ARROWS *from the* LONG BOW

(FROM THE QUIVER OF PETRARCH)

Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king, but she gave you not a kingdom, of which, therefore, Fortune could not deprive you.

There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes, and the greatest calamities.

If we see a friend in distress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift.

I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honors.

We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labor, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error; nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but Fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it; yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked that your memory often served you instead of books.

When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to the animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them, We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt these are admirable presents; but they often annoy more than they assist us.

Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but it is not incurable: There is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise and the study of good books are the best remedies I know of: but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless.

SUPT. McGREGOR TAKES A REST

James H. McGregor, superintendent of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, left his post on Tuesday, for an indefinite period on sick leave. He sustained a heart injury at the time of the burning of the girls' dormitory, last November. Since his condition has not responded here, his physicians have advised him to take a complete rest elsewhere.

Bert G. Courtright, Field Agent, U. S. Indian Service, has assumed temporary charge during Mr. McGregor's absence. He has announced that the program started by Mr. McGregor will be carried out as far as possible, even though he is away.

Mr. McGregor plans a period of rest in the South to recuperate. Mrs. McGregor and their two daughters, Jean and Virginia, are remaining at Pine Ridge where the girls attend public school. Their son, John, is in his last year at Wentworth Military Academy, in Missouri.

The above communication came to us a few days ago from Pine Ridge Agency, S. Dak. Mr. McGregor was at one time Superintendent at Chemawa and he has a host of warm friends here who sincerely regret the breakdown of his health. We all hope for his speedy and permanent recovery. No matter where duty calls him he is always a valuable man in his community.

LOCAL

One night last week there was quite a lot of excitement on our campus in the vicinity of Hawley Hall. It seems that a couple of hold-up men in a stolen car, out on the highway east of our school, suspecting that they were being followed by traffic officers, attempted to make their get-away by turning west towards our school. Near here the officers closed in on them and the bad men came pell-mell onto our grounds with the cops after them blowing their siren and shooting as they came. One man escaped, but the other was captured here while he was trying to coax the girls of Hawley to open a window and let him in to hide.

The annual song and yell contest was held last Friday evening as an observance of Chemawa's 51st birthday anniversary and the various classes from the 7th to the 12th were the contestants. There was "real class" in the major efforts of the various classes and it is a matter of regret that all could not have won. Asst. Supt. Ryan was in charge and made all announcements pertaining to the contest. Superintendent Lipps made what may have been designated the opening address. Mr. Lipps gave an unusually fine talk and he dealt largely with the spirit of early day students and the great accomplishments that are to their everlasting credit. No doubt his statements were a revelation to many in the house. Supervisors Carl M. Moore and Miss Dorothy G. Ellis, assisted by Mr. Francisco, acted as judges, and they gave the Seniors first place; the 7th Graders, second place, and the Sophomores third. Cakes were awarded each winning class.