

the office in the school building has been made attractive and comfortable with pictures, tables and chairs. Scattered about are various specimens of the printer's art' the Oregonian, Journal, the latest magazines and a few books. Already the students are manifesting much interest in the world's events—the inauguration and the Mexican war affording timely discussions.

Paul Kininnook is acting librarian, and will be pleased to serve the girls on Monday and Wednesdays; the boys on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Long live the library!

“Ten minutes a day devoted affectionately to good books—indeed, to one book of the first order, like the English Bible or Shakespeare, or to two or three books of the second order, like Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Bacon, will in thirty years make all the difference between a cultivated and an uncultivated man; between a man mentally rich, and a man mentally poor.”—CHARLES W. ELIOT.

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#### AN INDIAN LEGEND—THE FIRST FIRE

The following is a legend of the Indans of the Klamath tribe:

Once upon a time when the animals and birds were like human beings they had to eat their food without it being cooked. One day a little robin caught something which she saw flying in the air and took it to her mother. It was a burnt leaf that came from a fire many miles away. Of course the old people knew that there must be fire some place, so they sent the humming-bird and dove to look for the fire. The dove come back first without finding the fire.

When the humming-bird came back she brought the news of what she had found out about the fire. The coyote was chosen to take some others with him and steal some fire. He got the black snake to sneak in and steal some while he was attracting the owner's attention at the gambling table. They had some one stationed along the trail to catch the fire as it came along. The last one was the turtle.

When the owner saw them running with it he ran after them to get the fire back. When the turtle got it, he was about to jump into the water when he was caught. The owner of the fire smashed his back upon the willow roots and since then the turtle bears the scars upon his back.

After that the Indians got the fire by rubbing small willow roots together on a large, rough stick until the flames blazed. That is the way the Indians made their fire before they got matches.—Ethel Roberts, Senior; Smith River Tribe, California.