

The Chemawa American.

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DO NOT ALWAYS LOOK DOWN.

Do you always look up as you walk along the street? Or do you keep your head and your eyes down, and see nothing but the dirt and dust and filth of the street. Do you only see the nastiness that is cast along the thoroughfares from every source? If you do, what is the use of doing it? Why can't you just as well look up and see the loveliness of the world, the good things make it beautiful, the sublime elements that dignify it? What's the use of being blind to all that is above? The people that keep their heads down all the time are the ones that never see anything that is pure and true. Their minds grasp things material only. Nothing but the sordid views of life hold their thoughts. To them there are no ideals to be lived up to, no heights to be climbed, no barriers to surmount. They live on the ground. Their thoughts never rise above it. Their eyes are glued to the mud and muck, which fastens to their feet and clings to them like barnacles, because they never make an effort to raise themselves to the heights. Why do these people always look down? Wouldn't they be a lot better off if they would look up and see the good things in life

and not the low ones? Isn't life pretty hard at the best, and what is the use of being oblivious to the things that so greatly beautify it? Are not elevating thoughts away ahead of low ones? Is it not more satisfying to think well of people and things than see nothing good in them?—St. Paul Daily News.

THE Reveille suggests that we Indian Service people of the west make up a few carloads of Indian Service people and go through to the World's Fair together next summer.

Los Angeles, Salem, San Francisco and Salt Lake City should each be able to send a car both at the beginning and in the middle of vacation and Denver ought to be able to send two cars both at the beginning and the middle of vacation. By organization we can make specials of these and get better treatment than taking chances with the crowd.

If the several papers and the Agents and Superintendents will take this up now, by the time we are as far east as Kansas City we can have not only car loads but by a little pre-arrangement a good big train load, can get acquainted with each other enroute and have a pretty good time of it.

We would suggest that any and all interested write Reveille and nominate a manager for Los Angeles and each of these other places above named, and that we all make this part of the world know we are not among the lost if we are among the Indians.—Reveille.

Mr. Childers' Death.

The Chemawa school has lost a loyal, faithful employe in the death of Mr. S. M. Childers, which occurred yesterday at his home in Salem.