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A Trip to Salem

Friday morning, March 3, 1905, I walked up to Salem to transact some personal business. It was about seven o'clock when I started this most pleasant walk, which it took me three-quarters of an hour.

The sun was just beginning to rise above the horizon with that red color around it, and the silvery clouds from the south rushing toward the east to darken its beautiful light. Breezes blew across the grain field and the bushes, which reminded me of my native land and my boyhood's days under my mother's care.

About five hundred yards from the depot I saw the street car running down toward the stopping place, so I ran as fast as I could for I was afraid I might get left, but unfortunately I fell down into a ditch full of muddy water about two feet deep and had my clothes soiled so I determined not to resume my trip till the next day, but it being very necessary for me to be in town that day, I went, but I waited standing in the sun till my clothes were dry.

Arriving in town hungry and tired with a muddy face and muddy clothes I went into a restaurant and ordered two meals. Leaving the restaurant I went to the Y. M. C. A. Hall to attend to my affairs.

While I was standing on the corner of the street next to Liberty, a young man came up and asked me if I knew the street B, I replied "no" for I had never heard such street's name before. Then he related me a story that when he first went to Washington, D. C., it was impossible for him to go out into the streets for he did not know where to go. He said before he got around Washington, D. C., he went to school first and learned his alphabet all over again.

—F. J., Eighth Grade.

Dora—"Did Jack say anything dove like about me?"

Alice—"Yes; he said you were pigeon-toed.,—Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, give me that piece of chewing-gum, that you have in your mouth.

Johnny—"Um, um—give you half."—Ex.