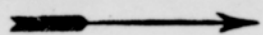
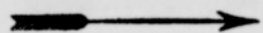




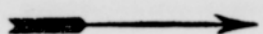
(FROM THE QUIVER OF "DEAN" SWIFT)



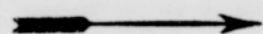
Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.



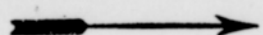
We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.



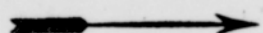
How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?



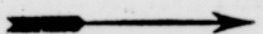
When a true genius appears in the world you may all know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.



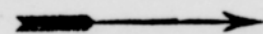
The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.



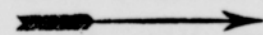
A man would have but few spectators, if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.



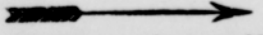
When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.



There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavor to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is for the second.



I am apt to think that, in the Day of Judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, nor to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise and some vices in the ignorant will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.



The motives of the best action will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

THE CROW AND HIS SERVANTS

The following twice-told Indian Legend was written by Paul Kininnook, formerly enrolled as a student at Chemawa. He is an Alaskan. The Legend:

Once upon a time the crow set out on a long journey to go up to the source of the Nass river, traveling up one side of the channel and down on the other side, and a number of things occurred on his journey. Just as he was going along he saw a king salmon close to the shore and said to the salmon, "You can't jump into that hole in the rock which is full of water." He laughed and teased the salmon, until finally it made the jump and went into the hole; the crow danced with joy, for he knew the salmon could not get out again. So he killed the salmon.

He took the fish a little farther up on a sandy beach and began to gather wood and called together his servants—the squirrel, the robin and the bluejay—to get some skunk cabbage leaves to bake the salmon in. He directed the servants to a wrong place; meanwhile he was busy gathering wood and digging a place in which to bake the fish. The servants returned saying they could not find the skunk cabbage leaves. He sent them still farther, but during their absence he got the leaves himself and baked the fish. He began to eat the fish near a big stump on the beach; he said to the stump, "Say partner, how would you like to have some of this delicious fish?" He kept on teasing the stump until the stump commenced to move toward the fish and at last rolled on top of the salmon and the crow did not know what to do.

The servants now returned from their second trip and he told them that the stump had rolled upon the salmon; all the servants went under the stump and ate a hearty meal; this made the crow very angry and when the squirrel came out he struck him on the head and ever since then the squirrel bears a tear mark; when the bluejay appeared he pulled his hair and since then he has had a bunch of feathers sticking up on the top of his head; and when the robin came out he put the robin close to the fire and scorched his breast; since then the robin has had a red breast.

MY CHEMAWA FRIENDS

To all my Chemawa friends, both students and employees, many of whom I have been unable to see personally, I desire to take this opportunity, through the courtesy of The Chemawa American, of bidding you good-bye. We shall long remember the many happy days we have spent with you at Chemawa. And as we leave for Bismarck, our new home, we sincerely wish for you all a most pleasant, profitable and successful school year.

Most sincerely,
SHARON R. MOTE, Asst. Supt.