



(FROM THE QUIVER OF CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND)

In the same proportion in which man adorns and improves his external condition, his feeling for the morally beautiful is also unfolded. He renounces the rude and inhuman uses of savage state, he learns to abhor all violent conduct toward his kind, and accustoms himself to laws of justice and propriety.

The desire to beautify and refine, and the dissatisfaction with the lower grade as soon as the higher is known, are the true, the only, and the very simple forces by which man has been urged onward to the point at which we find him. All nations which have perfected themselves are a proof of this proposition.

Now let everyone answer for himself the question, whether man would have made progress if that inborn feeling of the beautiful and the graceful had remained inactive in him? Take from him this, and all the results of his dormant power, all the monuments of his greatness, all the riches of Nature and Art of which he has possessed himself disappear.

What a distance from the earliest hovel to a building of Palladio! From the canoe of a Carib to a ship of the line! From the three blocks by which, in the the remotest ages, the Boeotians represented the three Graces, to the Graces of Praxiteles! From a village of Hottentots to a city like London! From the ornaments of a woman of New Zealand to the state dress of a sultana! From the dialect of the natives of Otaheite to the languages of Homer, of Virgil, Tasso, Milton and Voltaire!

The first thing in which man displays his superiority is the refinement and ennobling of all those wants, impulses, and functions which he has in common with other animals. The time which he requires for this purpose is not to be considered. Enough that he finally arrives at that point where he is no longer necessitated to beg his sustenance from mere chance, and where the greater certainty of a richer and better support allows him leisure to think also of perfecting the other necessities of life. He invents one art after another, and each increases the security or the pleasure of his existence. And so he ascends continually from the indispensable to the convenient, from the convenient to the beautiful.

LOCAL

Mr. and Mrs. Larsen, Mr. Bent and others from our school attended the Indian Pageant given at McMinnville last Monday night.

Mr. Melovidoff, violinist, Mr. Lobdell, and our vocal sextette (girls) gave a most interesting program for the Rebekah lodge of Salem last Monday evening.

Mrs. Brickell is home again after her trip to Spokane, Wash., to which city she chaperoned four of our girls—Alice Slater, Marie La France, Theo Bird and Margaret Hoptowit—who are employed at the famous Hotel Davenport. She reports that the girls are nicely settled and happy.

Final examinations began at Chemawa last Friday and the "anxious seat" has been overcrowded from then until the present. Some of us have the faculty of feeling pretty smart until we get face to face with the final "exams." Doubt then assails us and we become quite human again. What an equalizer an "exam" is!

At the regular meeting of the Little Flower Society on Sunday afternoon the following officers for next school year were elected: President, Rosalia Grounds; Vice-President, Lillian Halsey; Secretary, Alice Ladderoute; Treasurer, Bernice Bisson; Reporter, Melba Arnoux; Song Leader, Marie LaFrance; Sergeants-at-arms, Margaret Hoptowit and Theo Bird.

Mr. Andrew Davis, chief of construction, the students and even our dignified faculty are rejoicing. After being several weeks overdue the flooring for our new gym has finally arrived, has been laid, sanded and at present its surface is being varnished. If something unforeseen does not occur between now and then the gym will be in use for the first time this coming weekend.

Last Friday morning Mrs. Herlits' home-room class of juniors celebrated its exemption from the English tests with a picnic. Volleyball was the chief sport of the day with Hatfield's Giants winning over Brown's Yankees. At noon luncheon was served by Rosalia Grounds. The picnic ended all too quickly and as a climax the class presented Mrs. Herlits with a little token of their freindship. Thus came to a close another happy event at Chemawa.

The senior annual, "The Trail," is off the press. It is absolutely the product of our own print shop. We are all happy to believe that it is to our credit. From the office "devils" on up there was painstaking work and care during the period required to print the Annual—all shared in the effort to make it first-class. It is dedicated to the writer of this paragraph, which is an honor that he esteems highly, whether or not he merits it, and he hereby expresses his gratitude.

ESCORTS

Sat., May 30—To Salem	- - - -	Miss Mountjoy
Sun., May 31—McBride	- - - -	Mr. Larsen
		Miss Nye
Winona	- - - -	Mr. Downie
		Mrs. Downie
Hawley	- - - -	Mr. Kirk
		Mrs. Kirk