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THE JOB FOR A MAN

It isn't the job we intend to do
Or the labor we've just begun
That puts us right on the ledger sheet;
It's the work that we have really done.
Our credit is built upon the things we do,
Our debit on things we shirk,
The man who totals the biggest plus
Is the man who completes his work.
Good intentions do not pay our bills;
Its easy enough to plan;
To wish is the play of an office boy;
To do is the job of a man.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO

If you were compelled to state your preference as to your stand in the matter of moral righteousness, let us ask, "Would you sooner beat somebody in a deal or have them beat you? It certainly is dishonorable to scheme to beat anybody in dealing with them, therefore it would be better not to resort to sharp practice. To plan ill to another can never profit any person and it must be disagreeable to think of oneself as capable of that which is little and contemptible. The strictly honorable course is to take the worst of it rather than to give it.

Were you obliged to choose a companion would you select one known as thoroughly reliable, or would your preference suggest one who was absolutely unreliable? It is inconceivable that an unreliable person would be selected, therefore we believe that reliability is a most desirable quality. Don't you really want to be reliable? Come to think of it, what is your attitude toward Mr. Reliability?

Do you believe in morality? Do you not feel it a splendid thing to be able to sleep at night, free from any scourge of conscience? What can be a greater source of pride than the feeling that one has moral cleanliness within him? It is a source of strength beyond estimation. What do you think about striving for strength of this nature?

Which will pay best in the end, "Serious purpose or frivolity?" Learn to make a distinction between legitimate pleasure and recreation and that silliness which we stamp as frivolity. To be anybody we have to work—play the ant, not the grasshopper—to make every moment count. During our youthful days is

the time to prepare for the future. By study and work we insure our future. Now, what will you do, "Study or work?" Will you, or will you not, think? it will help you to think for yourself—and to think right, too.

WINONA JITNEY BAZAAR

The Winona Society girls and their advisor, Mrs. Risser, gave an entertaining as well as a profitable jitney bazaar in the school gymnasium last Saturday evening. This year, instead of using their fund for the annual social these girls voted to use such fund in financing a bazaar by which to raise an amount for the benefit of the Red Cross at Chemawa. The affair was carried out in a very unique and clever manner and everyone who attended felt that they got more than the worth of the jitney.

There were booths of all descriptions presided over by the girls in Red Cross uniforms, including the fish pond, the gypsy fortune teller, the voting booth for the most popular young lady at Chemawa, fancy needle work, ice cream, coffee and sandwiches, peanuts and candies, etc., besides flower girls throughout the crowd selling boutonnieres.

The young ladies did themselves proud and cleared \$60.00. The booths were crowded as long as the articles for sale lasted. The decorations were profuse and artistic, using the American flags and Red Cross emblems. There was considerable competition in the voting contest for the most popular young lady and much friendly rivalry exhibited. The final result was in favor of Marie Shaishnikoff, one of our seniors.

TRULY SARCASTIC

Referring to a certain opponent of his bill providing for the establishment of an American legion of honor, Senator Owen expressed the belief that such a measure could not be opposed except sarcastically. "My opponent," said he, "must be as sarcastic as the man at the theater. When a fellow near by annoyed him by his loud talking this man remarked to his wife: 'Heavens, I wish that idiot would shut up.'"

"Were you referring to me?" asked the loud talker, turning on him with a fierce expression.

"Oh dear, no," the first chap replied, "I was referring to the star. He's making so much noise that I can't hear a thing you say."