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HUMAN REACTIONS

Who can plumb the depths of nature? Who can tell, beyond a mere guess, the possibilities of the human mind? Who knows the power of mind over matter? Who can tell where this power begins—where it ends? Who among us is there who really knows himself, has a true understanding of his potentialities? In truth, man knows but little. He does not know himself—he merely fancies that he does.

By continuous striving he often arrives at a place where he has acquired some knowledge and the confidence and esteem of his fellows. By effort he succeeds in many of his undertakings. By the processes of reason he develops his mind and awakens within himself a consciousness of better and higher attributes.

Now readers, particularly our students, do you sense what we are trying to bring to your minds? It is simply this: That each person of sane mind is capable in large degree of ennobling himself by his thoughts. By continually reflecting upon the purer and better things of life the very countenance takes on an appearance that betokens mental refinement. Physical changes may be wrought by the power of a clean mind striving for the better things. And by inverse mental processes that which is reflected in the countenance as beauty becomes ugly and repulsive.

We recall having read somewhere of a famous artist, a portrait painter, who desired to paint what to himself should represent the face of Christ. After a long search he discovered a young man who possessed just the face he had visioned. The young man became a model for the artist in his attempt to paint the Christ face. The painting became famous.

Years later the artist conceived a desire to paint Judas as he visioned him. Again the artist sought a face that should represent his ideal as a model for such a character. It was a long search, but eventually he found what he sought—found it in the slums of a great city. A man of weak and dissipated countenance showing plainly marks of viciousness. Having found his model he painted his Judas. This painting, too, brought the artist renown. Later on the artist discovered that the same man had been the model of the paintings of both the "Christ" and the "Judas." As a young man he had the face of the Saviour, but later on years of depravity and sin had made of him a veritable Judas.

Is not the picture clear? Is it not true that pure thoughts and good associates make of us better men and women? Is it not also true that effort refines and chastens us, and adversity and struggle give us glimpses of life that nothing else can give us? What we labor for we are more likely to prize and cling to than we are to value what we receive freely and easily. No self-respecting person will deliberately plan to live on charity all his days. His self-respect will demand that he take care of himself—live by the sweat of his own brow, even though he may have less.

Our students are of good minds and sound bodies. Both mind and body must function. Use the mind, think; exercise the body, labor. Remember to keep both clean.

There is a little story told of an Oriental which carries a lesson for all of us. It follows, as nearly as we can recall it: An Oriental was starving in a great city. As he passed slowly along the street he saw a small coin at his feet. He picked it up. It would purchase for the starving man a loaf of bread, but man is largely spiritual as well as animal; he bought half a loaf of bread and with the remainder of his coin he bought a flower—for his soul's sake.

LOCAL

Donald Smith and Miss Elsie Adams, former students at Chemawa, were married just recently and they have gone to Pine Ridge, S. Dakota, where Mr. Smith will have the position of assistant engineer. Many friends at this school wish them well in every way.

Supt. O. C. Upchurch, of the Ft. Lapwai (Idaho) Agency, brought a party of children to the school last Thursday. Mr. Upchurch is no stranger at Chemawa, but he noted many important changes and improvements since his last visit here. He made the trip by auto. He was in every sense a most welcome visitor.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. Cruz F. McDaniels, who was for several years a student at Chemawa, but who is now a clerk in government service, located at Concho, Okla. Cruz is especially gifted in music and he loomed large on the musical map at Chemawa, later on to hold positions as bandmaster in the Indian Service. Many old-time friends will be glad to learn his whereabouts and of his successes.