

IRA S. LOOS

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the church and hundreds of admirers and friends in attendance, the last rites for Prof. Ira S. Loos were held this afternoon in the First Methodist Episcopal church.

High tribute to Prof. Loos' unlimited patience in training children and to his splendid work with the band organizations as a community enterprise was paid by the Rev. Alpha H. Kenna, pastor of the church, in the funeral sermon.

The body was placed at the chancel rail of the church and around it floral tributes from organizations and individuals were piled high in all their freshness and beauty. The services were of a most simple character and more impressive for that reason.

THE RAVEN

Following is an interesting legend that was written by Nellie Rinehart as a test in English:

As you walk down the main street in one of the quaint old towns in southern Alaska many totem poles about ready to fall can be seen off the sides, or even right in the center of the board walks. It is about one of these curious looking totems I am about to relate a legend handed down many generations through the Thlinghet tribe. At the top-most point of one a terrible looking creature was carved with great horrible eyes and claws so unreal.

There had always been a question as to which was the greater of two tribes. They finally planned to settle the question by war. At that time of the year the waters of the great Stikine river were very high and it went roaring and singing on its downward course. One tribe lived up stream and the other down stream. The chiefs had decided to meet in the middle, each starting from opposite banks with their war canoes.

Everything was soon ready on both sides and a signal was given from an island by the shooting of an arrow by a small and beautiful child. The two war parties met mid-stream and the fiercest war or battle that was ever witnessed by the Indians took place. The great angry waters were thick with the blood shed and it was impossible for a fish to live in them.

It was in the thickest of the battle that darkness suddenly filled the sky and it was thought that a great storm was approaching. Every warrior looked up and not one could stir a muscle—even the river seemed to have stopped. There, directly above them, was an enormous creature which looked something like a raven, with glowing eyes that shot fire out at every blink, and with smoking nostrils that heated the water. With one swoop the bird creature dove down

and drank the waters, taking in war canoes, warriors and all. It rose again and flapped its wings in a way that shook the very earth. It went the way it came and disappeared over the distant mountains and only a trail of smoke could be seen.

The beautiful child that had given the signal turned to rock and to this day the rock still stands, its face toward the sky.

Peace is with the two neighboring tribes now and and forever. The river that once used to be great is nothing more than a small, narrow, winding stream.

MANNERS—GOOD AND BAD

There is no denying the fact that good manners are not expensive. It is also true that good manners are of great value to one who possesses them. Every boy and girl at our great school should make it a point to acquire good manners and then keep them "good"—polish them eternally. This is good advice and we beseech you, reader, not to treat it lightly. Good manners, or the lack of them, may make or mar your future. You will have no way of knowing for a certainty just how much of a figure they cut in your life. Be on the safe side and stick to "good" manners.

The vast majority of our young people possess agreeable manners and are courteous in every way and this little article will not be of any help to them; however, there are a few here, as will be found the case everywhere, who will be wise to read what we say and ponder it well. For instance, when we meet a student and greet him, or her, with a "good morning," or "good evening," as the case may be, we expect something more courteous in return than an indifferent "hello." Such students can not guess our opinion and general all-around rating of them. Too bad! People of culture instinctively shrink from this class of young people. They do not want them around—they do not employ them.

Another class of devotees of "bad manners" is the fellow, who when greeted with a cheery "good morning," responds with a glib "yes sir!" The "yes sir" lad is always rated—but we fancy that, lacking in instinctive courtesy as he evidently is, he would squirm if he knew the impression that his incivil manner had created. A good address is within the reach of all. It costs little, but its value is large. These few paragraphs are intended for that class of people on whom proffered courtesy is lost.

DOMESTIC ART NOTES

The eighth grade girls have just completed their gym middies. They are now busy with fancy work.

Williamette Blakeslee, Emma Larson and Elizabeth Coddling are working on Indian designs.

The practice class are going to make three kinds of patches, overhand, hemmed and flannel, for exhibit work at the fair.