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Monmouth Oregon
Twenty-seventh Year

The State Normal School at Monmouth was established in 1882 and is now in its twenty-seventh scholastic year. 900 graduates in 26 years shows that the school is doing the work for which the state maintains it. The class of 1908 contained 48 members.

UNIFORM COURSE OF STUDY

Under the new law governing the State Normal Schools of Oregon, a single Board of Regents is in control of all the schools and a uniform course of study is now in force. Students who have completed the Ninth Grade are admitted to the Freshman Class and those who have completed more advanced High School Grades are given credit in all subjects in which they present grades certified to by their instructors.

DEMAND FOR NORMAL TRAINED TEACHERS

School directors and officers are becoming acquainted with the superior ability of trained teachers and the demand far exceeds the supply. Longer terms, higher wages and better opportunities for promotion award the young man or woman who has the enterprise and persistence to complete the course and earn the diploma. Many teachers, realizing these advantages, come to Monmouth, although some of them already hold state papers.

REVIEW FOR FEBRUARY TEACHERS EXAMINATIONS

Classes will be formed on January 4 in all the subjects required for teachers examinations. Students may enter these classes at any time, as constant reviewing of the entire study will be a feature of the instruction.

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A Description of Crater Lake.

In the summer of 1907 it was my fortune to spend eight weeks in the Crater Lake National Park, and by frequent visits to the lake to realize the grandeur of its scenery, and to witness its unusual characteristics. Explorations to Wizard Island, fished tours on the lake, and journeys around the wall by land, have resulted in an attempted description.

Crater Lake is located in the northern part of Klamath County, Oregon. Its remarkable features and its educational value were recognized by the Congress of 1902 when it was set aside as a National Park.

As its name suggests, Crater Lake is situated in the Crater of a once active and powerful volcano, since named, Mount Mazama. According to geologists this peak was once the giant of the Cascade Range, looming up two thousand feet higher than Mount Shasta, and nearly four thousand feet higher than Mount Hood. Through the processes of eruption, this ancient Mount Mazama became buried to a hull, and fell into the great chasm beneath, leaving only the base of the peak, which is now the rim of Crater Lake.

The Lake is six and one half miles long and four miles wide. The surface of the water is thirteen hundred feet below the top of the rim, and its elevation above sea level—6240 feet. The temperature of the water is forty seven degrees, while the greatest depth is two thousand and four feet. As a body the actual color is indigo blue, yet the water is so transparent that a white object one inch square may be seen at a depth of eighty-five feet. The Lake has no visible outlet and but one possible descent from the rim to the water, which is a trail consisting partly of steps hewn in the rock. This trail is five eights of a mile in length and
has the pitch of an ordinary house-roof. The average time occupied in climbing from the water to the top is three quarters of an hour. Boats to be placed on the Lake are either carried down this path and constructed at the bottom or let down with ropes.

Near the east end of the Lake is a high rock rising above the water, which with its snow cap gives almost the exact appearance of a sail vessel. This is known as the Phantom Ship.

Near the west end, Wizard Island rises above the water to a height of eight hundred and fifty feet. It is one mile long and five eights of a mile wide, with a crater in the top eighty-five feet deep and three hundred feet in diameter. The base is composed of stone upon stone, while the top is loose lava, rendering extreme difficulties to the climber. One cannot conceive of a more solitary place than Wizard Island. Deserted by every living creature, not a sound is to be heard—not even the chatter of the squirrel. All signs of life have vanished. Instead of the grass waving in the wind, there are thousands of bare stones, lying silently in heaps, just as nature left them centuries ago. A clump of hemlock stands at the foot of the peak but its drooping branches and moss-grown trunks only add to the dismal appearance of the place.

Distances are very deceptive. Standing on the south side of the Lake, Wizard Island appears to be only one fourth as far out as it really is. A rifle bullet that would appearantly reach the island, drops into the water almost at its very edge. An idea of the great heights of the rim of the lake above the water, may be gained from the statement that a man at the boat-landing, seen from above, appears to be only four inches tall. The inexperienced visitor attempts to encircle the Lake in one afternoon but to his surprise he finds it a journey requiring almost two days time.

A view of Crater Lake includes many peaks. The most prominent is Mount Scott, which stands on the east and two miles from the rim. It is nine thousand, one hundred twenty two feet above sea level and is covered with perpetual snow. Garfield Peak which stands directly on the south wall, is interesting because of its craggy construction, while still further to the south, Crater Peak is noticed particularly on account of its crater at the cone. Glacier Peak on the west side, is sometimes the location of terrific land-slides. Other suggestive names are: Timber Crater, Red Cloud Cliff, Kerr Notch, Dutton Cliff, and Watchman Peak.

Taken as a whole, Crater Lake appears to be a great mirror. When the water is quiet the reflection of the surrounding wall is so clear that the real and the unreal are entirely indiscernable. Seen for the first time, a feeling of mystery creeps over the bewildered admirer as he wonders if the sight before him is a reality or a vision.

Fifty five years ago this Lake was unknown to the white man.
Hidden in the heart of the Cascades, the red-man alone knew of its existence. Time has imprinted its mark upon every stone. Glacier after glacier has crumbled its banks. Storms innumerable have ruffled its waters. Ten thousand winters have beat upon its walls. Here lies the picturesque Mazama of a hundred centuries ago buried deep in mystery and amazement. Truly nature has displayed its marvelous power in the forming of this great gulf that entombs the giant of the past.

—E. A. '09.
A Tale of the Night.

'Twas Hallowe'en night. A company of light-hearted young people congregated at the home of one of their number to celebrate All Hallows Eve in the usual fashion. All engaged merrily in the games, listened in great fear and trembling to the ghost stories, and did ample justice to the ginger-bread and cider which was introduced during the course of the evening.

But it is not the purpose of my tale to deal with such frivolities. Suffice it to say that when the last guest had been served, a goodly amount of the cider remained in the keg. With the assistance of a couple of the young men, the keg was placed upon the back porch so that the contents would remain cool and sweet. Now, hearken to the rest of my story! A group of dark mysterious figures might have been seen, about midnight, upon the sidewalk opposite a modest brown dwelling house in a small Western village. From all appearances a serious matter was under consideration which greatly agitated at least one member of the group. At last an impatient feminine voice exclaimed "Well, of course, if you are afraid—"

"Hush! 'Shh!'" came from the others. "We may be heard and that would spoil all."

"Well, I'll do it," desperately responded the one whose bravery had been questioned, "I'm not a bit afraid but then you know—well it's kind of mean and—er—well, here goes. I'll bring it back all right, all right, don't you worry."

Amidst the ruffle of laughter that followed this bold declaration, the brave lad tip-toed across the street and crossed the sidewalk in front of the house. Then silently he crept through the shrubbery and disappeared around the corner of the house. Once his foot struck a loose board, instantly he dropped to the ground with a muttered exclamation. As no sound from the house indicated that he had been heard, he cautiously arose and continued his way.

Having reached the rear of the house, he crept up the steps and found himself upon a low stoop. Anxiously he glanced about him but could see nothing in the extreme gloom. As his eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, he made out an indistinct bulk in the far corner.

"Ah," he breathed, "at last. I knew it was here somewhere."

Reaching down he felt something wet. He raised his hand
and tasted cautiously but could tell nothing. Impatiently then, he made a scoop of his hand, filled it full of the liquid and with one gulp swallowed it.

"Oh! oh! Heavens, what can it be?"
With a wry face he made his way back to the expectant group.
"It wasn't there," he explained.
He had sampled a tub of soap suds.

M. W. '09.
The Garret.

One bright frosty morning in October, we—Belle, little James and I—started on a journey of about twenty-eight miles by stage. Our parents were to start on a long journey across the ocean next morning, and we were sent to stay for several months with our dear grandmother, who lived in a fine, large, old house with her two maids, grandfather having died two years before. This was the first time we had been allowed to take so long a journey alone, so naturally it made us feel very grown-up. I was thirteen but felt almost a man, and considered it my duty and privilege to take such care of fifteen year old Belle and little James as I had seen other men do on a journey. After a pleasant ride, we reached our journey’s end, were welcomed by the dearest, sweetest, white-haired grandmother you ever saw. We were tired enough to go to bed early that night and dream of the good times to come to-morrow, gathering nuts in the woods with grandmother and the girls.

Next morning we opened our eyes upon a sight that filled us with dismay. The sky was full of black clouds, and the big rain drops had already begun to patter down. I am afraid we descended to breakfast with rather doleful faces, but grandmother’s face looked so smilily and sweet that the clouds inside quickly passed away, and we had a merry little meal. After we had eaten heartily though, and were standing looking out at the falling rain drops, and wondering what we could do, the clouds seemed to be coming back in the house again; but grandmother soon dispelled these by the words, “My dears, I am going to take you up to the old garret, where neither I nor anyone has been for fifteen years, and I think we shall find something to keep us busy.”

“Oh, oh!” cried all of us at once, “what fun.”

We followed grandmother up to the third story where we came to a little door, which she unlocked with a small rusty key; then up the creaky little stair we went, each leaving foot prints in the dust, mine biggest, then grandmother’s and Belle’s and little ones for six-year-old James. We walked about for a few minutes, trying to see everything at once, and brushing down spider webs with our heads as we went. Presently grandmother showed Belle a little trunk, gave her a key, and told her to open it, which she succeeded in doing after a little difficulty.

We all gathered around it, and grandmother lifted out the articles one by one, and held them up before Belle’s astonished eyes. On top was the christening robe of our mother, beautiful, but yel-
low with age, and dear little shoes that had belonged to grandmother’s first baby,—our jolly Uncle John, who can’t get his feet into less than number tens. Next was a white dress, yellow with time, that grandmother had worn, when she was just Belle’s age, to strew flowers in the path of General Washington on his way to New York to be made our first president. Then came grandmother’s own wedding dress, of beautiful satin and old lace, which grandmother deftly slipped over Belle’s head and made her look like a fairy queen.

More and more beautiful dresses were drawn forth and tried on till at last grandmother exclaimed, “It is half past ten, and time for me to see to my work below, but there is a box of old books and papers over in that corner,” indicating the darkest and dimmest, “that you may like to look over until dinner time.”

Left alone we soon had them in stacks on the dusty floor and each chose the one that looked most attractive and was soon buried in its contents. Little James found what astonished and pleased him beyond measure; Uncle John’s first primer with such odd little verses and amazing pictures. The time passed all too quickly, and when we heard grandmother’s voice below, we agreed that we were so glad it had rained, for did the downfall not bring us up to this retreat of the silent past, and make sweet music with its patter, patter on the roof all the while.

—L. S. ’11.
The Lady in White.

It had been very warm during the day, and now, after the sun had disappeared below the horizon, a heavy mist overhung the earth. On the beach were several fishermen's shanties, but off to one side was a new cottage, Jessie Welch's home, this being the scene of my story.

Bonnie Mayfield, a light hearted, blue eyed girl, very timid by nature, and Ruby Bennet, a robust girl, better known as 'Rube,' together with Jessie were skipping stones on the water. Becoming tired of this, they climbed a large maple tree, seated themselves among the branches and began to tell stories. The stories, which were at first incidents and fairy tales, soon became ghost stories. Some how it seemed that it was just the right kind of a night to tell them. After Jessie and Bonnie had finished theirs, Ruby began hers.

She affirmed and believed that her story was true. Why it had happened right in Red Cliff! In fact on the very path beneath the tree, in which they were. Fishermen, coming home at night, had been approached by a lady in white, who held out her hand, as if she wished to greet them, but the fishermen, upon extending theirs to grasp hers, found that she had disappeared only to approach them again, in like manner. She had also walked up and down in front of another's shanty and when the fisherman went out and asked what she wanted, he received no reply, whereupon he tried to seize her, and again she disappeared. Another time a young couple had seen her at the end of the lane, but they did not wait for her to come nearer.

Strange how close these three girls had become seated during the relating of this story, and when Ruby had finished, Jessie, in an attempted brave voice said:

"Oh, I don't believe that, do you Bonnie?"
"I don't know," answered Bonnie timidly.
"Well, you don't have to; guess it is true though, 'cause our girl knows some-one who has seen the ghost," answered Ruby, highly indignant that her story should be doubted.
"Say, Rube, would you be afraid of a ghost?" asked Bonnie.
"Who, me?" answered Ruby, "well I guess not, well what for, they couldn't harm you. I'd just love to see one down that lane and I'd—Oh look!" she cried, pointing her finger towards the beach; and there was the lady in white, slowly coming toward them.

With one bound they were out of the tree and running toward
Welches' cottage. When they reached the gate, they were so excited that instead of going through it, they climbed over it, and fell in a heap on the inside of the fence. They were so weak, that they were not able to get up to resume their running, but lay in a heap, screaming.

Mr. Welch, hearing the commotion, went out to see what was the matter, and there he saw the girls lying on the ground, pointing at the "lady in white," who was now standing before them. Mr. Welch, being a very practical man, and one who did not believe in ghosts and the like, asked who it was, but he received no answer. Again he asked, but again no answer. Being in no mood for foolishness he advanced to seize it but this time the ghost instead of disappearing, slowly began to take off a sheet, and there stood Bob, Jessie's brother. Bursting into a roar of laughter, he said: "Oh, dad, it is the best ever. You just ought to see those girls get out of that tree, nothing slow. You know they said they wouldn't be afraid of a ghost, and I thought I'd see. Oh, gee, and here another peal of laughter.

Mr. Welch, thoroughly aroused, said, "Well young man seeing that you are in for fun tonight, I will see what I can do for you in that line."

With this, Master Bob was led off to the woodshed.

The girls having recovered somewhat from their fright, went into the house, and as they were entering, Ruby said:

"I wasn't afraid, I just ran 'cause you did."

"Oh, you started to run; that is why I did."

"I never did."

"Did," and with this the door closed.

L. M. A. — '09.
The Staff.

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The Courier is published four times during the school year, in the months of December, February, April and June, by the students of the Oregon State Normal School, at Monmouth, Oregon. Subscription price, fifty cents a year: single copy, fifteen cents.

Meritorious contributions are solicited from all students, members of the faculty, alumni and friends.

Address all communications, to The Courier, O. S. N. S., Monmouth, Oregon.

Entered as second class matter, December 16, 1905, at the postoffice at Monmouth, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

"THOSE CAN CONQUER WHO THINK THEY CAN."

The first issue of the Courier will be mailed to all old subscribers, members of the alumni, ex-students and other friends of the Normal. And when you receive this first issue may it serve as a gentle reminder that your subscription has expired and that we would greatly appreciate its renewal. The Courier needs your financial help. It cannot live without it so please be prompt and renew your subscription.

Another year has passed away and we stand where many have stood before us—at the beginning of a new school year.

We, the Courier Staff, assume our new duties and responsibilities with the hope that we may follow worthily the example set for us.

There are among our members, many new students and to
them we extend a hearty welcome. Well knowing that advice should be given only when asked we offer none, but venture only a suggestion, which, we are sure will be received in the spirit in which it is given.

Ours is a school life entirely different, perhaps from any other in the state. To many of us is denied the privilege of coming year after year to take up our duties where we left them. Too often we are forced to crowd a four year course into two or three years with the result that the best part of our school work is neglected.

Let us consider. How much of the social and literary life of our school can we afford to miss? We come, perhaps, with a high aim, a desire to make good grades and stand well in our classes. This is a worthy ambition. None, in fact, could of itself be higher, but this is not all. With this thought alone in mind, we have no time for literary work—we cannot debate, enter the oratorical contest, contribute to our paper nor enjoy the social side of school life because we are too busy. We do not realize now what it means to us. We develop one side of our nature only and go from our school with a hard earned diploma and leave behind a record of high standing, all of which is commendable, but when we enter upon our chosen work and are almost daily called upon to speak before others, to express our views in writing or to plan some social function, we come at last to realize that there is a part of our education which has been sadly neglected.

And so we would urge the new students and old ones as well, that you may not become so engrossed in your daily work as to utterly neglect your other duties.

This is a critical time in the history of our school, all eyes are upon us, and much depends on the manner in which we conduct ourselves. So let us begin this year's work with the determination that we will develop our one small talent, if we have no more, that we will co-operate with the staff in their effort to keep our paper up to its standard, that we will support our school in oratory and debate, so that when we look back to this rather shadowy page in our history, we may remember with satisfaction that it was partly because of our effort that her standard was not lowered.

—M. E. R.

There are a large number of students who do not seem to realize the importance of taking an active part in the school athletics.

There are many and varied reasons why we should. All students should be fired with enthusiasm for our dear old Normal. Our school life comes once only in a lifetime so why not combine pleasure with duty to your school and a benefit to yourself and in
your "coat of mail" appear on the scene of athletic warfare. Who knows but that the beginner of to-day may be a star tomorrow?

Besides being a pleasure, a benefit and a duty to your school, it is quite essential that you understand athletics so that you may be more thoroughly prepared or qualified to fulfill the various obligations that naturally devolve upon one who chooses teaching as his or her vocation through life.

Athletics—Athletics is a word of varied significance. Who admires an awkward, backward, undeveloped person who has had little or no physical training and who has to take a back seat? Nobody. So all of you students that for one reason or another, have seen fit to neglect this vitally essential and most important branch of your education, wake up. In other words, show your colors and don't be a laggard. You have a golden opportunity presented to you. With one of the best gymnasiaums in the state at his disposal, the opportunity of excellent training afforded and a chance to win a name for himself and for his school, it almost seems, that under these conditions a person must be very dull indeed who does not come to the front.

Any student that does not desire to enter into athletics, should at least turn out to the games played by our representatives and aid them if possible by yells and words of encouragement.

E. J. M.

° ° ° ° °

The function of the State Normal School is to educate teachers for the different schools of the State. The public schools are supported by the state so that its children might be educated; it also supports the Normal Schools that its children might have the best of teachers. The idea that has led to the establishment of Normal Schools is that professional training is a necessary requisite for teaching. It is incumbent upon the teacher, therefore, that he should prepare for his work before entering upon it.

The spirit of permanency that results from such environments gives the teachers only honest enthusiasm, inspires them to do their work, and to seek by merit to hold their positions—conditions absolutely favorable and the only conditions possible for securing the very best service. The ultimate of such a policy is to lift teaching to a plane of an honorable profession and to attract to it talent that would not otherwise be available.

It is extremely important to awaken in each Normal student a just appreciation of the work of the teacher, and a genuine love for his chosen calling. He must be able to master the subjects used in the public school, must learn how to use each in his teaching and must actually do some teaching.

The Training Department or Practice School provides the
means for a practical study of children under intelligent suggestions, and an opportunity for real practice in teaching in all grades of a public school. The most important means of training a teacher is to prepare the lessons carefully under wise supervision. Normal Schools hold an important place in the estimation of the state, because trained teachers are in demand, and in a great many schools only trained teachers are employed.

—R. F.

If a task is once begun never leave it until its done; be that labor great or small, do it well or not at all.

Every individual has a place to fill in this world, and is important in some respect whether he chooses to be so or not.

The reason why some people do not succeed is because their wishbone is where their backbone should be.

A man's success is in proportion to the trouble he takes.

If you would save the boy cast him overboard, if he is worth saving he will save himself; I never knew one to go down that was worth saving.—Garfield

The world generally gives its admirations not to the man who does what nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.

Responsibilities gravitate to the one who can shoulder them, and flows to the man who knows how.

Give every man thine ear, but few thine voice, take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep—trains you have never failed to catch.

Sooner or later, opportunities will come to them who can make use of them.
ALUMNI NOTES

Mabelle Ross '08 has the first grade at Sheridan.
Chester Day '08 is teaching at Touchet, Washington.
Lottie Sired '08 has a primary position in the city of Cove, Oregon.
Sarah B. Gray and Maude Cooke both of '07, are teaching in Pendleton.
Irma Campbell '08 is teaching in Eugene. She has a second grade position.
Adrian Owen '08, is at Falls City. He is an assistant of Prin. Fred Crowley '05.
Smith B. Holt '04 and Ada Belshe '08 are teaching the rising generation in Buena Vista.
Milton Force '07 is in Portland where he is employed by the Kilham Stationery Company.
Gladys Houston '08 has a position in the Albany High School; she reports school as going nicely.
Ellen Laurance '07 is teaching in her home town this winter. Her address is Prairie City, Oregon.
Carmen Sears '07 reports a profitable beginning in her school near Sheridan where she has a school of all grades.
Paul Baker '08 is employed in the Junction City High School. Mr. Baker reports his work as very interesting and profitable.
Mary Murdock and Ethel Gross, both of '08 are teaching in Seaside, Oregon. Mabel Snelling '06 is also in the village by the
Eugenia Snelling '07 has taken the title "Mrs." We are unfortunate enough, however, not to learn the name of the fortunate man.

Erma Thompson '06, Dora Neilson '07 and Anna Godberson '08 are teaching in The Dalles. Each has the most delightful room in town.

Ellen Nelson still has the position she has had since week after her graduation in February '07. She is in the East School in Salem.

Agnes Campbell '08 is attending school in Corvallis this year. She is making a specialty of art work a department which is especially fine at O. A. C.

Edgar Munson and Esther Fisher, both of '08 are teaching in Tillamook County; the former has a rural school, the latter a primary position in a graded school.

Both Mr. William Smith '06 and Hubert Goode '08 are attending Behnke-Walker Business College in Portland. They are also both teaching in the night school of the same institution.

Three of our '08 graduates are teaching in Independence. They are; Edith Fugate who has the second grade, Myrtle McReynolds, who has the fourth grade and June Seely who has the eighth grade.

Dean Butler '03 has forsaken the pedagogue temporarily at least. He has registered as a law student in the University of Oregon, and writes that he is very much fascinated with the work pertaining to his chosen profession.

Jennie Neal '06 is now on assistant of T. C. Allen in Grangeville, California. It will be remembered that Mr. Allen was a member of our faculty several years ago. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allen are employed in the Grangeville school.

We are proud to know that one of our number is now the president of the Oregon State Teachers’ Association. He is W. W. Wiley 1900, and it may be added he has made a very efficient vice president of the same organization for the past two years.

Harry Stine '06 is now suffering with a broken collar bone—an injury which he received while playing football on the University team with the Chemawa team on October 24. He has the sympathy of his many friends and it is to be hoped his next at-
tempt will not prove so disastrous.

David Campbell '08 who won the three hundred fifty dollar scholarship at Whitman College, is working with great enthusiasm in the conservatory of music at that place. He reports everything as "perfectly delightful". He also presides at the magnificent pipe organ in the Christian Church at Walla Walla.

Miss Maui Hawley '03 was married on October 6, to Dr. H. A. Beauchamp, of Stayton, Oregon. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hawley in Monmouth. Dr. and Mrs. Beauchamp left immediately after the wedding for Victoria B. C. where they will spend their honeymoon.

Elizabeth Cooper '06 is now teaching in Georgia. Miss Cooper writes she is greatly enjoying her work in this "faraway" country. She reports seeing many interesting things which are new to her; among the most interesting and beautiful, being the cotton fields. Miss Cooper very kindly remembered the Old Normal and accordingly mailed a box of cotton blooms, in the various stages of development, to President Ressler. All received the benefit of this real curiosity in Oregon.

Two of the members of Our Alumni, who have also been members of our faculty are now in California; they are, Frances H. Galloway '93 who is at the head of the History Department in a denominational school of academic rank, and E. S. Evenden who is a student at Stanford. Another member of our association as well who has been a member of our faculty has been lately heard from. He is Wm. A. Pettys who is now clerking in a store in Bay City, Oregon. Much to Mr. Pettys' disappointment he was unable to attend the University as he had planned to do this winter. Ill health caused the change in his plans.

We sow a thought and reap an act.
We sow an act and reap a habit.
We sow a habit and reap a character.
We sow a character and reap a destiny.

Young people talk of trusting to occasion. That trust is vain. Occasion cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve as not worth having unless you battle for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts. Then it is yours—a part of yourself.
SOCIETY

The three societies, Normal, Vespertine and Delphian are preparing debaters and orators for the school tryouts. Great interest is being shown in this line of work.

On Friday September 18 the Delphians turned out en masse to hold a rally in the interests of the Society. After a short meeting in the Delphian Hall the members visited the homes of the faculty and greeted them with Delphian songs and yells.

The Y. W. C. A. girls gave a reception in honor of Miss Hopkins, their assistant secretary of the Northwest, Saturday evening, October 3, in the Normal Assembly Hall. After a social time a program was rendered consisting of special music and an interesting talk by Miss Hopkins.

The first students’ ball of the year was given in the Gymnasium, Saturday evening, October 17. The room was beautifully
decorated with autumn leaves and evergreens. Excellent music was furnished by the Normal Cadet Orchestra. During the evening lemonade was served. At the hour of eleven all took their leave, everybody present having spent a pleasant evening.

At the last election at Vespertine the following officers were elected: President, Effie Galbreath; vice-president, Mrs. P. M. Stroud; secretary, Ora Williams; treasurer, Edna Scott; organist, Leila Spencer; chorister, Clara Tinnerstet; sergeant-at-arms, Carrie Hathaway.

The first initiation of the Delphian society was one of special importance. The Delphians-to-be were marched to the gymnasium where they were taken through the mysterious rites of Delphianism, and fed on Delphian pie. After initiation was over all indulged in a taffy pull. Mr. and Mrs. Fargo chaperoned.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Debating Society of Oregon, was held in Albany, November 6th, for the purpose of arranging the questions and places for the debates of the year. Mr. E. J. Montague, having been elected treasurer at the organization, represented the O. S. N. S. at the meeting.

On the night of October 2nd, twelve new members were led with witch like ceremonies into the mysteries of initiation into the Vespertine society. Since then several new members have been added at different times. Although our numbers are not as great as last year, we have our usual high quality and our labors are crowned with both pleasure and profit.

The girls of the Vespertine and Delphian societies were delightfully entertained in the gymnasium on the evening of Nov. 7th, the Normals acting as host. After a short program the usual games were played and the guests were treated to ice cream cones. The Normals are excellent entertainers and the evening was one of the pleasantest in our remembrance.

Friday evening, October 30th, the Delphians gave an entertainment to the other societies of the school, in the gymnasium. The room was artistically decorated with a number of jack-o-lanterns, whose glowing countenances were very vivid for the first half hour, the lights being turned off. Many interesting games were indulged in and at the conclusion of the evening pumpkin pie and cider were served to the guests.

One of the pleasant features at the beginning of the school year was a reception given in the chapel by the old students in honor of the new. Music was the special feature of the evening.
A little device for getting acquainted was used. Everyone, upon entering the room, was handed a little booklet in which he was to receive the names of all present. A prize was given to the one having the largest number of names, and a booby prize was also given.

The Delphian society was organized with a membership of about 25 old members. A form of secret initiation is being used. Thirty or more have taken the vows to be Delphians this year. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Mary Whitney; vice-president, Ruth Fugate; secretary, Ethel Laidlaw; treasurer, Ethel Eakin; sergeant-at-arms, Hazel Duna-hoo. Great interest is shown in the society work and the prospects are good for a very prosperous year.

On the evening of September 25, a reception was given to the students and faculty at the Christian Church, by the Y. P. S. C. E. The seats were removed from the main room of the building, while the small room in the rear was fashioned for a Japanese reception room. The hostesses were arrayed in Japanese costumes and were the objects of much attention. After a Japanese program and a social time the guests, seated upon cushions on the floor, were served with refreshments in Japanese style.

Among the interesting features of the school is the Normal Society which has the largest membership in its history of recent years. At the first regular meeting of the year, officers were elected as follows: President, D. C. Henry; vice-president, A. McNel; secretary, R. Chute; treasurer, E. V. Springer; sergeant at arms, E. J. Montague. The society began its work with an enrollment of nine members, but it has increased to about twice that number. Great interest is being taken in intercollegiate work, as seven members are preparing for the local debating tryout, and three for the local oratorical contest.
LOCAL NOTES

We all extend our sincere sympathy to Miss Annie Wickman, who was forced to leave school on account of a death in her family. She hopes to be able to return in February.

A crowd of Normal students went on a hay rack ride to the skating rink at Dallas. The trip was a pronounced success—everybody having a good time.

The following excellent chapel essays have been given by members of the senior class: "Description of Crater Lake," Elbert Arant; "Now and Then," Effie Shore; "Force of Will," Shirley Dorsey; "Missouri," David Henry, "A New Industry," Effie Galbreath; "One Phase of Life," Ora Williams.

The first of the faculty chapel talks for the year was given by Mr. Buckham, who spoke upon, "The place of Man in Nature." The talk was both interesting and instructive and was enjoyed by all.

The first number of the Citizens Entertainment Course was given October 29th, in the assembly hall, it being a lecture by Dr. Bancroft on the subject of "When, Whom and How to Love." The lecture was interspersed with songs, recitations and impersonations by Dr. Bancroft's wife—D. Lillian Lewis. The next entertainment of the course will be a concert and it is hoped that there will be a good attendance.

The classes organized, elected officers and chose their class colors as follows:

SENIOR:

President, D. C. Henry; vice-president, Percy Strock; secretary, Mary Whitney; treasurer, Ruth Fugate; sergeant-at-arms, Charles Cook.
COLORS—Orange and Green.

JUNIOR:

President, Jean Kuykendall; vice-president, Albert Sacre;
secretary, Incy Baker; treasurer, Bessie Shepherd; sergeant-at-arms, Hazel Kuykendall.

COLORS—Blue and White.

SOPHOMORE:

President, Erwin Montague; vice-president, George Ground; secretary, Hazel Dunahoo; treasurer, Grace Thompson; sergeant-at-arms, Frank Groshong.

COLORS—Blue and Gold.

FRESHMAN:

President, Ray Chute; vice-president, Erwin Springer; secretary, Mignon Burt; treasurer, Grace Fugate; sergeant-at-arms, Edgar Sacre.

COLORS—Black and Old Gold.

The class gift, presented to the Normal by the June class of 1908, and put in place during the summer is an excellent memorial. It is a marble slab seven by two and one-half feet, with the inscription, "Oregon State Normal School, 1882, June 1908." It is located in the tower about forty feet from the ground. The stone was secured from Vermont.

The old students may be interested in knowing who are the chairmen of the several faculty committees: Athletics, Mr. Butler; Course of Study, Mr. Traver; Debating, Mr. Briggs; Entertainments, Mr. Buckham; Literary Societies, Mr. Briggs; Oratory, Miss Tuthill; Schedule, Mr. Fargo; Social, Mrs. Babbitt; Student employment, Miss Bowden; Visiting, Miss Shearer.

We were grieved to hear of the death of Mrs. W. Rutherford, nee Neva J. Whitney, and wish to extend our deepest sympathy to her husband, relatives and many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford were both graduates of the Normal.

Preparations for the intercollegiate oratorical contest and intercollegiate debates are well under way.

President Ressler and Mr. Traver have attended several Coun- Institutes this fall. So far Mr. Ressler has been to McMinnville, Dallas and Hillsboro. Mr. Traver, during the month of October, attended institutes at Medford, Dallas, The Dalks, and during the month of November and December he will go Oregon City, Tillamook, Salem, Baker City and Albany. It is interesting to know that in every institute from one-third to one-half the teachers present have done some work at Monmouth. Many are graduates, others have taken two or three years work, still others have taken one or more summer courses.
Miss Gage, the Northwest secretary of the Y. W. C. A., spent Sunday, September 27th, with the young ladies of the school and gave a public address in the evening to students and friends.

Miss Hopkins, assistant secretary for the North-west Y. W. C. A., spent October 3rd to 5th with us. Miss Hopkins gave a very interesting address before the assembly on Monday, October 4th, and after assembly had a heart to heart talk with the girls.

Mr. Briggs went home, as he expressed it, to vote for "Bill,"—for which "Bill" of course we do not know.

The Junior Rhetoricals began Wednesday, November 3rd, with the essays of Mary Murphy, on "The Yachats," and Albert Sacre, on "Future Probability." Both of them were very good.

We are glad to hear of the election of Professor L. A. Robinson as a member of the Mosely commission, which goes to England to visit and report upon schools there. This commission is composed of teachers from all parts of the United States. They leave New York on November 25th, on the steamer Teutonic for South Hampton, and when they return they will sail on the steamer Majestic, December 23rd.

An Encounter

The night was dark; the chapel too,
    And solemnly we did wait;
The doors were barred—the windows locked,
    The Freshies were somewhat late.
A step below—a whisper within,
    Bravely we waited the charge;
A sudden rush, a tremendous force,
    And in they come small and large.
Numerous as bees—eager for fray,
    The freshies came after us sophs;
16 to 1 the ratio stood,
    What show had we poor old sophs?
The ladder up, the ladder down.
    The ladder up to stay;
The letters up—the letters down;
    When president came next day.
Glory for Sophs. on Saturday night,
    Glory for Freshies that eve;
So it's tit tat for, butter for fat,
    In the web of life we weave.
An athletic rally was held on the college campus Friday evening, November 6th. A large bonfire, built tepee shape, dispelled the fog and within its circle of light a practice football game was played, while each contestant was successively applauded. After a grand march around the fire, the merrymakers visited the homes of several members of the faculty and bombarded them with songs and college yells.

Quite a large crowd witnessed the foot ball game Saturday afternoon, November 7th, between Independence and Monmouth. Our boys did some good playing and prevented their opponents from making a point, while Independence did likewise. The game finally closed with a score of 0 to 0.

On the 14th of November, our foot ball warriors, about 15 strong, under the chaperonage of Professor Briggs, drove to Albany with the intention of taking the scalps of the local high school team. They were disappointed in this plan, the score resulting in 10 to 6 against them, but all report a fine time and the best of treatment by the Albany people.

The return game was played on the Normal grounds, November 21st, in a drenching rain. Victory perched once more on the banners of the Albany players, with a score of 6 to 5. The visitors remained over for the students semi-term hop.

The line-up for both games was as follows: Dunham, c.; Bogynska, r. g.; Ground, l. g.; Arant, r. t.; Burkhead, l. t.; McNiell, r. e.; Riddell, l. e.; Sacre, q.; Phelps, r. h.; Montague, l. h.; Stump, f. b.; substitutes were Lindsay, E. Sacre and Serr.

Basket ball is also claiming quite a following this year. The Freshman class is represented by both girls' and boys' teams which have proven somewhat too fast for the other class teams. At the
first grand inter-class tournament, combination teams of Seniors and Freshmen against the Sophomores and Juniors were formed. Amidst intense rivalry and aggressive class spirit, the first combination won out, the score between the boys' teams being quite close.

About seventy students have joined the Athletic Association, electing Albert Sacre, president; Ray Chute, secretary and treasurer. Hazel Dunahoo is manager for the girls and Lester Lindsay for the boys. Games are wanted for both boys and girls in basketball and a number of challenges have already been issued, so far without success. Alva Craven is coaching and expresses confidence in the prospects of turning out winning teams.

I want to be a senior,
And with the seniors stand;
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A notebook in my hand.

Miss G.—What do we have to look out for in bookkeeping?
Joe B.—Blots.

Mr. B.—"What three words are used oftenest in this school?"
M. H.—"I don't know."
Mr. B.—"Correct."

Miss H.—To a Freshie—"Please give the the dimensions of Carthage."
Freshie—"It is twenty-three miles."
Miss H.—"Square?"
Freshie—"No round."

Three Juniors cramming for a history test.
 Silence broken by first Junior.
 "There's one date I can always remember."
 Second—"What is that?"
 First—"New York founded in 1607."
Then that Junior wondered why the others laughed.

Prof. B., in psychology,—"Students, you must not ruin your health by sitting up too late; it is absolutely necessary that you get eight hours sleep whether you get your lessons or not."
Prof. F.—"Get your lesson, even if it requires your sitting up all night."

Students, meditating, "What shall I do?"
Are you a Normal student this year, Joe?
No, I'm a Freshman.

Business meeting at Miss Murphy's.
Chairman: Motion for adjournment now in order.
Miss C.: I move that we do now adjourn.
Chairman: All in favor of the motion make known by the usual sign.
Chorus: "I."
Chairman: Those opposed, the same sign.
Mr. Burton Arant: "I."

At the Dining Hall—Dorothy P. to some students: I have ordered a dray to take a ride in tomorrow.

In the Library: E. M. to Florence H.—Where is the last copy of the Monmouth Herald? Florence H., absent-mindedly, the LAST copy hasn't been printed.

Girls at the Dining Hall discussing what to say when the boys made request for their company; Hattie C., I always say, "I guess so?" Esther Sp——, I always reply, "I hadn't thought anything about it, but I'll see."

What happened to Geo. G. the other night?
Ans.—Got stung!

A group of girls discussing plans for Hallowe'en.
Said one, "I am afraid it will be awfully expensive to buy pumpkins for jack-o-lanterns and pies too."
Miss H: "I have that all planned out. We will just tell Mrs. Brewster to be real careful with the pumpkins that she makes the pies of, and then we can use the outsides for jack-o-lanterns."
Any one desiring the service of a professional epicure apply to Artie Burkehead. He is quite skilled in the line of professional feasting, being now able to distinguish clearly between soap suds and cider.

Mr. R. in chapel,—"I won't be able to attend this lecture but you can tell me all that it is necessary for me to know about Who, How and When to Love."

Prof. in Physics,—"Does the attraction between two bodies increase or diminish with distance."
Miss M.,—"It increases."
Prof.—"Oh, then you evidently believe in the theory that 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

There is no danger of Normal students going hungry this winter, because we can, if necessary, furnish our own Baker and Cook.

St. Peter to Physic student at the gate. "Miss H., before you enter I must test you. Analyze the Toepler-Haltz machine, the Winshurst, what electromotive force would send a body to Mars? What would be the specific internal and external resistance? The current? Give the entire topic. Give the laws of the text book."
Miss H. (faintly) "I don't believe I can."
St. Peter, "You have failed."

Ida G.—"What is that strange noise I hear?"
Clara T.—"Oh! that's only Carrie getting the orotund quality."

Mr. F.—Students get what the book says. Though you don't understand it, GET IT.
Mr. B.—Do not commit a thing you don't understand.
Mr. Butler calling the roll.
"Mr. Chute."
Mr. Chute (who is talking to Miss D.,) "Er! Um! Eh! Yes! Present.

Mr. B. in Civics, (after explaining the difference between the singular and plural numbers.)
Miss H., "would you say seven and nine IS fifteen or seven and nine ARE fifteen.
Miss H., "I would say seven and nine are fifteen."
Mr. B., "I usually say seven and nine are sixteen."

What is Fae's highest ambition?
To be a Cook.

Mr. B., (After speaking of the embarassment of being asked an unexpected question.)
"Now, girls, you must be on the lookout, because some day someone will pop the question at you."
A quartet from last year's Girls Glee Club sang Schubert's Serenade at assembly recently to illustrate the chapel essay read by one of their number, Ruth Fugate.

Otto F. L. Herse, assisted by Frank A. White, gave the second number the Citizens' Entertainment Course. Mr. Herse has a pleasant, lyric tenor voice and gave a very enjoyable recital. His selections were tuneful and he sang with good style. His voice is not big but is sweet in quality and especially pleasing in ballad. Mr. White's piano accompaniments were excellent in support and he properly subordinated to the voice. His solos were also well received.

The Men's Glee Club has had two "sings" this year, but has not made a public appearance. A number of good voices were lost last year but with a nucleus of a half dozen old members, it will be possible to develop a fair club. Mr. Traver will direct again. A regular organization will be formed, with constitution and by-laws and the duties of membership will be rigorously enforce.

Mrs. Babbitt has also reorganized her Girls' Club. There will probably be a membership of eight or ten this year. The delightful singing of the chorus at the Senior Reception demonstrated that there will be some good material among the new girls.
EXCHANGES

You receive our admiration.—"Whims," for the logical arrangement of your material.

We are much interested in your progress Chemawa, but if you would limit your paper to a monthly publication, it would be stronger.

How we enjoyed your review on "The Idyls of the King," "Columbiad," and your cuttings too.

The Clarion's character sketch of Washington Irving is excellent.

"News" shows, in its interesting stories, a love for our resourceful west.

Troubadour's editorials are excellent.

We enjoyed the commencement number of "The Spirit," and of the "Normal Vidette,"

"The Lens" contains some very pretty rhymes. An interesting little paper all through.


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Dallas 6:40 a. m.
Train No. 68 leaves Independence daily at:
10:25 a. m.; leaves Monmouth 11:35 a. m.; ar-
vives Dallas, 11:30 a. m.
Train No. 70 leaves Independence daily at 6:15
p. m.; leaves Monmouth 6:30 p. m.; arrive Dal-
las 6:55 p. m.

FOR AIRLIE
Train No. 73 leaves Independence daily 2:30
p. m.; leaves Monmouth 2:50 p. m.; arrives at
Arlie 3:25 p. m.

FROM DALLAS
FOR INDEPENDENCE
Train No. 65 leaves Dallas daily 4:50 p. m.
leaves Monmouth 5:25 a. m.; arrives Indepen-
dence 9:15 a. m.
Train No. 69 leaves Dallas daily 1:30 p. m.
leaves Monmouth 1:35 p. m.; arrives Indepen-
dence 5:40 p. m. (This train connects at Mon-
mouth for Airie.)
Train No. 71 leaves Dallas daily 7:35 p. m.
leaves Monmouth 8 p. m.; arrives Indepen-
dence 8:15 p. m.

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