

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

No matter in what path we tread it is necessary that we look to the future. We must plan today for the action of tomorrow, otherwise tomorrow will usher in chaos all its own. Unthinking and improvident people are noted for not looking to the future in anything—they just drift. They become just so much driftwood tossing hither and yon on the troublous sea of life. Let us not be driftwood, as life can easily be made to give something better in the careers of all of us than the fate of a "drifter."

Here at Chemawa we anticipate things—we try to raise the curtain and see what the future offers us. We conceive great possibilities for our school, for ourselves—very great, indeed. Let us remind our readers that the future of each individual is to be largely what he or she may make it. We believe it is true with the majority of us that when we look ahead to the years to come we always have a vision of ourselves—the great part in life which we are to play—and invariably we are successes. This is significant in that it denotes that there is within each of us some intangible and unexplainable "something" which points the way to better things.

The majority of us here at Chemawa, employes and pupils, hope that the future may favor us with "better things." We all hope so. But let us bear in mind that hope without action is quite a "hopeless" proposition. Action, bolstered up by hopes and optimism, is as good as dynamite in many cases where things are to be achieved in a hurry. If we are to possess the things most desirable we must work for them. This is true at Chemawa just the same as elsewhere. Our future depends upon action—work. By our labors will our future be known.

THE LEGEND OF DEATH

The following Indian legend was contributed by Mabel Desautel as a test in English:

Many years ago there lived where Seattle now stands, a tribe of Indians. They were known for their bravery, skill with the bow and arrow, and for their fair play during a combat.

Their chief was a tall, well-built man by the name of Sealth. He was young, brave and true. He was the best marksman in his tribe and could out-run any of them.

The tribe of Sealth and the tribe in the neighboring district were always at war with one-another. This tribe was the antithesis of the tribe of Sealth. They were good marksmen, but they would not fight in the open. They killed from behind trees and jumped on their enemy unexpectedly from the rear.

As was said before, there was a feud between these two tribes. Finally Sealth's enemies determined to

rid themselves of him and his tribe for all time to come. They put on their war paint and bedecked themselves with their war bonnets and set out on the warpath, stealing silently along through the dark forest that separated the two tribes.

Now Sealth and his warriors were away on a hunting trip and this left just the women, children and the men that were too old and feeble to hunt any longer, in camp. And so when Tachoma (the chief of the enemy tribe) and his warriors came upon Sealth's village they found him away. This aroused their savage natures and they set upon the inhabitants and every man, woman and child was put to death, all save the wife of Sealth, who being strong and fleet of foot, slipped out and followed the trail her chief had taken.

She met Sealth, who that evening was returning from his hunt. She told him of the cruelty of Tachoma and how she escaped. This so angered the chief and his followers that they set out immediately for their village.

It was some time near midnight when they came to the scene of the massacre. Tachoma and his warriors were sitting around a fire feasting when Sealth came upon them. Tachoma had not expected Sealth to return so soon.

Sealth and his warriors bore down upon Tachoma and his band like mad devils, their sharp yells and war-whoops splitting the still night air. They fought till morning. Dawn found Sealth the only member of his tribe alive. Tachoma and his warriors surrounded Sealth and all cast their tomahawks at once. Sealth, like a proud monarch, stood erect with his head held high till struck by the sharp blades of the tomahawks. He went silently to the earth.

Where he fell now stands the City of Seattle.

DOMESTIC ART NOTES

Good morning!

We have made a lot of nice things in our mending room. Every day in every way we learn to sew better and better.

Don't think we only patch and darn; because we are learning to be little seamstresses. We have made sheets, pillow cases, towels and curtains. We are finishing the laundry bags that we started. They will look nice with the embroidery we are putting on them.

Keep your ears and eyes open and you will hear and read more about us—the mending-room girls.

It is amazing to contemplate the amount of energy that is now being expended at Chemawa in the cultivation and seeding of gardens and fields. It is a very forward spring for this section and everyone is taking advantage of it. It is hoped that Chemawa's 450-acre farm will produce as it never has before.