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The Chemawa American

Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XX

Wednesday, May 15, 1918

No. 30

WILL YOU PASS?

Once again the close of the school year is nearly here. This fact should, and in many instances does, put us in a reflective mood. We meditate on the months that are gone and of our accomplishment with which to off-set their loss, and we cogitate the future and our chances to pass the final examinations fairly and squarely, and with such averages as shall be creditable to us.

The one great error that all of us, young and old, make is that we do not place as much value on our time as we should. We can do nothing with the past—it has gone, and gone forever, too! We can do nothing with the future—it is not yet here, and we may not see much of it. Our opportunity for accomplishment, the opportunity of which we can be absolutely certain, is here—right now! Trying to accomplish anything on time that has gone is the same as trying to run a water-power mill with water that has passed—it can't be done!

It seems that a large percentage of us are failures in some way or another. To fail is not necessarily a disgrace, but to fail through lack of self-effort and application is certainly not creditable, to say the least. The requirements of our schools are not so exacting as to foredoom the average student to failure. The final examinations are simply tests to ascertain if a student has measured up to what it is desired and hoped he should. For your own sakes do not fail. Be good students. Learn things and facts—principles—for their value to you, not because an instructor forces you to do so. Be a good student now and continue such as long as you live.

Soon we will look back to the "final exams" of 1918 and to some of our students pleasant recollections will come—they will be the ones who passed with credit. To those who placed no value upon their time, who made no effort, who were as a drone in the hive, there will have been a sad awakening—they will have failed. There will in the very nature of things be some who will fail although they worked hard and put forth their best efforts. We feel sorry for this class of students, but in reality such a student wins even though he loses, for it is self-effort that counts—and he has made the effort. In time one who makes persistent and intelli-

gent efforts will succeed. The most pitiable of all classes of students, at Chemawa and elsewhere, is that class who, having intelligence will not use it. Those cases are hopeless and for such the future does not look any too bright. The common lot is labor, but the less you know and the less skill you have the less is your choice as regards the manner in which you shall get your food and raiment. Remember that!

Now, what do you think about passing in your final tests which are distant a comparatively few days? Take our word for it—it is better that you pass. It is far better to be 10 percent the "real thing" than 100 percent of "nothing."

CUTS BOTH WAYS

A farmer, the other day, took a plowshare to the blacksmith's to be sharpened, and while the blacksmith worked the farmer chuckled and bragged about a sale of hogs he had just made. "Them hogs was only eight months old," he said, "and none too fat, nuther; but I seen that the buyer was at his wits' end, and by skillful jugglin' I boosted up the price on him just 300 per cent. Yes, by gum, I got three times more for them hogs than I uster get before the war."

The plowshare being done, the farmer handed the smith 50 cents.

"Hold on," said the smith, "I charge \$1.50 for that job now."

"You scandalous rascal!" yelled the farmer. "What do you mean by treblin' your price on me? What have you done it for?"

"I've done it," said the blacksmith, "so's I'll be able to taste a little of that high-priced pork of yours."

A. C. Davis, of Sunset, Pa., a veteran of the civil war, tells of a more effective way to cut the high cost of living than the methods pursued by diet squads. For a number of weeks he lived on less than seven cents a day, he says, and worked and grew stronger all the time. His entire diet consisted of cooked wheat with sugar and milk. A pound of wheat and a pint of milk lasted him a day. The wheat cost him two cents a pound and the milk about four cents a pint.