

word and an Indian's character can be relied on. For it is only to the men of great, noble souls, whose minds are cultivated and whose hearts are true that others yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect. The character of a people is judged by the mass and not by its individual representative. The character of a nation is not judged by its fine folks, fine ladies and gentlemen such as we find in fashionable circles. Statesmen, philosophers and divines represent the thinking part of society. Men who found industries, new new careers, as well as the common body of working people from whom the national spirit and strength are from time to time recruited, must necessarily furnish the vital force and constitute the real backbone of a nation.

This day, friends and classmates marks an event in our life's history. It is the dividing line between our school-days and our future. With the help of teachers and instructors we have laid the foundations of our learning here but the structure is yet to be reared, and how that structure shall be reared depends entirely upon our individual selves. The world has a place for us and the class '03 goes forth with a brave heart to find it. Not a name in this class may be known to fame but there is a greatness we may have, the greatness of an honored name.

Kind teachers, before we bid farewell to our school we wish to express to you our deep gratitude for your untiring efforts in our behalf. To our teacher, Mrs. Cloutier, you, who have stayed by us in our trials and drudgery of study, you, who have always been tireless and earnest in all that was for our good, in leaving we carry with us the most sincere regard and kind thoughts of you.

Superintendent Potter, from the depths of our hearts we appreciate the kindness and the interest you have shown to all of us and the earnest effort you have put forth to make Chemawa our happy home.

Class-mates, may we successfully build upon our foundation a goodly temple, the most precious structure beneath the skies.

For the structure that we raise,

Time is with material filled;  
Our todays and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build."

### THE WILL OF CLASS 1903.

By EMILY DOWNIE.

We the class of 1903, considering the uncertainty of this life, being of sound mind and of proper age, and in full possession of memory and understanding, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills and testaments heretofore made by us.

And, first, we do direct that our friends and well-wishers, the faculty of Chemawa, shall conduct our funeral services, only joining that the funeral be carried on with all the pomp and ceremony that our rank as graduates of an industrial training merit. We also direct that the school of Chemawa settle all expense consequent on our obsequies, and charge the same to the junior class.

FIRST: We give and bequeath to the literary departments of Chemawa, this magnificent building, together with all of the honors which have been bestowed upon this institution (the Salem Indian School) as ranking foremost among the Indian schools of the United States. We give this up only with the understanding that the present high standard shall be maintained, and that its place on the ladder shall be raised rather than lowered.

SECOND: We give and bequeath to our eldest and best beloved sister, 1901, all that she may desire of love and blessing. We also hand down to this, the next graduating class, the robe of extended wisdom and experience, but only on condition that she don this robe and her thinking cap whenever those austere inspectors, supervisors, or Mr. Potter and Mr. Campbell rest in upon her. May our mantle fall completely over her shoulders. But we must waste no time in giving to one who is so very able to supply her own wants.

THIRD: This bequest is a most valued article, one with which each and every one

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