

LOCAL

Next Tuesday is Lincoln's birthday. It will be well to reflect upon the life work of "the great emancipator," as few men have been as great and as kindly as this outstanding man.

We felt grateful on receiving a subscription renewal from Mr. John Gill, a prominent and erudite citizen of Portland, Oregon, when he stated, "I see much in the little paper that is interesting and valuable."

Next Saturday is the date set for the "open session" of the Reliance Literary Society, and it is expected that the young men will give a good account of themselves. Mr. Fisher is the advisor of this society.

The Chemawa Cabinet met in the Wigwam last Wednesday evening for its regular business session. A most enjoyable dinner was served by three senior girls, Margaret Sears, Anne Phillips and Wilma Kipp.

Mr. James and his tailor boys are elated over the "natty" appearance of their shop. They also offer thanks to Mr. Sanders and his detail of painters, for they are really the authors of the shop "metamorphosis"—now go and look up this word.

A new roller rack in our shop adds to our class we think. Wood work is to the credit of Mr. Mason and his detail, while the staining and varnishing proves that the rack was also in Mr. Sander's department. Our thanks are extended to both departments.

At a recent senior class meeting the following officers were elected: President, Earl Crotoot; vice-president, George Meachem; secretary, Francis Ross; treasurers, Vina Smith and Karl Muller; song leader, Spyna Howard; yell leader, Alfred Bernard; sergeant-at-arms, James Oliver.

Following are the officers installed during a recent meeting of the Nonpareil society: Cleo Plasteur, president; Cecile Pepion, vice-president; Martha Packineau, secretary; Margaret Sears, treasurer; Alveria Silas, sergeant-at-arms; Eloise Lahr, reporter, and Hazel Weil, critic.

From reports to reach Chemawa friends from Mr. A. G. Wilson, who recently went to Standing Rock Agency, N. Dak., it is learned that it has been quite cold there and Mr. Wilson is not wearing summer clothing at present. North Dakota is no amateur among the states when it comes to being cold.

The students social last Saturday evening was a most enjoyment affair in every way. The Sophomore Class maintained a refreshment booth and business is reported to have been good during the entire evening. The class netted quite a tidy sum from their venture and the proceeds will be used to purchase some supplies needed in their academic work. It was quite a memorable party in many ways.

On Monday evening the Junior Class were the guests at the chamber music concert played by the string quartet. On this occasion everything went splendidly and those present represented themselves as delighted with the program. Supt. and Mrs. Lipps are solidly behind this series of concerts, a fact much appreciated by all. Employees, as before mentioned, will be most welcome at any of these concerts. On next Monday evening the quartet will play for the sophomore class.

Well, Ground Hog Day has again become history. If there is anything of truth in the old saw we are to have an early spring in this part of the country, as we know full well that his "hogship" did not glimpse his shadow around here last Saturday. Let us hope that for once an old saying will come true.

Mishaps as a result of the recent icy condition prevailing in our section have been comparatively few, about the most serious being a fall that Mr. Kirk had from the steps of the Club building. For a time he was pretty well used up and thoughts were entertained of a possible fracture of one of his ribs.

We are nearing St. Valentine's Day—the day when hearts are supposed to bleed regardless of why they are bleeding. Isn't it strange the hold that custom and tradition exercise once they are fastened upon mankind? Oh, well! St. Valentine was a courtly personality, any way, and his good deeds seem to be following him.

During the past week denizens of the Willamette Valley have received almost too much snow—more than the "traffic would bear." Those of us who are beyond the snowball and bobsled age do not get the thrill of youth in protracted falls of snow. The Willamette Valley is not a snow country anyway. So, there now!

Supt. Lipps is in receipt of a letter from Miss Ruth Gaines, librarian of the "Museum of the American Indian," New York, in which she says: "It has been in my mind for a long time to tell you how much we prize The American, especially for its original articles by the pupils." This is most encouraging comment and we trust that our students will see the possibilities for enlarging their literary field and adding to its interest. Just last Sunday evening during chapel Supt. Lipps dwelt upon the importance and benefit derived in writing for The American.

This year we've had slightly more than our average amount of snow in the Willamette Valley. Considering everything, it has not been so bad, as it has been possible at all times to use autos on our highways both for business and pleasure. At the school we've had adequate heat, and excepting the inconvenience which naturally accompanies a "snow," everything here has functioned normally. We should all be thankful that it has been so. The one redeeming feature of our snowfall was that our young people were afforded an opportunity to snowball each other, but this pastime soon grew stale.

During chapel last Sunday evening Supt. Lipps, true to his promise of a week or two ago, gave an "Uncle Remus" story for the particular pleasure and interest of our younger students. It was about "Br'er Rabbit" getting even with "Br'er Fox," and it was given in capital style. The interest of the story was not lost even on our faculty members—we all enjoyed it immensely. After the story told especially for our little fellows, Supt. Lipps turned to graver things and gave a splendid talk on the serious side of life, its responsibilities and how to prepare to meet them. It was an able talk. In addition to the address the orchestra gave a pleasing number, the boys' octette sang most artistically, and the choir rendered an anthem in fine style. A good chapel!