

The Chemawa American.

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A Merry Christmas.

Stockings will be in demand to-
night.

Listen to those Christmas bells
a-ringing!

Buy your friends a nice little present
and help make their Christmas
happy.

WANTED—20,000,000 tons of good
pure white snow to spread about one
foot deep over our green grass in
which to roll old Santa Claus. The
Chemawa boys and girls want to
have the dear, little, fat, old man give
them a nice long ride on his sleigh
drawn by those four swift, sleek rein-
deer with long horns. Therefore our
reason for wanting bids on the above
quantity of snow. We would prefer
it to be slightly moist so it will stick
to the limbs of our evergreen trees,
and make Chemawa look like a real
winter palace. Send in bids at once.
No time to lose.

The Red Man and Helper very
strongly and justly repudiates the lies
that are everlastingly being trumped
up against Carlisle graduates. When
any Indian who can talk English
commits a crime the newspapers im-
mediately give the Carlisle school the

credit of his having been a pupil
there. Well, that is one of the nat-
ural consequences of being great and
renowned. Four fifths of the news-
papers of the United States never
heard of a Chilocco, Haskell, Phoenix
or Chemawa school. So Carlisle has
to suffer for it. We do not think any
malicious falsehoods will injure Car-
lisle or the cause of Indian education.
All sensible, unprejudiced people will
know that an Indian school is not
responsible for the misdeeds of those
who may have attended that school,
any more than Yale, Harvard or
Princeton are responsible for their
students.

WHY HE FAILED

He watched the clock.
He was always grumbling.
He was always behindhand.
He had no iron in his blood.
He was willing, but unfitted.
He didn't believe in himself.
He asked too many questions.
He was stung by a bad book.
His stock excuse was "I forgot."
He wasn't ready for the next step.
He did not put his heart in his work.
He learned nothing from his blun-
ders.
He felt that he was above his posi-
tion.
He chose his friends among his in-
feriors.
He was content to be a second-rate
man.
He ruined his ability by half-doing
things.
He never dared to act on his own
judgment.
He did not think it worth while to
learn how.
He tried to make "bluff" take the
place of ability.
He thought he must take amuse-
ment every evening.
Familiarity with slipshod methods
paralyzed his ideal.