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WHAT I WOULD BE

IF I WERE A BOY

I would aim to be a good boy; a boy worthy of trust. I would desire to be a manly boy, one who is really and truly manly; not one who strutted about with a pompous swagger and chewed tobacco and smoked cigarettes and used profane and vulgar language and reveled in coarse stories. My wish would be that I might be a gentleman always, that my manner, my address, would single me out as a clean-minded, well-meaning and well-doing boy. I would want to be a credit to my father and mother, my brother and sister, if I was so fortunate as to have such relatives, but not having them I would want to be a credit to myself, then I would be sure of having friends, and of the right sort. I would try to so conduct myself that I could be all of the things, for all may be done by determination alone—no money is required, for money does not enter into the making of a gentleman. I would try to realize, were I a boy, that by making of myself a good boy it would be an easy matter as the years passed by to become a good man, a man of real worth in my community—one of decency and wisdom, capable of leadership in the battle of life where human progress and achievement alone could better the world and humanity. Such a boy and such a man I should want to be.

IF I WERE A GIRL

I would try above all things to avoid the remotest suspicion that I was not a good girl. I would avoid even the appearance of evil, not in a "holier than thou" attitude, but in a manner of firmness and sincerity. I would not be loud in my manner, in my talk, in my dress. I would be quiet, but not be affected or so retiring as to brand me as unduly timid—in a word I would avoid extremes in anything. I would, were I a girl, be nothing but a lady. I would be considerate of all—young or old. I would try to make those about me rejoice in me and be glad that I was born. I would try to get a knowledge of every department of the home and its up-keep and equip myself for its management that I might at some happy day in the future take charge of a home and prove equal to the charge and the trust that went with it. I would want

to be a ministering angel to the poor, to the needy, to the unfortunate and down-trodden, to sustain as nearly as possible those whose hearts were torn by sorrow and misery and to whom life seemed to offer nothing. Could any girl aspire to more? A good woman is the fruition of a good girl. The roughest and most uncouth and ill-bred ruffian recognizes the lady instinctively; his hat comes off to her. The hat of mankind is off, figuratively, when the lady appears. Were I a girl I would cultivate such qualities that all would recognize as good. Girls, the chance yours—the time to start is now.

THE CITIZEN'S CREED

I believe in my country above all other countries, maker of its citizens in body and spirit.

I believe in its government, the one form of government which is the voice of the people.

I believe in the laws of liberty promulgated by this government and in their power to transform aliens into citizens.

I believe in my flag, the most beautiful flag on earth, symbol of liberty and right principles.

I believe in the noble institutions proceeding from the great heart and mind of my country for the uplift of humanity.

I acknowledge one baptism of fire and blood for the remission of national sins, and I look for universal and absolute loyalty in my countrymen, with the sacrifice of ourselves and our all, if need be, to create a lasting and honorable international peace which shall demonstrate for all time to every race in every land under the sun the brotherhood of man.

This creed was written by Mrs. Jessie Wells Cook, senior teacher at the Chilocco school. She is well known throughout the Indian Service for her interest in Indian education and all-around efficiency in her work and is a writer of note.

Ignorance when voluntary is criminal.—Johnson.

Seest thou therein any glimpse of immortality? O Heaven, know of a truth that only time-shadows have perished or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was or is or whatever will be, is even now and forever. Believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.—Carlyle.