



(FROM THE QUIVER OF "THE SAGE OF CONCORD")

An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man.

The reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts.

Nothing can ever bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide.

There is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise; the latter wonders at what is unusual; the wise man wonders at the usual.

The highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what other men, but what they, themselves, thought.

Men in all ways are better than they seem. They like flattery for the moment, but they know the truth for their own. It is a foolish cowardice which keeps us from trusting them, and speaking to them rude truth.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of the solitude.

We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, can not satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and do lean and beg day and night continually.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise will give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no help.

THE PAST YEAR

Few of us are conscious of the fact that the world moves or that we progress, so gradual and smooth are the workings of things—earthly and human. During the past year Chemawa has shouldered her affairs and moved ahead. When we look back we can see that great progress has been made, but during the passage of the year we failed to see or to realize the progress that we were making. But little by little we were accomplishing worth-while things, step by step walking ahead, gathering up and adding to that which we already possessed, until at the end of the year we find that we have garnered many treasures. On the whole it has been well done—all responsibilities met by both academic and vocational departments.

When we look upon the future we see more and more clearly the possibilities for great achievements which are vested in Chemawa. The horizon is presented in bright colors—much of good is in the promise of the future. Hundreds of young men and women are to be prepared at this institution for their life work, later to become prominent citizens of this great commonwealth. There is no nobler work in all the world than that of educating the youth of the land.

A sense of pride possesses one when he takes a glance backward into the history of Chemawa. The half-century record is a good one. All over this broad land of ours will be found men and women who at one time were here, and who are a credit today to themselves and their school. Who can blame us for feeling proud of our record?—did we not glory in it we, ourselves, would be unworthy. We believe it fitting at this time to call attention to these things.

CHAPEL

Supt. Lipps returned last week from quite a tour of his Northwest territory and was in charge of our chapel exercises last Sunday evening. It being Easter, Mr. Lipps gave a part of his time to the meaning of this day, the source of the term and its origin, and then he gave an interesting account of the experiences of himself and Mr. LaVatta on the tour above-mentioned which they recently completed together. At the close of his talk he gave most earnest advice to our students and made an appeal to them to do their utmost for themselves, reminding them that all that can be given them is an opportunity. In addition to Mr. Lipps' fine talk Mr. Kunkel played a beautiful violin solo, the orchestra played a number, Miss Grace Peterson sang a lovely solo, and the choir also was heard in a pleasing number. As a whole the program was in observance of Easter and it was in every way both pleasing and interesting.