

CHEMAWA, OREGON,

FRIDAY OCTOBER 18, 1901.

Mind Your Own Business.

The habit of attending to your own business, if you are an artist at it, will ultimately win your success quite as surely as exceptional talent or ability. Education, primarily, is to acquaint one with the essential elements of knowledge, which once acquired should have the effect of keeping one in his place. In this sense, it is quite evident that education sometimes doesn't educate, for the world is full of vacillating creatures who are woefully out of their orbits in this respect. If they only knew how to keep their places, always endeavoring to attend to the business affairs of their calling, they might be reasonably sure of getting ahead. Their propensity to snoop and pry into the personal or business affairs of others, however, is devoted to such an extent that they cannot find time to get intelligent expression to their efforts. No man can make progress unless he mixes brain with his work, any more than he can succeed without effort, and the man who concentrates his mind on his business and sacrifices in the furtherance of its interests outstrips his fellow men in the race for supremacy and recognition. By dividing attention between your own affairs and some one else's, you awaken your forces and have just that much less mental energy to apply to personal interests. Many men have failed because too mindful of the progress of others, that is, they devoted their attention to other people's success to an extent that blinded them to their own opportunities, and, if he would only improve them instead of focusing a jealous eye on the progress of his neighbor, the various fields of enterprise would be more quickly studded with men capable of successfully coping with the problems of their calling.

The habit of attending to your own business of success—and it will be laid early and firmly.—[Ex.

Whistle Away, Boys.

Have you any petty cares, boys?
Whistle them away.
There's nothing cheers the spirit.
Like a merry roundelay.
No matter for the heartaches,
'Neath silk or bodden-gray;
For the sake of those who love you,
Just whistle them away.
'Tis strange how soon friends gather
About a cheerful face;
That smiling eyes and lips count more
Than beauty, wealth or grace.
But I have seen it tried, boys;
When troubles come to stay,
The brave heart leaps to work and strives
To whistle it away. —[Sel.

A Letter From an Old Pnpil.

MR. POTTER,
DEAR SIR:—

I received your letter, and was glad to hear from you. We were more than surprised when brother came home, we were not expecting to see him come home.

I was very proud of him to know how much he has changed and how much he learned. I can never thank Uncle Sam enough for what he has done for us, how many times I think what a big help it is to me in life what I learned at dear old Chemawa. Just as soon as my two children are big enough to send out there I will send them. They are too young yet, but I am teaching them at home. I saw my brother about sending his children, he said he rather send them to school at home for a while, the school is but a short distance from where he is.

Is Mrs. Adair at the School yet? If so give her my love.

Respectfully Yours,