

**FOR OUR BOYS**

We have just read a bit of "advice" for young men which we esteem so highly that we are making a re-print of it, as follows:

Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance. Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money, and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws.—Porter.

**WINEMA**

An unusual Indian story written by Harriette Hill as a test in English:

Many, many years ago the Indians of the Klamath tribe believed that there lived a great spirit called Umpta. This great spirit loved his people very much and always helped them when they were in trouble.

The chief of this tribe, Wakinta, had a daughter, Winema. She was very beautiful in heart and soul, as well as in looks. Every one loved her and she in turn loved them all.

Winema especially loved a handsome young warrior whose name was Wah-wah-tee-see. Wakinta, the chief, greatly opposed the match. He thought that no one should love his beautiful daughter. He tried many times to kill the brave young Wah-wah-tee-see, but always failed. He finally decided after many moons that he would part them forever. He feared that when he departed for the happy hunting grounds Wah-wah-tee-see would at last own beautiful Winema.

One day he called Wah-wah-tee-see to him and said, "I have sent you many times before, but this shall be the last time. Go into the forest now and before sundown today you will be slain."

As Wah-wah-tee-see turned to obey he became an elk and ran out into the forest, understanding now why Wakinta had said that he would be slain.

As he was grazing in a beautiful meadow he heard a whizzing sound. He threw up his head to listen, but, alas! too late, for just as he did so an arrow plunged into his heart. He fell, broken in spirit, for he knew by whose hand he had been slain. The sun passed behind the mountains in the west and he closed his eyes and knew no more.

For many moons Winema mourned for her lover. She knew not where he had gone, until one day she decided to return to the place where she had killed the lonely elk. Here the Great Spirit came to her and

told her how Wah-wah-tee-see had met his death.

When she had heard the story of his death she cried loudly and said, "Oh, great Umpta, I have suffered much. I can stand no more. Take my life, even as I have taken his, and let our spirits meet here where his parted from earth."

So the great Umpta, feeling sorry for her, let her spirit enter the happy hunting grounds, but let her body remain on earth in the form of a rock.

In the woods about one mile south of Crater Lake, Oregon, is a rock on which is carved the figure of a woman. She seems to be resting against the rock. Her arms are on the rock, crossed, each hand resting at the bend of the elbow, and her head is on her arms. It appears as if the lady is crying. This figure to the thousands of tourists is "The Lady of the Woods," but to the Indians she is Winema.

**THE SUN**

An Indian Legend written by Mabelle Bremner as a test in English, as follows:

There was once a tribe of Indians living at the foot of a great hill and the chief's daughter had a small son whom the chief liked very much. It worried his grandfather greatly because he wouldn't eat. They gave him everything he wanted but still he wouldn't eat; so finally the old chief called his council of all the oldest and wisest men in the camp and asked them if they knew what was wrong. But they shook their heads and said they didn't know.

During the council an old woman was given charge of the child and told to watch him very closely. After a while the boy began to cry and the old woman petted and teased him and asked him what he wanted. Finally he started to yell "Ohmea," which meant sun. Then she ran into the chief's lodge and told the chief that he was crying for the sun. The chief's face brightened up, as he would do anything to please the child.

On the top of this great hill was a lodge where no one was allowed because in it they kept the sun wrapped in animal skins, so he ordered the boy and the mother to be brought to the council and when they arrived he took them up the winding trail on the hill. When they reached the top he went in and gave the child the sun to play with. The chief gave orders for them not to let him go out of the door with it, because he might lose it. The Indians that were there forgot about the child and were having fun talking and laughing, and in the meantime the boy was rolling the sun closer to the door of the lodge. He rolled it outside and began tearing the skins off of it. He clapped his hands when he saw the rays peeping out of the holes he made in the skins. Then he set to work again and got all the wrappings off and he let go of it and the sun began rising until it reached the sky and stayed there. Before this the world was believed to be a place of darkness.