

### THE LITTLE DIPPER

The following interesting Indian legend was written by Elmer Logan as a part of his English course:

In a small and dingy little hut lived a very selfish Indian mother. Her most prized possessions were her six sons. Across the way lived a very lonely family consisting of only two, a mother and an only son. They were very happy. Every joy and sorrow of one was a joy or sorrow for the other.

Since early childhood the seven boys had romped and played together. One of their favorite pastimes was to sing and dance together. Unfortunately the homes of these children were near the edge of a high and dangerous cliff. It happened that in one of their happy moments when they were singing and dancing the only son danced too close to the edge of the cliff and fell to his death.

This death was to the mother as the pain of a dagger thrust into the bosom of an innocent soul. This boy, who was once so bright and happy and was the sunshine of her life, was gone and the home and whole world was dark and gloomy. The earth held his body, and the memory of him clung throughout life and was only broken by death. The Indians believed that when one of their tribe died a new star shone in the sky and so long as you could see the star made by the passing soul, that the soul lived and took on new light as other friendly soul-stars went to the sky and gave it added and reflected light. This is why some stars are brighter than others.

In the evening twilight, crouched by the door of their hut, the mother of the six sons reviewed the story of the accident that to another home brought so much sorrow and grief, but her heart was filled with happiness to know that it was not one of her sons. Joy of an untold nature clutched her and little did she believe that the future held misfortune for her family. She did not realize that the Great Spirit that has so often caused disaster was sorrowing that her heart was so hard as not to mourn for her neighbor in sorrow. The Great Spirit decided to show this mother what sorrow was and how the sorrowful mother felt.

The next evening, when the mother looked upon the world that held nothing but happiness for her, as she thought, the mother watched her six sons dance joyfully about. Suddenly they appeared to become happier, their song sweeter and clearer and their feet, a fleeting mass of buckskin and beads, began to move in perfect unison; their pine torches glimmered, and the Great Spirit lifted them as smoke rises into the air, higher, higher, and higher, until only their torches could be seen among the millions of stars.

The selfish mother now realized the sorrow that can befall a happy family. She saw the things she so loved go high into the sky. She looked at them until the

Great Spirit was sorry for her, and lifted her as he had lifted the boys into the sky.

To this day you can see them. Some call them the Little Dipper, but they are really not stars, they are the torches of the dancing boys. They are not big and beautiful stars, for their mother brought little love light to them at her coming.

### THE INDIFFERENT PUPIL

The problem of the ages seems to be the indifferent pupil. By this we mean the boy or girl who refuses to take his or her schooldays seriously; one who refuses absolutely to make an effort to accomplish anything worth while. Often appeals to them are vain, for they laugh in "their sleeves" when the appeal is made. They seem to be lacking in that inherent manhood or womanhood to which an appeal can be made. When the age of, say 15 years, is attained a boy or girl, if normal, should begin to show pride enough in self to desire to be rated as a man or woman. If they do not, there is something wrong. What is it? Where there is ordinary intelligence, where lies the trouble?

Good and ambitious men and women who have the instruction and supervision of young people are sorely tried by the miscarriage of their labors in behalf of such pupils. We came near to calling them "students," but they are not, for the very name of "student" implies that there is studious and concentrated application present. Observation rather inclines us to believe that bad association has much to do with a lack of serious purpose which in time becomes downright indifference. A small coterie of indifferent boys or girls soon becomes a large body unless something is done to set them right, and "setting them right" sometimes requires heroic measures, as it seems that nothing short of an earthquake or a tornado will make an impression. There is no-one so hopeless as the person who assumes in his ignorance and egotism that it is up to him to be a buffoon. It seems that we always have a few of the specie with us.

The foregoing gives some idea of how right-minded people see the "indifferent" pupil and what a problem the latter presents. Now let us take a look at his opposite—the wide-awake youngster: To one who is instinctively a teacher it is a positive joy to undertake the direction of an eager, open-minded and willing-to-work boy or girl. There is no driving needed; there is no anxiety over results. Grades, good ones, too, are certain. The teacher is inspired to give his best by the eagerness evidenced by the student, and the latter is a credit to himself and teacher. There is no greater responsibility in life than the education of youth, and no greater joy possible than is afforded by the knowledge that the student is worth while. Our students should visualize these truths.