

CONSTANT EFFORT

(Continued from page 1)

more dead-in-earnest methods into our efforts than we have been in the habit of doing.

We do not know of a single student, or employe, at Chemawa who cannot do better than they are doing right now. This is not a reflection upon any one, but is intended to prove them possessed of greater possibilities than they themselves are aware. We can all improve and enlarge our ability very materially. We all know that it is possible, and practical, too, to do better than we have ever done in the past. The most conscientious persons at Chemawa can do better than they are doing. Then, why don't we? Why are we doing the little things when we are capable of something bigger?

Is it manly, boys—is it womanly, girls—is it honest to complain, to whine because we do not get ahead, when we know in our own hearts, if we are honest with ourselves, that we are not doing our level-best, our possible best, in everything which we undertake at Chemawa? The very fact that we would feel hurt if told that there was nothing better possible in us than we have already exhibited, that we can never get any higher than we now are, proves that we have not yet called out our full powers.

People, we are too easy, too lenient; we coddle ourselves too much. We do not demand enough of ourselves; we are too lax in our self-discipline, too indulgent in our self-training methods. Our inclination to shirk hard problems, to pick out the easy things first; our shrinking from the disagreeable things are all proof that we are not putting forth our very best efforts.

Young friends, why not make up your minds, beginning right now, that you will make everything you touch, everything you take up, everything that you put your hand to, count? Why not resolve that you will make this year of your life mean more than all the past years? Perhaps some of you may have been a colorless, indifferent, member of this or some other school, performing your academic and vocational work perfunctorily; if so, change your attitude. Do everything with a new spirit—a new aim.

Resolve that wherever you are detailed you will make yourself felt, that you are not going to be a silent looker-on, a nonentity, but that you are going to radiate power, forcefulness, masterfulness. With this resolution firm in your fibre you will be enabled to carry it out and get a new grip upon yourself; better grip upon your studies, upon your work, and a new satisfaction will come to you all around. Remember, that only your best on all occasions can elevate your life and give enduring satisfaction.

DOMESTIC ART NOTES

Howdy, Folks!

Look who's here—the of class '30, strong as ever. We are as busy as bees on our renovating problems. We are working on our gingham and woolen dresses.

Our first lessons have been on darning, patching, cleaning and pressing of cotton, silk and woolen materials.

More news later.

THE STORM BIRD

The Dahcotahs, like many other people, tried to give an account of the "whys and wherefores" of all things. The weather took its today share of the conversation.

Some Indians thought that the Thunder was caused by the rolling of a great stone over the sky, but the Dahcotahs thought that it was caused by a great black bird sweeping down from the mountain and flapping its wings upon the surface of a great lake, and that as it arose from the water, and that as it swooped up and down it drew the lightning from the water and dispersed it to the earth with its wings. The Dahcotahs thought the rain to be only the water taken up from the lake on this bird's wings and sprinkled over the earth as he dispersed the lightning with his wings.

This flapping of his wings caused the wind, during the storm, and when the wind blew in clear weather this black bird was only exercising his wings for a thunder storm. The clouds moving so swiftly across the sky was when the storm bird was high in the air, wafting them around with his wings, and when all was peaceful and quiet upon the earth the storm bird was resting in his mountain heights, enjoying the beautiful weather that he was allowing to exist.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE NOTES

Bon matin, folks!

Tuesday morning we served our first dinner of the detail. The cooks were, Margaret Maupis, Oxcenia Hendrickson, Mattie Turcotte and Rachel Tanner, all of whom were new to the job, but never-the-less the food was eaten and not a rebuke was uttered. We girls also made cakes, all of which were successful.

The more advanced classes have been transferred to the Wigwam, so the tenth grade is all alone in the Domestic Science now. Three ninth grade girls are working here also, so the department is pretty well filled.

Oxcenia Hendrickson is working at the club this week. We hear very good reports of her work.

We have been practicing cake making again this week in preparation for the Winona party. So far we have had no failures.

People from far and near flocked to Salem last Friday to hear the great band of the great Sousa. Beyond doubt this organization is as fine as any band in the world.