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## JUST WOUND UP

All over the civilized portions of the earth are to be found people who are showing great activity, but no purpose. They are moving in all directions, but they have no goal in sight; they seem to have no particular object in life except just to keep moving. They are all wound-up and running, but they get no place.

What is true of the world in general is also true of the majority of our young people at Chemawa. They are capable of showing great activity, but not much purpose. Some are at present convinced that they are going to do, or be, this, that or the other thing—all more or less commendable. How will it be ten years hence? How many will have been going (progressing) for ten years with a certain goal in mind? The trouble is that so many of us "change our minds" too easily and too often. It is true that our insane asylums are filled with people who do not "change their minds," but this is no excuse for a sane person to change his mind too frequently.

Some of our young men who are at present majoring in a department of agriculture may be found keeping books for various concerns ten years from now, while others now here and apparently interested in a certain line of endeavor may be occupied in ten years from now in a field which at present seems remote.

This should prove to all of our instructors that our problems are not alone the matter of teaching the principles of certain subjects, but rather of inculcating in the student a sense of stability and purpose if he is to avoid the charge later on of simply being "wound-up and running." We have an over-production of that class.

Not long ago we read an account of a traveler who chanced to be sight-seeing in London. He told of having one day seen a fine window display, and of all the wonderful and beautiful things upon which he gazed the most outstanding feature of all was a clock. The clock was running, it must of course have been wound-up, it had a pendulum in sight and it was moving to and fro, it had a dial—the hours plainly figured on it. All in all, it was a nice clock except for one thing—it did not tell time. It had no hands. Lacking one essential point it was useless. It had a tick

all right, but of what use was the tick?

Our young people are all ticking, but they must do more—they must tick intelligently. They must "tell the time." Catch the point?

## STARTING OUT

On the completion of school at Chemawa the entire capital of nine out of every ten of our students consists wholly in what they acquire while here. With this capital they are obliged to engage in the business of making a living for themselves. The academic courses and the experiences at the trades which they are afforded here have a greater value than the majority of our students imagine. What is secured while here will later on act as a "life-line."

Should anybody find himself clinging in desperation to a "life-line" he would pray devoutly that the line should not break—at least not while he was dependent upon it. That "life-line" would assumed importance in his sight. Mastery of academic fundamentals and a trade are of just as great value as the above-mentioned "life-line"—your life (living) depends upon them and their importance in your sight.

Our students should use what they get here in the right way—like real men and women. It is application to an avocation worth while that is going to make them winners in due time. It is serious purpose and work that will turn the trick. Recreation is needful and necessary, but keep it out of the realm of frivolity. It is a low order of mind which has to be amused all the time—something childish about it! We all know that Work will out-distance Horseplay in any race of life.

On completion of the course at Chemawa the cash value of each student's capital should be at least \$3,000, for that is what it is estimated that it costs the government to educate each student. As a matter of fact, while each student should have acquired in some manner, or along some line of endeavor, that which represents a capital, the value of which is \$3,000, it will be found that a few have secured far more of the so-called capital than the majority. And yet all had an even start in the race. The few who were winners in the race rode Work, while the majority were astride Horseplay. Never enter Horseplay in a race where your present or future welfare is at stake. At best Horseplay is a sorry old nag.