & West will delight their individual hearts, and incidentally those of many others, next Monday night, at the operation of the primrose & West have practically the minstrel field to themselves. They are the leaders and recognised exponents of this branch of amusement. This season they have gathered about the creme de la creme, or rather the cafe au lait, of the minstrel field to themselves. They are the leaders and recognised exponents of this branch of amusement. This season they have an elabor ate and misgnificient new first part, while strange, but true nevertheless, they have an assortment of jokes absolutely new, and wittiesm and epigrams. In a word, both in its humer and in its liberal and artistic make-up, the Primrose & West show this serson is the ne plus uitra of entertainments. ing of the minstrel men pleasant intelA PAIR OF OLD SHOES.

When the curtains are drawn, and the baby's the stair,
While the clouds and the moonbeams are play-

ing bopeep.
Then a truce to the day's weary struggle with thing, and then there's the prospect And welcome, tried friend, sturdy for to the hines, True comforter, welcome flear easy old shoes!

Though two, ye are one, O most matchies of And off thrust in satchel have traveled afar.
When, condemned to do penance for earlier

The poor feet have sched in the rich palace How bliesful the moment when reckless to The pilgrim in torture drew forth the old shoes! Ye were new long ago and in dignified state,
All glossy and spotless, close fitting and trig.
No mortal had ventured to presage your fale,
Loose jointed and joily and hopelessly big;
Yet never till now a blithe theme for the muse,
O beautiful, lovable pair of old shoes!

Though business may vex with its ups and

downs, Though ships may delay and though bills be postponed; Still man, let his home be in fields or in towns.

Finds often a wearisome trouble condoned, When, easy chair waiting, life's rose tinted hues Seturn with the advent of homely old shoes.

Come, wife, drop the mending, and sit by my Let us build us a castle, my sweet one, in Spain, For our love grows the stronger, whatever be-

horrid name too! And we are together, for sunshine or rain— And somehow the glamour twere rain to lose Comes back when I reach for these easy old

shoes.
-Margaret E. Sangster in Good Cheer.

"It's an uncommonly queer world!" said Zedekiah. He leaned back against the broken gatepost and stared hard at the setting sun. The ragged looking cornfields stretched desolately away at his feet and wore an apologetic aspect, as though ashamed to call attention to the meager array of cornstocks and diminutive yellow pumpkins which were their utmost effort in the way of crops. It was a poverty stricken inheritance enough; land that had "run out" from lack of enriching; a belt of once glorious woodlands, now sadly shrunk and spoiled by repeat

time and weather to an alarming extent despite all Zedekiah's unflag ging efforts at patching and repairs Yes, it was a poor patrimony, and yet Zedekiah loved every tree and every stone-there were plenty-on the place, and his heart within him swelled with sorrow and passionate regret at the thought that that terrible mortgage must be foreclosed next Monday, and Birch Brook farm

ed felling, and the low, gray farm-

house, unpainted for many a long

year and showing the ravages of

lost to the name of Barnes forever. It had been a desperate struggle to keep their heads above water ever since their father's death two years Denton, to a number of invited friends. before. Farming carried on by a ess and have made the history of ever much energy and good will music a special study. The following they bring to bear between them on took part: Misses Lillie Steiner, Lou the work in hand, can hardly be ex-Sayre, Alma Sarber, Ethel Fletcher, pected to afford brilliant results, and where the magnificent income of the owners just sufficed to buy the salt for the stirabout which the ruined corn should have supplied, that meant ruin.

And so the mortgage was to be

shake of his shoulders, forced a ghastly smile of assumed cheerfulness and turned to greet his mother

She had been a pretty woman once, and even now, faded and worn though she was, there was a certain selebrate the 74th anniversary of Odd grace and gentleness about her which accounted for her son's devotion, even though the little plaintive voice and manner showed, poor woman, that life had been a pretty hard and bitter struggle.

"Come in to your supper, Zed," she called again as he came up the flagged walk with an air of intense jauntiness to hide the fact that he was footsore and lame where the flints had bruised through the worn boots. The children are that hungry that I can't keep them quiet, and they ought to have been in bed, poor

Two yellow haired little girls ran

up as they entered.
"Ah! Zed," cried little Nannie, I ain't had no supper yet. Wasn't you bad to stay away so long!" While baby Carry chimed in: "Yeth, Zed velly bad boy. Shan't have no

supper hisself!"
"Hush, bush!" said the mother. Children, how you talk! One would think you were beggar children to talk like that!"

Zed's forced smile faded in a quick look of pain.

He was staring hard at the red embers of the fire as his mother returned from giving the little girls their good night kiss and sat down in her shabby rocking chair to the darning and patching, which was the usual evening occupation. He roused himself again at her approach. He was always trying to be cheerful for her sake, poor fellow!

"I guess I've got that place, mother," he said. "I went to the store Mr. Norton told me of and they've pretty well settled to take me on. The wages don't seem falm lous, to be sure, but they'll be some-

of a rise,"
"Oh, Zed!" The darning fell into Mrs. Barnes' lap. "You poor boy! Yes, the wages are something and no mistake, but I can't bear to think of you, your poor father's son, just a common errand boy in a

grocery store!"
Zedekiah's sallow cheek flushed. "I don't see why!" he said stoutly. "Groceries are honest enough, and they're clean, too-a great deal nicer than a good many other things, I think. Besides, errand boys always make their fortunes right away. Did you ever hear of a millionaire in a book who didn't begin by sweep

ing out a tore?"
"Ah, if your Uncle Zedekiah had only left you all his money, as he promised!" sighed the widow, taking up the tattered sock again.

"Instead of only his name and the old clock, eh, mother?" "Oh, yes! It was too bad of uncle. He ought to have been ashamed

and after making us give you his "Never mind, mother! It's an honest name, even though the first man that owned it wasn't much in the way of a king. He's been dead so long that the name ought to have

grown respectable again by now."
"And then to leave you nothing after all!" "I don't believe, do you know, that he had anything to leave. Folks say

he was really very poor."
"Poor? Not he!" Mrs. Barnes was roused to indignation. "I guess he wasn't! But he was an awful miser for years before he died, and he lived for all the world like a beggar! We fancied he'd have left you nundreds—and there was nothing!"

"Don't forget the clock!" "The clock!" scornfully. "Ah, by the way, that reminds me; there was a peddler here this morningnot that it is much good for anybody with anything to sell to come herehe saw the old clock and seemed to fancy it somehow. He said he'd give you a couple of dollars for it if you liked, and I thought you'd be glad enough to let him have it."

Zed looked rather taken aback. "The old clock? Why, no, mother. guess I wouldn't!"

'You wouldn't?" echoed his mother in surprise, mingled with reproach. The children are badly off for bring as much as that at the sale." This with a little sigh.

Zedekiah slowly. "Zed, you must be crazy!"

'At least, I don't think I am. But sobs. somehow it goes against me to part with Uncle Zed's legacy. Hasn't it been in the family as long as there's any record, and didn't my this?" great-grandfather, generations back, bring it with him when he came to America?"
"So I've heard tell, Zed."

His wanderings became more en-

ergetic. "Well, then," he said, "I don't believe we ought to let it go while we her with trembling fingers a roll of can stick to it. It isn't just because strange, stained, fluttering paper. foreclosed next Monday, and the it is the only thing we shall have There were more upon the table—left when we leave here to let the piles and piles—more within the that called, and Zedekiah, with a family that was well to do once. If rolled and packed. She raised her children know that we came of a they don't make people respect them for themselves, it isn't much use having a tail of grandfathers behind at the light in his sparkling eyes. them, but when I think of the poor old great-grandfather bringing that big clock across the sea to his home stand? They're bills—notes—greenin the new country, because he backs. There must be thousands of prized it more than anything he had, them packed close and hard. It's and when I think of all the genera-tions it has ticked for I can't find the heart to let it go into strangers' hands." He brought himself up short before the tall old clock in the corner. "No, the clock shan't go," he said.

"Zed, you're the queerest!" said his mother, with an unspeakable consternation. "Queerer even than your poor father, and I never could make him out.

But Zedekiah was contemplating the old timepiece, with its once stately carving of black oak and its dial of polished brass, where, be neath the "Giles Hen best me fecit," little girls, and clothes and help for London, 1709," ran a half obliterated legend and the name "Jacob Barnes,

Exeter, 1791."
"I believe it's worth ever so much more than \$2," he said, examining the quaint engraving with care.
"Anyway, it's not going for that, nor for anything. I don't mean to say I wouldn't sell it to keep us from starving, but we're not there the peddler have it for \$2? Heaven to the say I wouldn't be." yet, and I hope we shan't be."
"Heaven forbid!" said the widow.

"But I mean to set that before me "They ought to go to school," he said, then checked himself at the recollection of the cost of school in. Why, I'm certain the Harrises would give it a corner in their kitch en till I could claim it—if it only went and kept good time that is." He bent nearer to the dial. "What is it it says!" He spelled out the quaint letters slowly. "Keepe me true to tyme, and I'll be true to thee." "Why, mother," he turned thee." "Why, mother," he turned round suddenly, "wasn't it in Uncle 2ed's will that we should keep it in leath and did so.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. en till I could claim it—if it only

so, to be sure, but it wouldn't go when it first came, although your father tried to make it, and you know there never was the money to spend on watchmakers, even if we hadn't felt too badly over the way Uncle Zed had deceived us. What ever are you after, my boy?"

"Only going to see what I can do to it," said Zedekiah, with calm reso lution. "It seems too bad, somehow. not to have a try. Poor old clock, how could it be true to us when we weren't true to it? I'll fetch the tools and have it to pieces any now.

"You'll only make bad worse!" Mrs. Barnes rose in some meek exasperation and went to the outer kitchen. There were plenty of small "chores" to do for tomorrow, and she felt unreasonably vexed with Zedekiah for his refusal to sell the clock. Dearly as she loved her only son she was growing dimly aware that in strength of mind and will he was leaving far behind the little red haired urchin who used to lean on 'Movver" for everything, and then he was becoming as "queer" and fanciful as his father had been before

The sound of gentle hammering came from the kitchen without, followed by the rattle of the ponderous weights on their lumbering old chains. Then Zed's voice sounded eager and pleasant.

"Guess what's the matter, mother? No wonder the old gentleman wouldn't tick! The works are all stuffed up with paper. I can't make them move. I shall have to take off the dial before I can pull it out. What on earth could have been the object of feeding the old thing with crumpled paper?"

Mrs. Barnes made no response. She had paused in her work of gathering chips and fragments of pine branches to lay ready for lighting the fire in the morning and stood there, half leaning against the wide and vacant chimney piece, her arms folded in her calico apron and her eyes fixed dreamily an space.

It had "come over her," as she herself would have said, with the ever recurring shock it never failed to bring with it. She thought of how seldom again should she do these dear and familiar household tasks under the old brown roof that had been so long her happy home. Soon strange hands would be busy in the low rooms she had known and loved so well, and unfamiliar steps would sound upon the wooden floors where boots, and \$2 are \$2. Besides, it'll the footfalls had echoed that were have to go next week with all the like the sweetest of music to her other things, and maybe it won't listening ears. Next week it would be all gone-the threshold she had crossed a radiant bride, the old cra-"Perhaps I shall not sell it," said | dle where she had rocked her babies to sleep, the very graveyard on the little hill, where rested those she had "No, I'm not." He had risen and loved most on earth. The slow tears was wandering about the low ceiled splashed upon her purple calico apron, room, his hands deep in his pockets. and her chest heaved with stifled

Suddenly there was a cry from the outer room: "Mother! Oh, mother! What is

It was Zed's voice, but so altered that she hardly recognized it for his own. Startled, stumbling, half blinded still with the half shed tears, she reached his side and stood bewildered, half terrified, half expecting she knew not what, as he held out to works of the old timepiece, closely

"Mother, oh, mother! Don't you them packed close and hard. It's Uncle Zedekiah's fortune! My legacy, hidden away here all these years till some one should set the poor old clock true to time again and find their reward. There! there!" He caught her thin form in his arms as she reeled forward and knelt by her side as he laid her gently in her chair. "Mother, dear! look up. Joy doesn't kill. Think of it; think what it will do. The dear old farm is all our own them to you at the old county. And school for the little girls, and clothes and help for you, and books for us all. Oh, mother, mother!"

He broke down in his wild excitement and choked as he began to laugh almost hysterically.

bless Uncle Zedekiah and his 8-day clock, say I!"

And so, in the depths of her remorseful heart, the Widow Barnes said too. - Chicago Post.

# Mrs. Barnes' thin face flushed a tittle. "Why, yes," she said, "it did say THE :: PARENT'S :: EYE

Must Be Upon the Children.

# HOW TO BE HAPPY.

(From the Laiest Work of the Webfoot Warbler.) There is a Dollar in a glance, When applied to Buying pants; 'Tis the Parent only knows What it costs to keep in clothes A Home full of Happy Bustling Boys.



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