

3 MAY 8

COPY - 1956

I 20
2120

The Chemawa American

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

Vol. XXI

Wednesday, February 26, 1919

No. 20

VALUE IN READING

On Sunday evening, February 16, Supt. Hall during the chapel service spoke of the value of reading. In no unmistakable terms he made clear to all, especially to the young people, the great value that is found in reading, and in reading alone. To one who will read the mental treasure vaults of the world are open. It was a good, sound talk, and was as follows:

Do our Chemawa young people half appreciate the value that can be found in reading? With our very good library of 3,000 well-selected volumes all ought to cultivate a desire for good literature. Not a few of course have a natural fondness for it, but a good many, no doubt, must develop a taste for reading. The one who reads widely greatly enriches his life, for in books he gets a broader knowledge, deeper thought, and a better understanding of life in general.

If the book is a story of particular characters, or a history of nations, he makes acquaintance with many kinds of people, having all sorts of conditions. He finds that in their lives they must fight and overcome or lose through great hardship and difficulties. In the noble characters who win he sees models for his own life. Their thought and deeds help to make him better. If he reads essays or works of science he enlarges his fund of knowledge; or if it is a poem or a picturesque description he gains a little fuller appreciation of the beautiful, thereby refining his character. Indeed, whatever the nature of the literature, so it is good, his own life and the lives of those about him will be influenced more or less for the better.

When we think of the unfortunate ones who are shut in from the outside world we see readily the great advantage they might find in reading. One particular case here suggests itself: It is of a girl who had been for years unable to leave her bed on account of an injury to her spine, yet her life was rich, full and happy. In her books she had found practically all that she had missed, except in physical activity. She always referred to the characters she met in reading as "story friends." To the girl they were as real as the people of the actual world. Her brain was quick to understand, her thought clever, and her general information remarkable, all of which was largely the result of her extensive reading.

Those students who already know the pleasure and benefit to be had in reading are now laying up a big treasure for future years, while others who have not yet awakened to the great riches of the literary world are forever missing opportunities to gain in character, knowledge and happiness.

Many have read and worked and thought to good purpose. They have remembered what they have read while students here and have benefitted therefrom. Chemawa can point with pride to a number of graduates, men and women, who, by persistent efforts, have raised themselves above the average in their chosen work. By what means have they achieved this success? Character is the secret of their success, and no doubt they were assisted in its formation by the reading of good books. And hence your leading purpose, now and always, should be to possess sterling character more than any other power.

Many persons think that money gives success; that rich men's sons alone can tread the road to success. If you keep your eyes open you will see that this is not true; that many of the poorest boys of our country have made the best and noblest men. You may become wealthy or you may acquire riches, but in either event you can do more by your virtue than by your money. Your studies in school, your reading, your aim in life should all work toward this one great object: To acquire that genuine manhood or womanhood which contains those elements of highest character, without which there can be no success.

WORRIED HIM TOO

The story goes that a certain Washington man owed another \$50 but when the time came to pay it he hadn't the money and to save the life of him he couldn't see how to get it. It worried him so much that he could not sleep so, after pacing the floor for hours, he put on his hat and started, though it was in the dead of the night, for the home of the creditor. After he had rung the bell three or four times an upper window was shoved up and a sleepy voice inquired what was wanted.

"It's me," said the conscientious debtor. "I haven't got the money to pay you tomorrow and it worried me so much I couldn't rest till I had told you."

"What in the world did you want to tell me for?" said the creditor. "Now I can't sleep either."