

Emily Dyke is working in the Dining Hall.

Mr. Westly and his boys are working in the orchard.

Mr. Godwin and his boys are unloading a coal car.

Martina Decker is working in the laundry.

The Deweys are invincible as debaters. They can give the Admiral himself points on annihilating the enemy.

The Second Grade is learning a new salute to the flag.

Our teacher, Miss Hultman, is very kind to the boys and girls. She does not like to hear noise.

Walter Dyke is an expert wagon-maker and if any one wants their wagons fixed go to him he will fix them up in grand style.

Nora, Hattie and Rena Mann have just finished sewing 85 pounds of carpet rags which after being wove into carpet, will be put in their new home which is being built out of the old tailor shop.

Robert Davis and Eugene Williams are good paper hangers. The excellent work they did in Mrs. Cloutier's room is a good advertisement for the boys, and certainly reflects on their instructor, Mr. Stoudenmeyer.

The Carlisle commencement programs for 1903, a copy of which we have just received, are unique and beautiful, and display excellent taste. The graduating class numbers forty-seven, which speaks volumes for the splendid work of that the largest and oldest Indian school in the United States.

Col. Pringle showed his great generosity and kindness of heart last Tuesday night when he purchased 100 tickets for the entertainment given by a traveling company and placed that in the hands of Mrs. Theisz for the girls of her Department. The McBride girls enjoyed the show immensely and will never forget Col. Pringle's great kindness and thoughtfulness.

We congratulate Poyal'up in the excellent prospect of getting \$30,000 for improvement next year.

The Ft. Shaw Indian girls are the champion basket ball players of Montana. Good for them. Will the Chemawa girls win the championship of Oregon? We hope so.

Henceforth chapel will be held but twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, thus giving the pupils more time in their school rooms.

A Morrisville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar. "Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, I am beautiful?" The little fellow answered, quick as wink, "The past."

I came from California to Chemawa school to get education and also to learn to be an engineer, and I find this is a very fine place for one to get an education and learn a trade. Anyhow I am very glad I came here.

Millie McMillan, a former student of Chemawa, is married and is now living at Willets, California. Her husband's name is J. W. Bratton. We wish them much success and happiness.

Did you ever notice that dogs always go around with their heads down. It is their nature and perfectly proper for them to do so. But men who are men never do so. The man who goes around with his head down can be put down as to disloyal schemer, false friend, and a deceitful cur. He is a fit object to be shunned and despised.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverince's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies?" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—[SACRED HEART REVIEW.]