

## PUPILS' ITEMS

Catherine Loftus has been on the honor roll every month this year.

The B division has had all present for some time—a pleasing record.

Wallace Beebe is a great help to Mr. Sanders in the painting department.

The seventh grade is now studying Warner's "Hunting the Deer," and other essays.

The gardeners are sorting the potatoes over and picking out the best ones for seed.

On the evening of the 25th the Excelsiors held a very spirited meeting. It was full of "pep" and vim from beginning to end.

Mr. Galbraith, who has charge of the piggery, is getting the lots in fine condition. There are fifty-eight young pigs now.

Isaac Jones has gone to war service and Edward Auld will soon go. The seventh grade has lost a number of boys to the call of the colors.

On Tuesday morning the seventh graders studied geography for a whole period—war geography—and they know where the "Western Front" is and several other things.

Two officers, Harriet Verney, secretary, and Julius Frank, reporter, have left us. We elected Catherine Loftus to take Harriet's place and William Frazier to take Julius' place.

On Wednesday, March 27th, Miss Lemley took the Junior girls of the Domestic Science class for a ramble in the woods. They returned with a number of Easter lilies and had a jolly good time.

Paul Liphart was elected president of the Y. M. C. A. for the year of '18 and '19, succeeding Irving Shepard, the retiring president. The Y. M. C. A. was very successful under the leadership of Irving.

Paul Liphart was elected president of the Mitchell Club to fill the vacancy caused by the enlistment of Russell Adams in the Navy. He took office last Friday evening and the members expect great things of him.

In early February Louise DeMacon placed some beans in between a roll of moist cotton and the sides of a glass so we could see how the beans sprouted and note how long the little plants would continue to grow without any soil. One small plant has six leaves and more than that—is now in blossom.

## Sixth Grade

Mr. F. W. Keeler, of Montana, visited his children last week.

Sherman Young, a former student at Chemawa, is now in France.

The daylight saving bill is now a law. Better begin now and learn to wake up an hour earlier

Reginald Downie and Irving Shepard attended the play given at the High School in Salem on Tuesday evening.

A small heating stove has been put in McBride Hall laundry. It makes it much more comfortable for the girls.

Mr. Hall is taking a lot of interest in the work that is being done in the stump patch. He visits us while at work in the patch and we are rushing to finish up the job.

## A FROG'S SPEECH

I was nothing once, but after awhile my folks told me how I came to be a frog. And I thought to myself, I will write a little story about how I came to be a frog. Many years ago I was a little egg in a bunch of eggs, floating in the water of a pond. I was the biggest egg in the family, I was the first one hatched, and I found myself in the coolest place in the muddy water. After awhile my legs and my tail grew out. Day by day I grew a little bit bigger.

On my way growing I had a good time with my brothers and sisters. We sang among the ponds night and day. Sometimes we saw wild beasts coming and we all jumped deep into the water and down into the mud. That's how we got out of danger.

After awhile I grew older and older. Once in awhile I came out of the water and sat on a log watching for some danger. In the evenings I went back to the water and told stories to the youngsters that were growing. I told them how we all grew older and older and how our tails come off and we change from tadpoles to frogs.

One spring when the sun was shining over the valleys we were all out of the water singing like the Chemawa band and all at once we stopped singing for we heard a couple of voices crying away up in the air. I looked up and what do you think I saw? There was a big bird flying over us carrying some frogs to his home.

One day I held a meeting. I called all the frogs together and I gave them a little speech. I told them how to keep out of danger. I told them I was going to be the head of all. After that there was no danger and there was no trouble going on. Then, all the frogs called me the "Frogs' Speaker."

There was once a time when a great many of them got mumps and nearly all the frogs had them, but I didn't so they called me to be the doctor. I told them how to get rid of the mumps and they were all right again. Then I was called "Doctor Frog."—Earl W. Charles, Fourth Grade.