

INDIAN EDUCATION

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equipment. A poor workman will turn out poor work with the best of tools. The finished product depends on the man. Think of the hardships of the pioneer students that cleared this land. Think of their earnestness of purpose in working and by their own labor buying an additional forty acres and giving it to the school. By the labor of their hands they showed the right spirit and the students during all these years since have enjoyed the fruits of their toil. Learn to be useful now. Form good habits. The habits you form now will later prove to be angels of blessedness or demons of disappointment. I have known a few students from this school and other schools that were efficient and brilliant, but could not be trusted. They were failures.

Have courage. Be industrious.

I saw on one of the banners that one of the classes carried on Chemawa's birthday, spelled out in silver letters, "Character." That is a wonderful word. Good "Character" is demanded of all who succeed. If that class will live up to their motto they will be an honor to their school, themselves, and their race.

In forty-eight years education has made great strides. The world has progressed. Let us determine to go forward with it and prove worthy of the blessings bestowed upon us by our government and those who so unselfishly labored on the land and for a part of the land that we enjoy here daily.

OUTING NOTES

Quoting from a letter to Supt. Lipps, Mrs. J. B. Miles of Salem, says:

"I want to tell you about our Alice girl. She is just improving all the time, so happy and willing, and is doing well in school. We are, indeed, very fond of her. I am sure your outing system is a wonderful thing for these young people in your care. Alice attends church with us every Sunday and seems to enjoy it." (Alice Uttecht.)

Isabel Bernard writes the office here that she is doing much better in her school work as time goes on. "You ask me about my girl friends here. There is one I go around with, and she is the sweetest girl, and so nice to me, that I just had to tell you about her."

Mrs. L. W. Mason of Garden Home, with whom Isabel lives, writes: "Isabel is entirely satisfactory. She does her work well and cheerfully and is remarkably reliable and intelligent for a girl of her age. I intend to teach her more about cooking and house-keeping when school is out and she will learn quickly. She sometimes worries over her school work, as everything has been so new to her after having been all her

life in one school, and one more like a private boarding school." This adjustment to outside public school conditions is sometimes slow but very beneficial.

Idella Curtis, who attends the public school at Oswego writes: "I am getting along fine and dandy so far in both school and work. Mrs. Miller is a very nice lady to work for and I am glad I am working here. I haven't missed a day of school yet. We have sewing every Thursday morning for an hour and a-half."

Mrs. Miller writes very satisfactory letters about Idella's progress in school and of her willingness and pleasantness in her home.

Flora Harper, who left Chemawa two weeks ago to live in the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Frost, writes that she likes her place and her school work, too.

WHERE THE IRIS CAME FROM

By ELIZABETH PABLO, Chemawa Student

Along the lake shore and on the river banks many people have lost their lives. When some Indian would go for some bird or animal that was killed with a bow the ground would break and swallow the person and he would never be seen again. This was true of the lakes and marshes in the Northwest.

Once the chief's son went out hunting. He never returned, and the Indians supposed that the marshes had swallowed him. The Indians were very hungry in the spring, as all the food stored away in the summer had been used in the winter. They had to look to the marshes for food.

The chief called his people together when his son failed to return. They went to the edge of the water and humbly prayed to the Great Spirit to make the land so that they could get food in the very early spring.

Within a day little sharp blades were stuck up on the lake's edge. They grew and grew. The land hardened and later the beautiful flags bloomed.

The Indians thought they might be used for food, but they found that they were too bitter to the taste.

When the Great Spirit saw the Indians trying to eat the flag roots he sent the spirit of the chief's son to tell them: "Never fear where the flag grows, for the land will not sink with you. I have let it grow that you might hunt for your food, and that you might see it, and travel amongst it, and feel safe."

To this day the flags grow in marshes, and where they grow people can walk and be out of danger.

It is great, and there is no other greatness—to make one nook of God's creation more fruitful, better, more worthy of God; to make some human heart a little wiser, manlier, happier, more blessed, less accursed.—CARLYLE.