

A Trip to Chemawa.

The latter part of last month the editorial staff of The Guide packed its grip and started for Chemawa to pay a long deferred visit to the big school of the Pacific Coast. He was met at Portland by the Supt., Mr. Thomas W. Potter, a genial gentleman of six feet two, and after a brief exchange of opinions with the management of the Northern Pacific E. R. Co., regarding tickets, overland and flyers, etc., was allowed to board the desired train and was landed at Chemawa about half the evening of Jan. 26.

Hundreds of incandescents make Chemawa a very pretty place in the evening, and our first impression was a favorable one. This grew as we inspected the institution at our leisure during the next three or four days. Every where were seen signs of industry and growth. To one interested only in superficial appearances, it might have seemed an inopportune time to make a visit, the grounds being cut by ditches in which steam pipes were being laid, and several new buildings being only partially completed, with large quantities of material piled around. But to one interested in the study of life and development in preference to rest or decay, this was an added attraction. The whole place seemed pervaded with a spirit of content and contentment. The buildings were warm and clean, and though at present somewhat crowded, this congestion will be greatly relieved when the buildings under construction are occupied, particularly if a building for boys is secured such as Supt. Potter has under consideration.

The school has an attendance of about five hundred pupils and the corps of instructors numbers nearly 50. Many familiar faces were recognized among the student boys, and we were pleased to see that the children from Puyallup occupied many seats in the high places. The faculty also contained three former Puyallupites, Mrs. Sheppard the nurse who occupied the same position with us, and Johnson Williams, teacher, and John Allen, Asst. Disciplinary, both at one time pupils here. All are doing well.

A band of twenty-two members furnished most excellent music for the entertainment of Tuesday evening, and for the rest of Wednesday night. Here, again, we are reminded of home. Among the members of the band we found Joseph Gibson playing B. B. bass, Frank Harmon, Tubal, Nicholas Lewis and Silas Bath, alto-phones, John Raub, saxophone and Simon Borch, slide trombone, while in the rear was Yeggie, Yeggie Nelson leading the big bass drum.

Wednesday afternoon we were taken for a spin over the partly frozen ground behind Supt. Potter's fast team known as the Byrons, to view the public buildings grouped in and around the quaint old New England town of Salem. We must confess that our realization of the country (the big between the actual and Salem is somewhat hazy having been seen through some showers of flying mud and being principally occupied myself in seeing that the hind wheels continued to keep within a reasonable distance of the fore ones.

Thursday morning in company with Supt. Potter, we boarded the train for Portland and that evening were again in the land of perpetual winter.

Space was limited to tell of all the pleasant features of the trip, of our ever delightful hospitality of receiving the breakfast table in time of the evening photograph making, of dining on the ice, etc., but we must say that we are glad we made the trip, and hope some day if providence permit to do again.—[Pages 8-10 of the Guide.]

It looks bad to see a Vermont's hands in his pocket and coat unbuttoned when approaching a company of boys to dining hall or school building. Down! it?

Description of the human brain: "The brain consists of a number of conclusions (revolutions), and the more conclusions you have the brainier you are."

A girl writing a theme on, "Man as compared with the lower animals," drew the following conclusion: "The lower animals are imperfect beasts. Man is a perfect beast."